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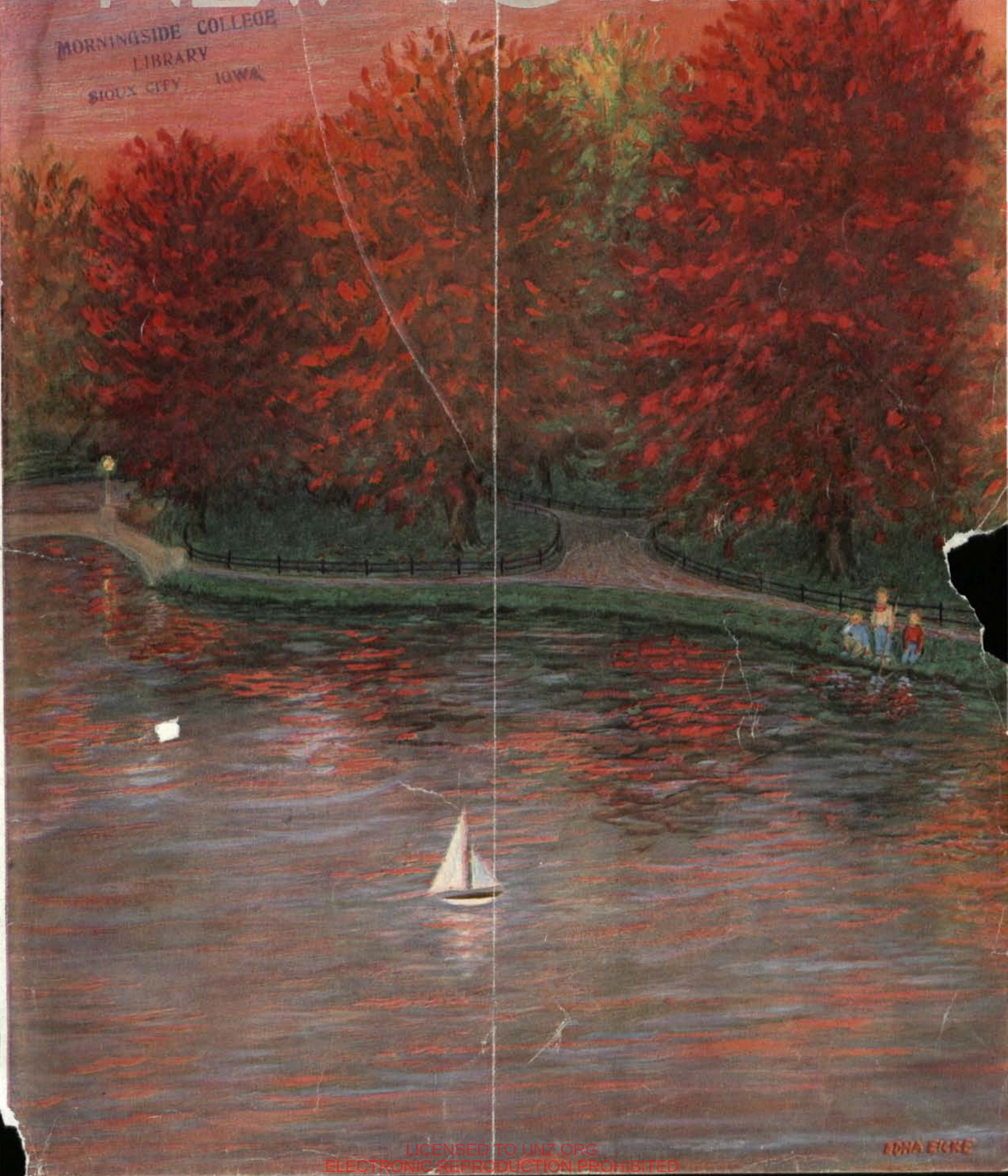

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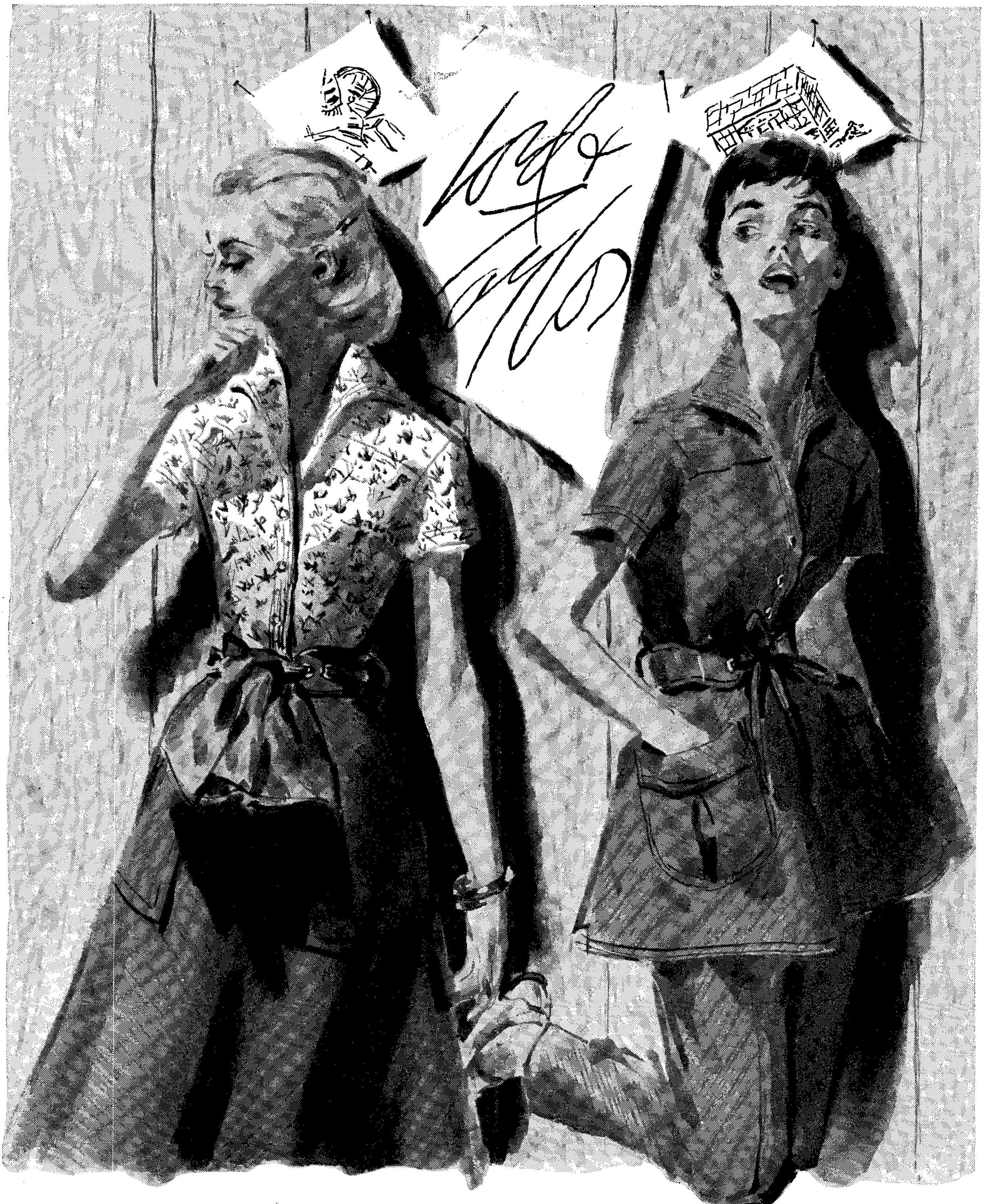

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Loud Red Patrick**—The performances given by Arthur Kennedy and David Wayne are practically the only stimulating things about this old-fashioned comedy, which John Boruff has adapted from a Ruth McKenney novel of the same name. The plot has something to do with an Irishman and his four terribly vivacious daughters. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Middle of the Night**—Edward G. Robinson's fine acting does a lot to overcome the rather flat and stenographic quality of Paddy Chayefsky's play concerning a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Reluctant Debutante**—A comedy about a couple planning their daughter's matrimonial future. It was a success in London, but it may prove a little too coy and mechanical for American tastes. Adrianne Allen, Wilfrid Hyde White, and Brenda Forbes are in the cast, which was directed by Cyril Ritchard. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Too Late the Phalarope**—In spite of some errors of emphasis and selection, Robert Yale Libott's dramatization of Alan Paton's novel about the racial problem in South Africa is a distinguished and tragic play. Barry Sullivan is superb as a white policeman fatally involved with a native girl, and he is capably supported by a cast that includes Finlay Currie, Alan Napier, Laurinda Barrett, and Ellen Holly. John Stix directed, and George Jenkins designed the magnificent sets. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—cat on a hot tin roof:** The Tennessee Williams play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. Currently with Marjorie Steele, Thomas Gomez, and Alex Nicol. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 17.) . . . **the diary of anne frank:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Susan Strasberg is the young girl and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the matchmaker:** Ruth Gordon is the star of Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy, and Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **no time for sergeants:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present, with Charles Hohman, Myron McCormick, Arte Johnson, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **will success spoil rock hunter?:** George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde. The cast now includes Jane Kean, Martin Gabel, and Tom Poston. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Double in Hearts**—A four-character comedy by Paul Nathan, with Julia Meade, William Redfield, Laurence Hugo, and Neva Patterson. Directed by John Gerstad and produced by Barnard Straus, Paul Vroom, and Adna Karns. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Mr. Wonderful**—Although Sammy Davis, Jr., demonstrates all kinds of talent in this elementary account of the career of a song-and-dance man, the show seems more suited to a night club than to the theatre. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Lew Parker, Kay Medford, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Most Happy Fella**—Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Mr. Loesser's music is good enough, but the whole thing is a little too diffuse to be entirely successful. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

| | Page |
|---|---|
| BOOKS | 191 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 178 |
| FOOTBALL | 111 |
| LETTER FROM PARIS | 143 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS | 180 |
| CONCERT RECORDS | 183 |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: | |
| THIS AND THAT | 126 |
| ABOUT THE HOUSE | 134 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 189 |
| A REPORTER AT LARGE | 152 |
| THE THEATRE | 106 |

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**My Fair Lady**—Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music, have turned Shaw's "Pygmalion" into one of the most bewitching musicals ever to blow into town. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**New Faces of '56**—The most striking performer in this Leonard Sillman revue is, singularly enough, a female impersonator named T. C. Jones, who does a series of imitations of Miss Tallulah Bankhead. He is very funny, and so are the majority of the other actors, who include Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gwen Verdon is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fanny:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Now with Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **the pajama game:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. At the present time, George Wallace, Julie Wilson, and Jack Goode are among the garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**The Apple Cart**—Maurice Evans and Signe Hasso in a revival of Bernard Shaw's comedy. Staged by George Schaefer and produced by Charles Adams and Joseph Neebe. Opens Thursday, Oct. 18. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Old Vic Company**—A twelve-week repertory of four Shakespearean plays presented by S. Hurok, in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain. John Neville, Claire Bloom, and Paul Rogers will head the casts in the first two productions, "Richard II," which opens Tuesday, Oct. 23, and "Romeo and Juliet," which opens Wednesday, Oct. 24, and will finish out the week: Thursday matinée and evening, Oct. 25; Friday evening, Oct. 26; and Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 27. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtains at 7:45. Matinées at 2:30.)

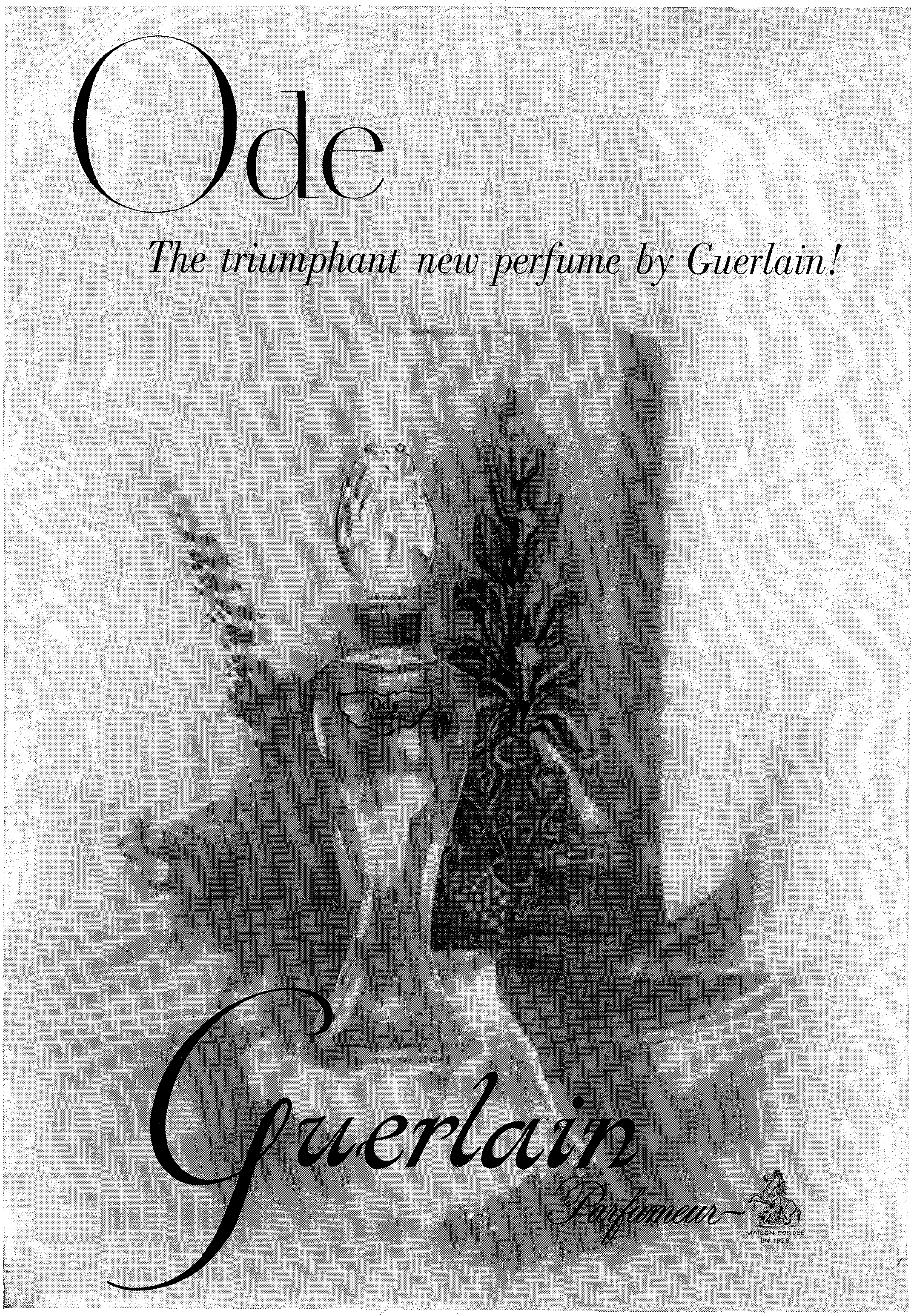
**Separate Tables**—Terence Rattigan's play, imported from London, with Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton. Directed by Peter Glenville and presented by the Producers Theatre, in association with Hecht-Lancaster. Opens Thursday, Oct. 25. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**Amato Opera Theatre**—Starting Friday, Oct. 19: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXII, No. 35, October 20, 1956. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1956, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.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| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |

Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

**Carnegie Hall Playhouse**—"Johnny Johnson," the musical play by Paul Green and Kurt Weill. James Broderick heads a cast under the direction of Stella Adler. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 20. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 21. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, 889 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Circle in the Square**—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

**Fourth Street Theatre**—Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," translated by Constance Garnett, with Betty Field, Shepperd Strudwick, and Jacob Ben-Ami. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 18-19, at 8:40, and Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2:40 and 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 22. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Jan Hus House**—Bill Gunn in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Phoenix Theatre**—Siobhan McKenna has the central role in a rather self-conscious revival of "Saint Joan," Shaw's most famous play. The supporting cast includes Kent Smith, Earle Hyman, Frederic Tozere, and Michael Wager. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:15. Closes Sunday, Oct. 21.)

**Shakespearewrights**—"Hamlet," with Philip Lawrence and Helen Taylor. (Shakespearewrights Theatre, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Theatre de Lys**—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and James Mitchell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Theatre East**—Tani Seitz, Helen Seamon, Robert F. Mandan, and Dermont McNamara make up the cast of Jean-Paul Sartre's "No Exit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

### MISCELLANY

**Helen Hayes**—With a small supporting cast in "Lovers, Villains, and Fools," a program of excerpts from "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," and other Shakespearean works, all staged in modern dress. The first in a series of five varied Tuesday-afternoon performances to be presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133, Ext. 6.)

**Dramatic Readings**—Sean O'Casey's "Pictures in the Hallway," read by Aline MacMahon, Staats Cotsworth, and others. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

**Judy Garland**—With dancers Giselle and François Szony, comedian Alan King, and others, in a variety show. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last of the Park Avenue dude ranches, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Mondays.

**Biltmore**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room, which has been equipped with a lot of its early (or F. Scott Fitzgerald) décor and Russ Morgan's band, is once more a going concern, specializing in dinner music (Emery Deutsch's string ensemble) and dancing after eight-thirty. There is also a mercifully brief floor show. All this happens Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba group provide floods of dance music.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A completely new Cotillion Room will reopen on Monday, Oct. 22, with a complete newcomer—Caterina Valente, the young German singer whose recordings of "Malagueña" and "The Breeze and I" have made us all want to have a look at her. She will be there at dinner and supper, except Sundays, when the place is dark. The dance music will be made by Stanley Melba's band and Alan Logan's quartet.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Putting Eartha Kitt in furs and satins, which is done twice a night in the Persian Room, comes close to hiding the enchanting cat-that-walks-by-itself mood that made this *cantatrice* famous, but what isn't hidden is still fine. Bringing up the rear is New York's finest, the combined dance band and glee club of Ted Straeter. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing.... ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, where dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

**Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's band is buzzing industriously away in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Fernanda Montel, a statue cast in platinum and spun gold, comes to life at dinner and supper and sings the brittle sagas of poor little rich girls and boys. In between her soirées, there's dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

**Statler**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, there are rousing sessions of swing, swing, swing by one of its most adept practitioners, the band of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, for which Charlie Shavers blows the high notes. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club**, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Like Chinatown, Grant's Tomb, and the Flea Circus, this is a tourist attraction that seems never to lose its charm. Two small dance bands occupy a corner of one room.

**Versailles**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Death never takes a holiday when Edith Piaf's young things go strolling down Lover's Lane. She sings her Gallic laments with a sincerity and an authority no one is likely to question. Her *récitatifs* occur at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra function for dancing after eight.

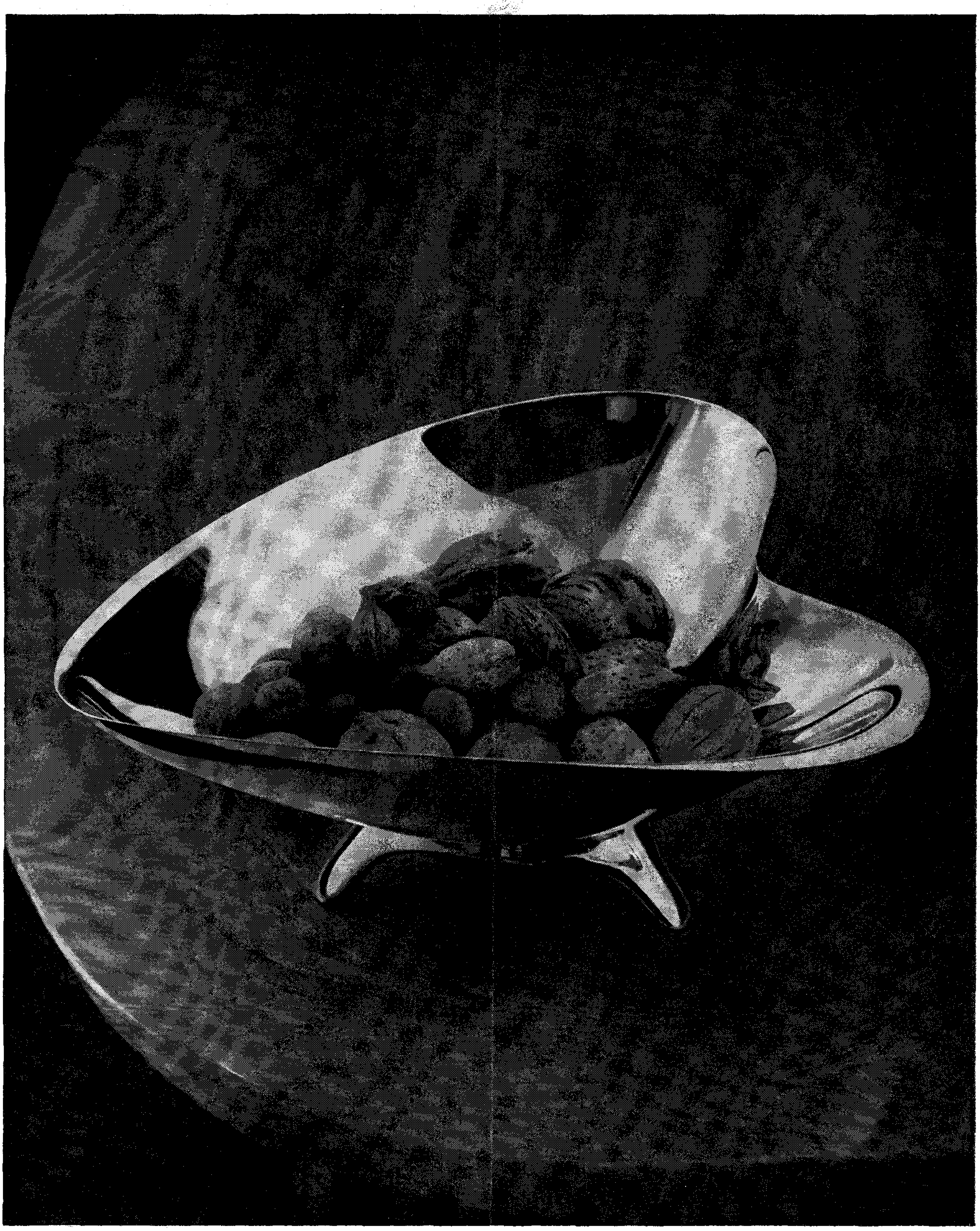
**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—A day (an arduous one) with Lisa Kirk, from shower bath and dressing room right on into the night, happens onstage in the Empire Room at dinner and supper, accompanied by many a trill by this celebrated soubrette. On the stand, for the guidance of dancers, are the bands of Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by the trio of Jozsi Ribari, from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one. Sundays, Mr. Borr's dance band performs from eight to twelve.

**Note**—The Rainbow Room, which is at the top of the town's longest ski tow, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from the Racquet Squad holding open house. At the far end of the house, Kurt Maier is on point duty at his piano from eight to ten and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays.... **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' merry-go-round is not for those who wish to be alone. The salient features are a long bar, an old-home-week *esprit*, and, after six o'clock, the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner. Wayne Sanders, who woos a gentler muse, is Mr. H.'s running mate at the keyboard after nine.... **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The mood is drawing room, the lights are low, and the music—Paul Schlesinger and Herman Honigsberg at, respectively, piano and violin—is the food of love as Chopin and Strauss prepared it. Closed Sundays.... **Barberry Room**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar can recall hot nights of passion in the gardens of Granada, appears in this lofty hall of mirrors every evening but Sunday. He's mild from nine to eleven, fervent from eleven to one.... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A very small conversation piece, in which Don Evans and Carl Norman give the piano a pleasant going over from early evening until dawn's early light. Ada Moore's songs, which begin after the theatre, are round, firm, and fully packed with raillery. Closed Sundays.... **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays.... **Café Nino**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, a switch-hitter, ambles from Blue Danube to North River piano in the bar of a bland, leisurely dining room. He begins at cocktail time and stays until after midnight. Closed Sundays.... **Le Périgord Café**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) regional Manhattan piano from dinner through supper.... **Little Bohemia**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings make the night as bright as day.... **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A nice little Hungarian rhapsody—schnitzel, *torte*, violin, zimbalon, wine, and song—takes place all evening long. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **Viennese Lantern**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard and by the



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hour, the best of which comes from the industrious six-man band when it takes a flying leap at an entire Lehár operetta. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the straightforward bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, who has committed every good song of the century to memory, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public playground for the younger set, where there's always a spate of casual piano, and now and then a song.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): True stories of heroic bouts with wine, women, song, and race horses, told by Joe E. Lewis, a picturesque Orpheus who has lost more Eurydices that way. And dancing, too.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is) are the slap-happiest married couple in town, a state of bliss that is evident in the antic operetta they perform in the back room every night but Monday. T. C. Jones, from "New Faces of '56," whose parodies of illustrious ladies of the theatre have some Dracula overtones, rests up Sundays. The remainder of the cast, who have no time off, are Jill Corey, an endearing young oriole, and Joey Carter, to whom funny things happen as he thumbs through his file of jokes. These proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ Except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty provides quiet cocktail and dinner piano for the small fry in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, the Davis and Lyons families play catch-as-catch-can lacrosse. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, an entrepreneur who has launched a thousand faces, has assembled four of the brightest ones—June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews—in the best yet of his vest-pocket revues. The wise and often wonderful words are the work of such pillars of psychiatry as Ronny Graham; the music is the two-piano team of Bud McCreery and Stan Keen. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Meade Lux Lewis, who makes one Steinway sound like a piano quartet, is back in harness again. Also among those present are Helen Merrill, who coos like a progressive dove, and a new folk-tune foursome called the Tarriers. Clarence Williams' dance trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, is in action between shows. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A late-at-night block party that frequently takes leave of its senses. The reasons: Jorie Remus, a commedienne who goes through five or six complete changes of personality in as many minutes; the rowdy Tony and Eddie, parodists who have split plenty of ears between them; Portia Nelson, an expert nightingale and a fairly expert cynic; plus the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. There's some semblance of order in Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys and Warren Vaughan's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The merriment is supplied by Phil Leeds, the epitome of the embattled Little Man fighting back. He suffers, but not in silence, from eleven-thirty on. Among the earlier birds are Betty Reilly, a welkin-ringing soprano; Robert Maxwell, whose harp is much too hot for Heaven; and the Norman Paris trio, without which no Ruban Bleu show is complete. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): One of the jolliest of the season's class reunions is being staged by Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, those postgraduate students of night life. Mr. Walter's brisk piano arabesques are available at dinner and supper; Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of arias that have extrasensory perception begins after ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton's pensive piano is on tap, too, from ten or so on. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the barroom, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are occasional séances with Helen Halpin, who seems to have understudied quite a lot of girl comics. Sundays, when Miss H. stays home, there are old-time movies; Mondays are budding-talent nights.

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| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The Society for the Preservation of Historic Monuments is led into action by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon. The piano-and-drum team of Johnny Varro and Buzzy Drootin keeps the intermissions piping hot. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest; Thursdays, Bud Freeman teams up with the Messrs. Varro and Drootin. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The Jonah Jones quartet and the Dorothy Donegan trio clown around just enough to put their music in the category of Pixieland jazz. They check in around nine. Sundays, when they are off, the floor is held mainly by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Home of the free, land of the brave, where there's always room for one more frontiersman. Visiting days this week are Friday through Sunday, Oct. 19-21, when J. J. Johnson's quintet, Buddy Greco's quartet, and Chris Connor, that full-throated warbler, will be having themselves a time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way all of 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Behind the bustling bar is a little Carnegie Hall, where up-to-the-minute chamber music wends its way o'er many a strange lea, many a green pasture. The trio of Billy Taylor, an incredibly facile pianist, and the quartet of Don Elliott, who loves to crawl inside a mellophone, are now on duty after nine. The Taylors are off Sundays, the Elliotts Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off. . . . **CAMEO**, 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): This ornate chophouse is converting its back room into a first-rate music festival. The trio of Barbara Carroll, whose keyboard poems are light and air, shadow and substance, is there now; on Friday, Oct. 19, the trio of Teddy Wilson, who represents an earlier but fondly remembered decade of pianism, joins up. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Closes Sunday, Oct. 21, for mid-term exams. Until then, lectures on American music, future tense, will be given by George Wallington's trio, the Tony Aless-Seldon Powell sextet, and the voice of Jeri Southern, which is delightfully lost-in-the-stars. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The hollow in the oval bar is filled, after ten, by the trio of Joe Castro, a pianist who is still summarizing his thoughts on the new music. Absolute silence Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by some venerable Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Hell hath no fury like the music—part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part Shenanigan—that is manufactured here. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, at 3:30 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Saturday, Oct. 20, youth will be served a bumper crop of American primitives, among them (in all probability) Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Melba Liston, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Vic Dickenson, Cliff Jackson, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Starting time is nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, a number of LL.D.s who assisted at the birth of the blues are expected; i.e., the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Pee Wee Erwin, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Johnny Windhurst, Andy Russo, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): An establishment that truly lives up to its name. Among the non-representational artists presumed to be now on exhibit are Miles Davis and his quintet. Randy Weston's quartet may be added on Friday, Oct. 19. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **PICCADILLY HOTEL**, 227 W. 45th St. (CI 6-6600): Reckless music lovers will find, deep in Manhattan's forest primeval, Cy Coleman's extramodern trio manfully doing its best in a clearing called the Circus Lounge. It's there from seven to one, except Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Charles Addams**—About fifty black-and-white drawings, all of which appeared in this magazine at one time or another. The theme is New York City, where, if Mr. Addams is to be believed, some very odd things go on. Through Dec. 2. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**George Catlin**—Two hundred paintings on the American Indian by this nineteenth-century artist, taken from the collection of the American Museum of Natural History and being exhibited for the benefit of the Museum's research and education programs; through Oct. 31. (Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.)

**Antoni Clavé**—Oils and colored lithographs by one of the younger French artists; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

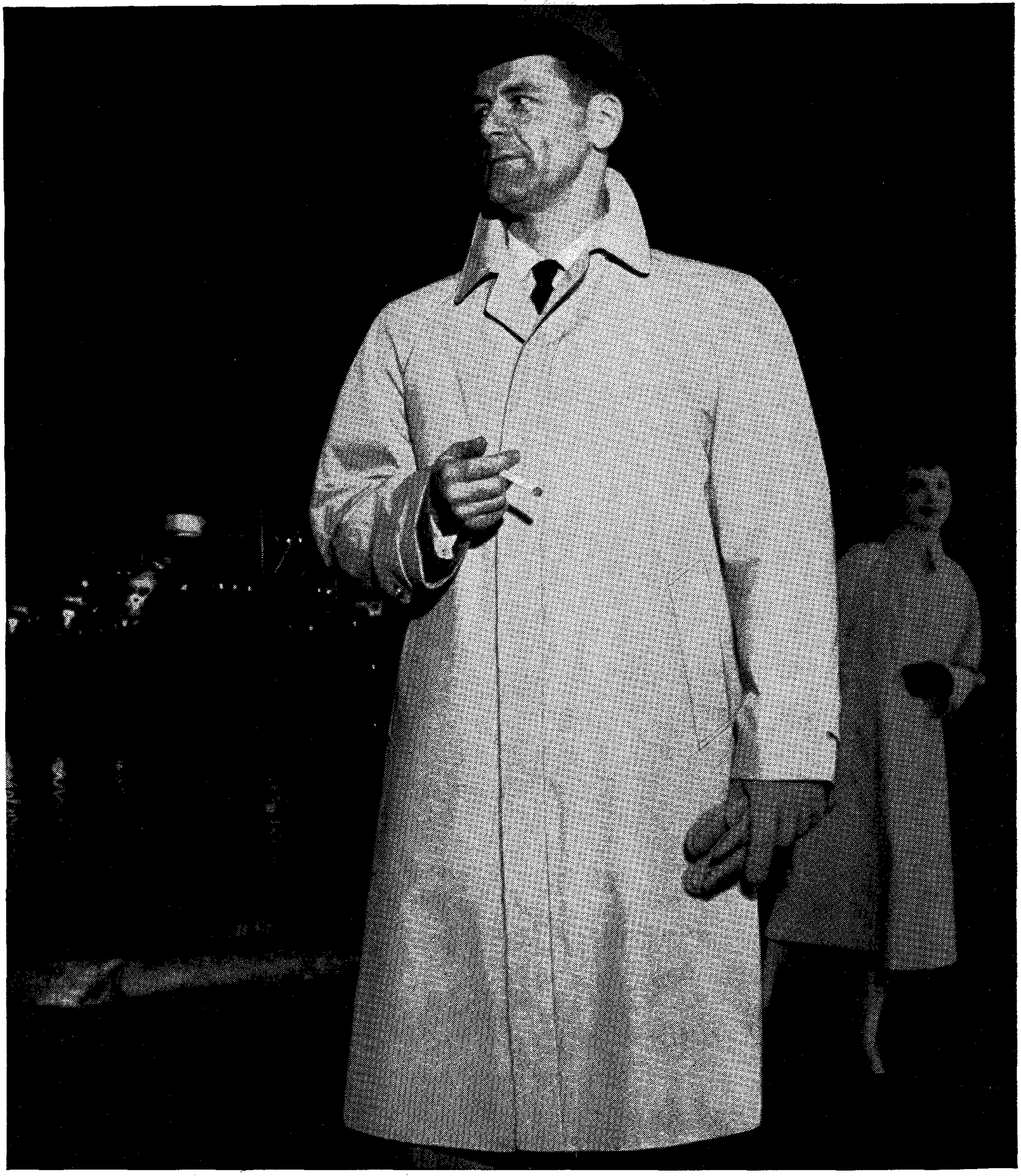
**Frederick Franck**—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by an American artist who was born in Holland; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

**William Getman**—Delicately striated abstract paintings, done in a combination of oil and collage; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**William King**—Sculptures, very varied in both material and techniques, in his first showing since 1954; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

**William R. Leigh**—A ninetieth-anniversary roundup of the Indian, cowboy, and animal paintings for which this artist, who died last year, was famous; through Nov. 20. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

**Amedeo Modigliani**—Thirty-five water colors and drawings, hitherto unshown, from the



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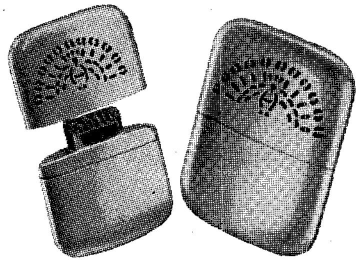

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

collection of the late Sydney G. Biddle, of Philadelphia; through Nov. 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**CLAUDE MONET**—Fourteen oil studies, all of them variations of the well-known water-lily panels hanging in the Orangerie; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**BEN NICHOLSON**—Abstract oils, reliefs, and water colors done this year and last; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**KENZO OKADA**—A review of the work this Japanese abstractionist has turned out in the past two and a half years; through Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**ABBOTT PATTISON**—Rather abstract sculptured figures, for the most part in bronze or brass; through Nov. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5, and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

**ZAO WOU-KI**—Semiabstract oils (1950-56) by this Chinese-born Parisian; through Nov. 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

**"SALUTE TO 'MODERN ART USA' "**—A series of exhibits arranged in conjunction with the publication of Rudi Blesh's book on modern American art—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings and sculptures by, among others, Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and Ben Shahn; through Nov. 3. . . . DUVEEN-GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A solo show of paintings by Stanton Macdonald-Wright; through Nov. 3. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Marsden Hartley, John Hultberg, David Smith, and Sam Francis are among those showing one oil or sculpture apiece; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Included on the roster of seven Americans are Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, and Mark Rothko; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: William Glackens, George Luks, John Sloan, and the other painters of the group known as the Eight; through Nov. 3. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Marsden Hartley, Alfred Maurer, Balcomb Greene, and three other painters; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Oils and water colors by Mary Cassatt, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and Eastman Johnson make up the exhibit here; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . WILLARD, 23 W. 56th St.: Works by members of the gallery, as well as by Lyonel Feininger, Morris Graves, Richard Lippold, and Mark Tobey; through Saturday, Oct. 27.

**SCULPTURES**—At the ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK, 115 E. 40th St.: The eighteenth annual exhibition of the Sculptors Guild; through Thursday, Oct. 18. (Open 10 to 12 and 2 to 6.) . . . FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of a showing of works ranging in point of time from Rodin to Lipchitz; through Nov. 3. . . . GALERIE CHALETTE, 45 W. 57th St.: Fifty-odd pieces by eleven modern British sculptors, many of them little known here; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

**ARS MEDICA**—Rembrandt, Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others are represented in a display of eighty-five prints on medical subjects; through Oct. 31. (New York Academy of Medicine, 2 E. 103rd St. Weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Anton Refregier, Isaac and Moses Soyer, Nat Werner, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '56-'57" is the opening exhibition at the gallery's new quarters and offers one oil or sculpture by each of the members, including Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, and Lee Gatch; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: New paintings by George Tooker, John Wilde, and others, plus new sculptures by Victor Colby; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Such contemporaries as Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and Leon Kroll; through Oct. 31. . . . NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-third annual exhibition of oils, water colors, and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Oct. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils by, among others, Afro, Oskar Kokoschka, and Marino Marini, in addition to drawings by Paul Klee; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Canvases by de Staël, Giacometti, Jawlensky, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . E. & A. SILBERMAN, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twelve contemporary British painters and sculptors, from Francis Bacon to Graham Sutherland, in a large and interesting showing; through Nov. 1. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Water colors and drawings by Flemish, Dutch, French, and Italian masters, extending from the fifteenth through the nineteenth century and including pieces by Fragonard, Tiepolo, Géricault, and van Gogh; through Oct. 31.

**FRENCH; GROUP SHOW**—Jacus, Jansem, and Marie Laurencin are three of the artists whose paintings are being exhibited; through Oct. 30. (Galerie Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

**SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS**—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Harry Sternberg; starting Monday, Oct. 22. . . . ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: Edward Millman; starting Monday, Oct. 22. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Kurt Schwitters; starting Monday, Oct. 22. . . . WELLONS, 17 E. 64th St.: Jean de Marco and Clara Fasano; starting Monday, Oct. 22. (Weekdays, noon to 8.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 22. CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT INTERNATIONAL CENTER, 345 E. 46th St.; starting Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Daily, 10 to 6.) DELIUS, 24 E. 67th St.; starting Tuesday, Oct. 23. FRIED, 40 E. 68th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 22. GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Salute to 'Modern Art USA;' " starting Tuesday, Oct. 23.

## MUSEUMS

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot-long panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masters of British Painting, 1800-1950," some hundred paintings by thirty artists, from Turner and Constable to Graham Sutherland and Ben Nicholson; through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of religious paintings, from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, by such artists as Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Rubens, and El Greco; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A series of thirty-one Tibetan banner paintings, or tankas, done by Buddhist priests in the early eighteenth century; through Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Yehoshua Kovarsky, who was born in Vilna, lived for many years in Israel, and is now a resident in New York; through Nov. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The eleventh annual show of abstract paintings and sculptures by members of the Spiral Group (fourteen painters and two sculptors, including Joseph Meert and John Sennhauser). Also a memorial exhibition of paintings by Job Goodman, one of the Group's founders. Through Thursday, Oct. 25. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Sculptures, constructions, paintings, and drawing are included in a retrospective of the work of Theodore Roszak; through Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

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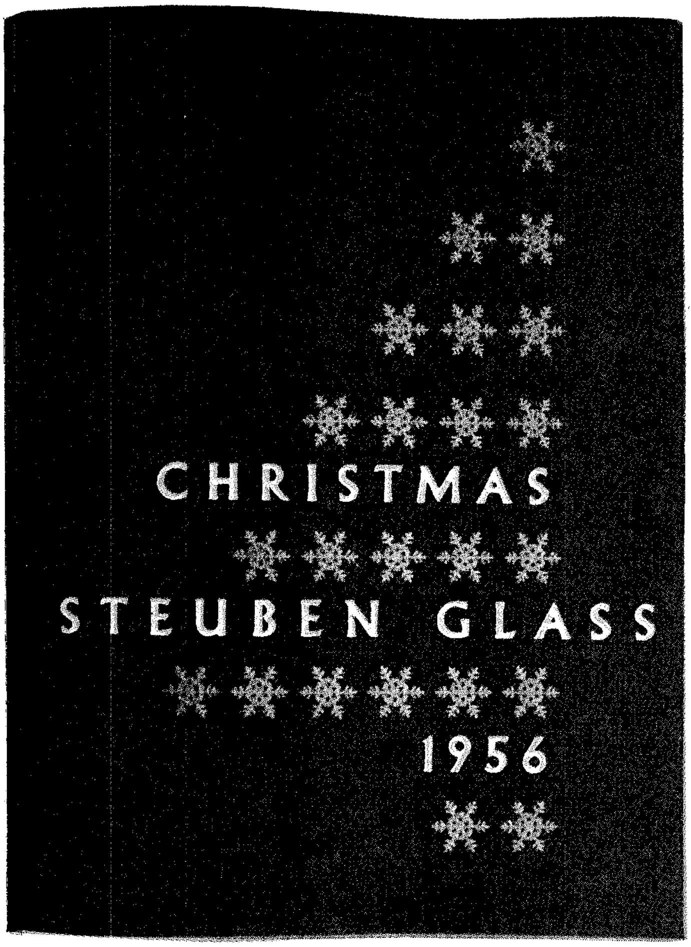

# The Steuben Christmas Catalogue

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oct. 20: "The Moon" and "Histoire du Soldat," both in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 20: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 21: "Orpheus in the Underworld," in English. (A benefit for the Utopia Children's Center; for tickets, call AT 9-1204.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 25: "Carmen." (A benefit for the Morningside Community Center; for tickets, call CI 6-8716.). . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 26: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 27: "Fledermaus," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 27: "Orpheus in the Underworld," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. A day-to-day check with the newspapers is advisable, since the company has been having programming difficulties.)

**Fujiwara Opera Company**—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2:30: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, May 12—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:45 (with Stanley Babin, piano); Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2:30 (no soloists); Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 26, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:45 (with Ruth Slenczynska, piano).

**American Symphony of New York**—Enrico Leide conducting a free all-Wagner concert, with Charlotte Price, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2.)

**Saidenberg Little Symphony**—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

**National Swedish Chorus**—A seventy-five-voice all-male chorus, directed by Martin Lidstam, with Karl-Olof Johannson, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**Joan Field**—Violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

**Marais and Miranda**—Balladeers, in the first two programs in a series called "Creative Minstrelsy and the World of Folk Song." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Oct. 18, and Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

**Twilight Concerts**—Kees Cooper, Dutch violinist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 5:30.)

**Rudolf Serkin**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

**Philippa Schuyler**—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 5:30.)

**Miroslav Cangalovic**—Yugoslav bass, with the Russian Cathedral Choir, directed by Nicholas Afonsky. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

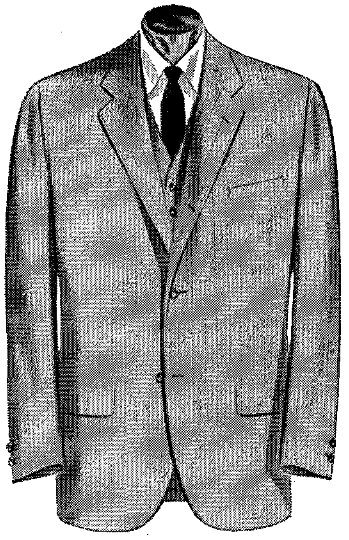
**Cesare Siepi**—Bass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

**Robert Masters Piano Quartet**—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

**Maria Luisa Faini**—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

**José Iturbi**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

**Washington Square Chamber Music Series**—The New York Woodwind Quintet, with Leopold Mannes, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Mac-



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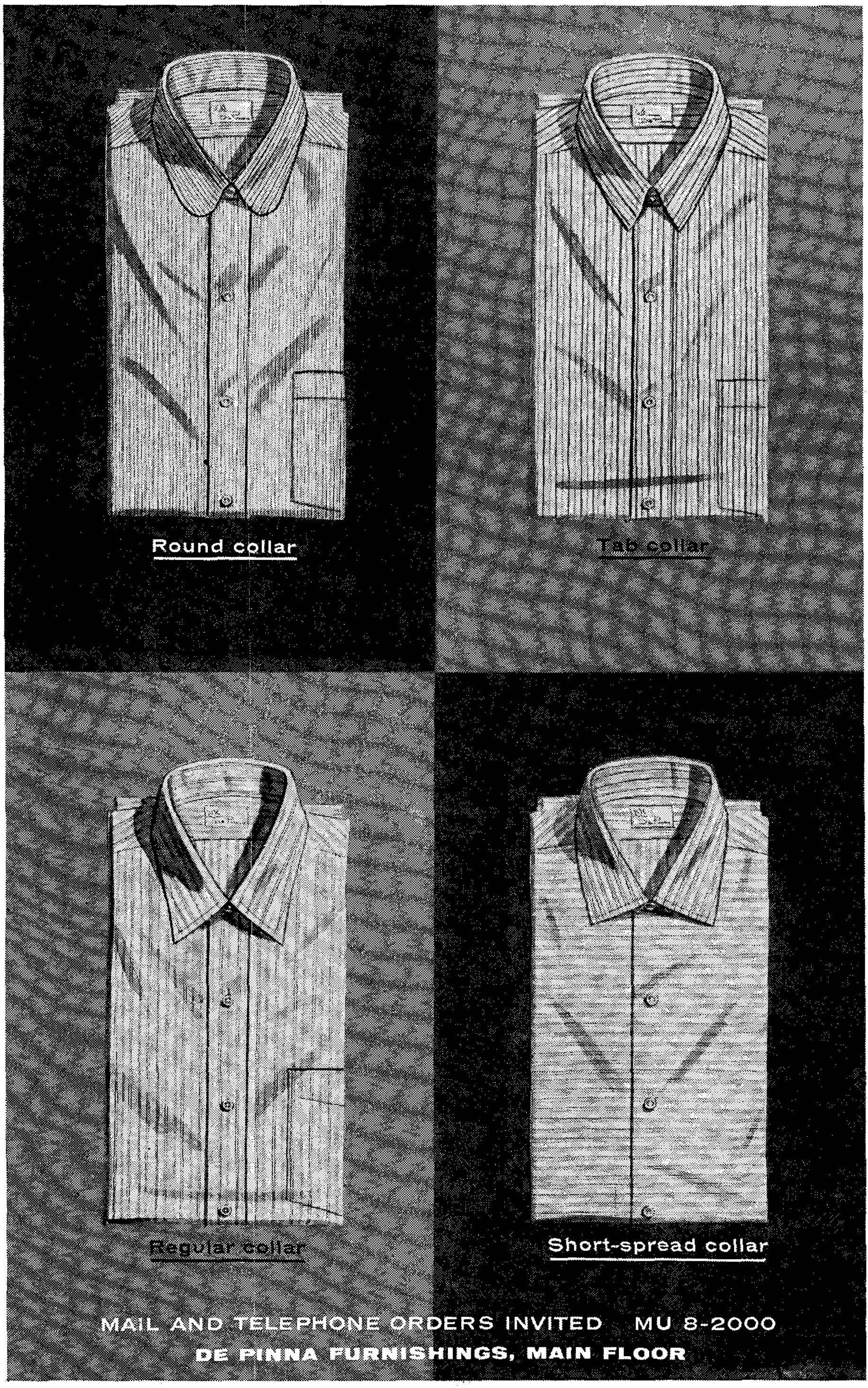
Every detail of taste, comfort and long-wearing quality is given careful attention in the making of these outstanding shirts. Each is cut to our specifications from silky-fine English broadcloth, sewn with single needle construction throughout. All with French cuffs — choose any of the styles with blue, tan or gray stripes predominating. Sizes 14½ (32-35 sleeve), 15 to 16½ (32-36 sleeve), 17 (33-36 sleeve). **9.50**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DE PINNA FURNISHINGS, MAIN FLOOR

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

**Quintetto Boccherini**—Chamber music. (High School of Fashion Industries, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau**—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Calypso Program**—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, and Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

**Jazz Concert**—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 19: Joe Giambra vs. Gil Turner, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26: Tony Gonzalez vs. Yama Bahama, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**College Football**—SATURDAY, OCT. 20: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Army, at Syracuse, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 27: Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

**Professional Football**—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. A benefit for the American Medical Center at Denver; for tickets, call CH 4-7090. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2:05.)

**Hockey**—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Canadiens.

**Horse Show**—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 20, and Monday through Saturday, Oct. 22-27.)

**Hunt Racing**—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 20.). . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 27.)

**Racing**—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, Oct. 18, through Thursday, Nov. 15. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 20, and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Nov. 6. The Trenton Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 24, and the Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 27. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1 (E.S.T.), from Wednesday, Oct. 24, through Monday, Nov. 12.

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**Local Manifestations of the Presidential Campaign**—President Eisenhower addressing a Republican rally at Madison Square Garden on Thursday, Oct. 25, at 9 P.M. The speech will be carried on WRCA-TV and the WRCA radio network.

**United Nations**—It is hard to say whether or not the commissions and committees dealing with the various topical urgencies of the moment (e.g., the Suez Canal and the atomic-energy question) will, on any given day, be holding open meetings—or, indeed, any meetings at all—but there are almost always deliberations on *some*thing or other that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Oct. 24, from 9 to 10 P.M., WOR-TV will cover United Nations Day ceremonies from the General Assembly Hall. Dag Hammarskjold; the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos; the Schola Cantorum, directed by Hugh Ross; Hilde Gueden, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Richard Tucker, tenor; and Otto Edelmann, baritone, will appear. The event will also be carried on the radio, over WABC. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

**POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS**—At **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM,** Y.M.H.A.: Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:40: Stephen Spender in a program called "The Amateurs of Love." . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 6:30: Works by Samuel Beckett read by Alvin Epstein, with an introduction and commentary by Barney Rosset. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.) . . . **DONNELL REGIONAL BRANCH,** New York Public Library: A group of actors, headed by Basil Langton, reading Shaw's "Heartbreak House." (20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Oct. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES EXHIBITION AND SALE**—Thousands of items from the past, assembled by American and European dealers and ranging from a group of political mementos (the smallest of which are a pair of tintype Lincoln buttons from the 1860 and 1864 campaigns) to the more usual collections of furniture, glassware, china, and the like. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sunday, 2 to 11. Through Sunday, Oct. 21.)

**THOREAU AND HIS AMERICA**—An exhibition comprising manuscripts (among them the Thoreau journals, on view for the first time in their entirety), letters, and first editions of Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, and other American authors of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 24. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN CARTOONS**—A display tracing the history of Presidential campaigns from the time of Jefferson and including over a hundred political caricatures, together with campaign posters, songbooks, sheet music, buttons, badges, and lithographs; through Nov. 15. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Exploring the Milky Way," studies the stars and nebulae in this vast system. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Oct. 22, from 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 1:45: Old English silver, from Elizabeth to George III; the property of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century English furniture and decorations, belonging to Mrs. David Nemerov and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 24-26, at 1:45: Part III of the sale of items from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—European arms and armor and other metalwork; paintings, including primitives, Old Masters, and nineteenth-century canvases; portrait miniatures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; chess sets; decorative porcelains; gold and enamel snuffboxes and other bibelots; and Continental silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 20.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Bone china demi-tasse by Grosvenor.
Each cup and saucer in one of twelve
harmonizing colors, all with gold on pure white.
Eight dollars fifty cents the cup and saucer.
Flemish pattern demi-tasse spoon
in Tiffany's golden Vermeil.
Five dollars fifty cents each,
including federal tax. By mail if you wish.

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NEW YORK

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**Attack!**—A rather ordinary film that has the great virtue of pointing out that not every military man defending America was a true-blue Eagle Scout. As a matter of fact, the protagonist is a hopeless coward, convincingly played by Eddie Albert. Unhappily, the piece bogs down foolishly in the later reels, when an outraged lieutenant, convincingly played by Jack Palance, sets out to get the coward. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

**Giant**—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. A long, rambling movie that lollops about in several directions but includes plenty of the melodramatic uproar usually associated with life in the Lone Star State. Directed by George Stevens, the picture has a large cast headed by Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

**The King and I**—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in a very pretty presentation of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 24.)

**Lust for Life**—As good a color film as you're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh, well played by Kirk Douglas, and the times of the Dutch Master and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**Moby Dick**—A handsome version of the Melville saga, directed with high enthusiasm by John Huston. Maybe Mr. Huston hasn't quite managed to convey all the philosophical insights Melville was after, but he's done an adult movie just the same. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Bernard Miles, and Friedrich Ledebur are fine as Ishmael, Starbuck, the Manxman, and Queequeg, respectively, but Gregory Peck never gets his teeth into the role of Captain Ahab. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 24, tentative.)

**1984**—A forbidding glimpse of what the world may be like under collective management a few years hence. Based on the novel by George Orwell, the film features Edmond O'Brien, Jan Sterling, and Michael Redgrave as the benighted inhabitants of an awful universe. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Oct. 19.)

**Private's Progress**—An English film that spoofs some Albionites who weren't quite up to the business of defending the motherland in the last war. Ian Carmichael is very funny as the principal incompetent in this romp, and Richard Attenborough, Terry-Thomas, and Dennis Price give him a lot of assistance. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

dep
MIDNIGHT SHOW

**The Proud and the Beautiful**—Romance in a flea-bitten community, close to Veracruz, that is suffering, along with other troubles, from an epidemic of spotted fever. It will not surprise you to learn that Jean-Paul Sartre concocted the story. Gérard Philipe, as a drunken doctor, and Michèle Morgan, as a benighted widow, head a cast that is altogether admirable. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Oct. 20.)

**The Silent World**—Life underwater, including everything from ravenous sharks to giant rays, caught by the camera of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in the course of the explorations that have taken him beneath the surface of half a dozen seas. A French film, with an English narration. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**La Strada**—A strange Italian film dealing with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of interesting passages, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

**Tea and Sympathy**—Adapted from Robert Anderson's play of a couple of years ago, this film is a moving account of the difficulties of an adolescent schoolboy whose fellows mistakenly regard him as homosexual and a compassionate woman who surrenders herself to him to demonstrate that he's as normal as the next one. Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are excellent as the sympathetic matron and the troubled youngster, respectively, and Leif Erickson is satisfactory as the lady's oxlike husband. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

**War and Peace**—Audrey Hepburn is Natasha, Henry Fonda is Pierre, Mel Ferrer is Andrey, Napoleon loses, and the enterprise lasts, if anyone wants the correct time, three hours and twenty-eight minutes. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

**Wee Geordie**—A simple, diverting little British picture that builds up some amusing episodes in the course of a tale about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the damnedest hammer thrower ever seen on earth. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are attractive as a covey of Scots, and the scenery in the background is beautiful to behold. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

### REVIVALS

**The Great Adventure** (1955)—A Swedish film that tells of a ten-year-old boy and the woods and lakes, teeming with wildlife, that he explores. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 22-23.)

**The Killers** (1946)—Hemingway's short story. Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 22-24.)

**Pépé le Moko** (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 19.)

**Sabrina** (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 23-24.)

**The Shrike** (1955)—José Ferrer portraying a man driven close to madness by a domineering wife. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 22-24.)

**The Spiral Staircase** (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 21-23.)

**Task Force** (1949)—A compound of Hollywood romance and documentary shots of United States Navy pilots in action. Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan lead the flying tars. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 21.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Oct. 20, showings at 3: "Moscow Clad in Snow" (1909); "The Revenge of the Kinematograph Cameraman" (1912), by Ladislas Starevich; and "Father Sergius" (1917), with Ivan Mozhukhin. . . . ¶ Oct. 21-24, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Bad Seed," Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**WAR AND PEACE.**

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Pillars of the Sky," Jeff Chandler, Dorothy Malone.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
**ATTACK!**

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
**TEA AND SYMPATHY.**

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 24 (tentative): "Toward the Unknown," William Holden, Lloyd Nolan.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Around the World in 80 Days," David Niven, Cantinflas. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ The performance on Thursday, Oct. 18, will be a benefit for the Will Rogers Memorial Hospital and Tuberculosis Research Laboratories.)

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
**GIANT.**

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Between Heaven and Hell," Robert Wagner, Terry Moore.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 23: "The Best Things in Life Are Free," Gordon MacRae, Dan Dailey.
From Oct. 24: "The Solid Gold Cadillac," Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 24: To be announced.

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Oct. 24 (tentative): "Secrets of the Reef," a nature film on marine life; and "The Ship That Died of Shame," Richard Attenborough, George Baker.

**Academy of Music**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)

Through Oct. 20: "The Burning Hills," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood; and "Satellite in the Sky," Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell.

Oct. 21-23: "Girls in Prison," Richard Denning, Joan Taylor; and "Hot Rod Girl," Lori Nelson, John Smith.

From Oct. 24: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through Oct. 23 (tentative): "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay; and "The Doctors" (in French).

From Oct. 24 (tentative): **MOBY DICK.**

**Lexington**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)

Through Oct. 23: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Showdown at Abilene," Jock Mahoney, Martha Hyer.

From Oct. 24: "Walk the Proud Land," Audie Murphy, Anne Bancroft; and "The Unguarded Moment," Esther Williams, George Nader.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)

**LA STRADA** (in Italian).

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"The Grand Maneuver" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

**R.K.O. 58th St.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)

Through Oct. 20: "The Burning Hills," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood; and "Satellite in the Sky," Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell.

Oct. 21-23: "Girls in Prison," Richard Denning, Joan Taylor; and "Hot Rod Girl," Lori Nelson, John Smith.

From Oct. 24: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)

Through Oct. 21: "Rififi" (in French), Jean Servais. (Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6:05, 8:10, and 10:15. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

From Oct. 22, at 8:30: "Marcelino" (in Spanish), Pablito Calvo. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Casita Maria Settlement. For information about tickets, call LE 4-2260.)

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

**LUST FOR LIFE.**

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)

"The Snow Was Black" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Marie Mansart.

**York**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)

Through Oct. 20: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French); and "The Facts of Love," revival, Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.

Oct. 21-23: **THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE**, revival; and "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard.

From Oct. 24: "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère; and "The French Touch" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

Through Oct. 23 (tentative): "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay; and "The Doctors" (in French).

From Oct. 24 (tentative): **MOBY DICK.**

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

Through Oct. 24: **THE KING AND I.**

**Loew's 72nd St.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)

Through Oct. 23: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Showdown at Abilene," Jock Mahoney, Martha Hyer.

From Oct. 24: "Walk the Proud Land," Audie Murphy, Anne Bancroft; and "The Unguarded Moment," Esther Williams, George Nader.

**Trans-Lux Colony**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)

Through Oct. 20: "Away All Boats," Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "Raw Edge," Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo.

Oct. 21: **TASK FORCE**, revival; and "The Fighting 69th," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien.

Oct. 22-23: **THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, revival; and "Simon and Laura," Peter Finch, Kay Kendall.

From Oct. 24: **MOBY DICK.**

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through Oct. 23: "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay; and "The Doctors" (in French).

From Oct. 24: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson.

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

Through Oct. 20: "The Burning Hills," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood; and "Satellite in the Sky," Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell.

Oct. 21-23: "Girls in Prison," Richard Denning, Joan Taylor; and "Hot Rod Girl," Lori Nelson, John Smith.

From Oct. 24: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

Through Oct. 23: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Showdown at Abilene," Jock Mahoney, Martha Hyer.

From Oct. 24: "Walk the Proud Land," Audie Murphy, Anne Bancroft; and "The Unguarded Moment," Esther Williams, George Nader.

## WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)

Through Oct. 21: **THE KING AND I.**

Oct. 22-24: **THE KILLERS**, revival; and **THE SHRIKE**, revival.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Oct. 23 (tentative): "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay; and "The Doctors" (in French).

From Oct. 24 (tentative): **MOBY DICK.**

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

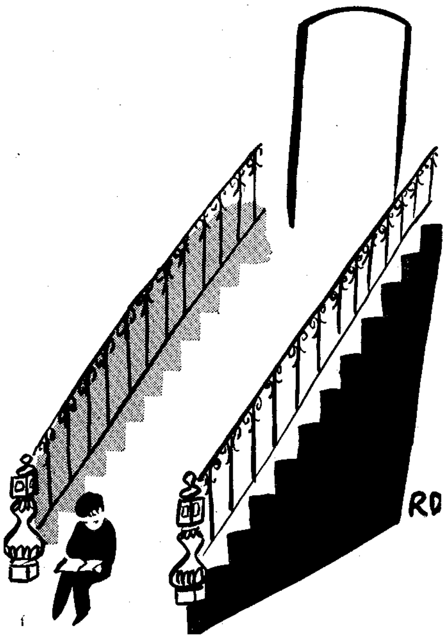
Through Oct. 23 (tentative): "Simon and Laura," Peter Finch, Kay Kendall; and "The Wild Oat" (in French), Fernandel.

From Oct. 24 (tentative): "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.

**Sheridan**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through Oct. 23: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Showdown at Abilene," Jock Mahoney, Martha Hyer.

From Oct. 24: "Walk the Proud Land," Audie Murphy, Anne Bancroft; and "The Unguarded Moment," Esther Williams, George Nader.



**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Through Oct. 23: **THE KING AND I.**

From Oct. 24: "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère; and "Malta Story," revival, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)

Through Oct. 20: "The Burning Hills," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood; and "Satellite in the Sky," Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell.

Oct. 21-23: "Girls in Prison," Richard Denning, Joan Taylor; and "Hot Rod Girl," Lori Nelson, John Smith.

From Oct. 24: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

**Terrace**, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)

Through Oct. 20: "The Ambassador's Daughter," Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe; and "The Boss," John Payne, William Bishop.

Oct. 21-22: "Northwest Passage," revival, Spencer Tracy, Ruth Hussey; and "Dig That Uranium," revival, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall.

Oct. 23-24: **SABRINA**, revival; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

**PRIVATE'S PROGRESS.**

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

Through Oct. 21: "Bullfight," a documentary film.

From Oct. 22, at 8:30: "Vitelloni" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi. (Opening night by invitation only.)

**Trans-Lux Normandie**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

Through Oct. 19: **1984.**

From Oct. 20: "Storm Center," Bette Davis, Brian Keith.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)

**WEE GEORDIE.**

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)

**THE SILENT WORLD.**

**Loew's 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)

Through Oct. 23: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Showdown at Abilene," Jock Mahoney, Martha Hyer.

From Oct. 24: "Walk the Proud Land," Audie Murphy, Anne Bancroft; and "The Unguarded Moment," Esther Williams, George Nader.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Oct. 18: "Keepers of the Night" (in German), revival; and "Film Without a Name" (in German), revival, Hildegarde Neff.

From Oct. 19: **PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (in French), revival; and "La Ronde" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

**Riverside**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)

Through Oct. 23: "The Burning Hills," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood; and "Satellite in the Sky," Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell.

From Oct. 24: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)

Through Oct. 23: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Showdown at Abilene," Jock Mahoney, Martha Hyer.

From Oct. 24: "Walk the Proud Land," Audie Murphy, Anne Bancroft; and "The Unguarded Moment," Esther Williams, George Nader.

**Nemo**, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)

Through Oct. 20: "The Burning Hills," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood; and "Satellite in the Sky," Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell.

Oct. 21-23: "Girls in Prison," Richard Denning, Joan Taylor; and "Hot Rod Girl," Lori Nelson, John Smith.

From Oct. 24: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

**Coliseum**, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)

Through Oct. 20: "The Burning Hills," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood; and "Satellite in the Sky," Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell.

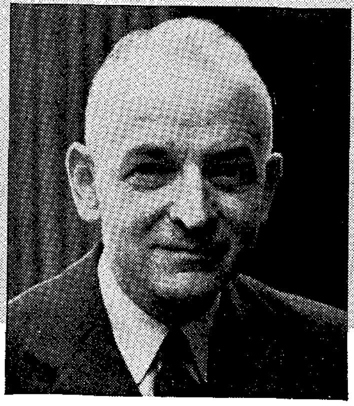
Oct. 21-23: "Girls in Prison," Richard Denning, Joan Taylor; and "Hot Rod Girl," Lori Nelson, John Smith.

From Oct. 24: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

# Project: Growth

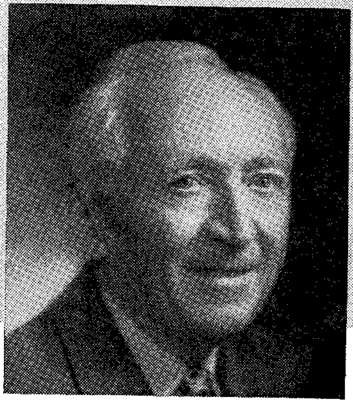
**JAMES BRUCE**

*Director, American Airlines, Commercial Credit, Republic Steel, National Dairy Products; U.S. Ambassador to Argentina (1947-49); Director, Mutual Defense Assistance Program (1949-50).*



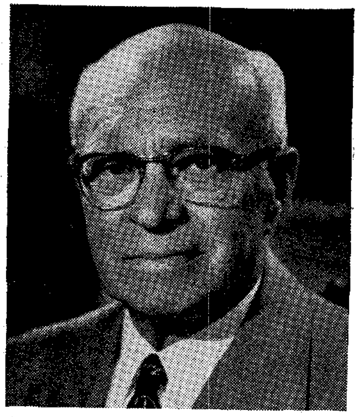
**GEORGES F. DORIOT**

*President, American Research and Development Corp.; Professor of Industrial Management, Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Director, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.*



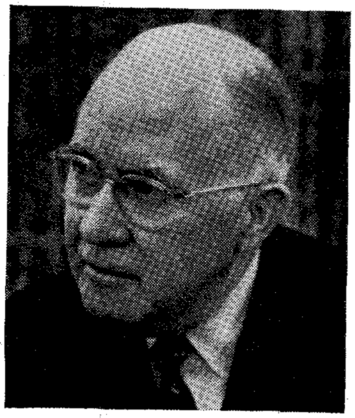
**R. W. GLASNER**

*USI Vice President; founder and President, Clearing Machine Corp.; founder and President, Midland Machine Corp.; founder and President, Marquette Tool and Mfg. Co.*



**F. L. JOHNSON**

*Retired USI Sales Vice President; Director, Pullman Trust and Savings Bank; Director and President, Roseland Standard Savings and Loan Association.*



**THOMAS A. MORGAN**

*Director, Bankers Trust Co., Lehman Corp., Shell Oil; President and Chairman of the Board of Directors, The Sperry Corporation (1949-52).*

**WARREN LEE PIERSON**

*Chairman of the Board, Trans World Airlines, Inc.; President, International Chamber of Commerce; President, Export-Import Bank (1936-44).*

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**W. F. WILMAS**
*Director and Executive Vice President of USI; corporate officer, Mt. Vernon Mfg. Co. (1944-45); associated with USI in various official capacities since 1945.*

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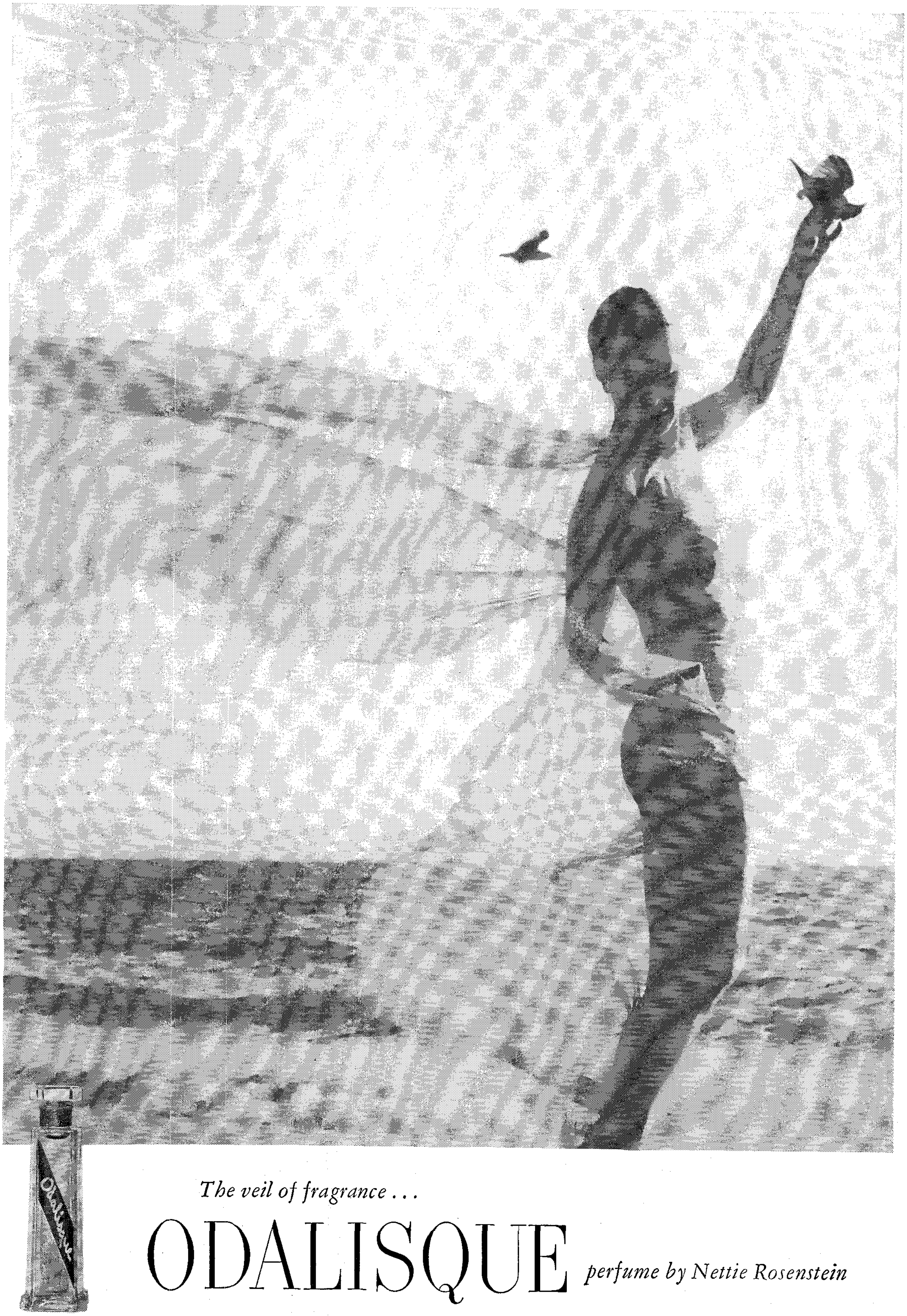
**JOHN I SNYDER, JR.**
*President and Chairman of the Board of Directors.*

By any yardstick this is a major accomplishment, and credit must go to USI's Board of Directors, pictured here. Gathered from every important walk of our economy, these men have brought to USI top-level experience in transportation, chemicals, finance, precision tool manufacturing, research and government planning. Already they have successfully guided USI into manufacturing aircraft landing gears, engine lathes, petroleum pumping equipment, giant metal forming presses, welded steel pipe for water and oil transmission, dairy equipment, cookware, electrical fittings, steel tanks, and components and systems for jet aircraft and guided missiles. And tomorrow? There's just no limit to USI's horizon!



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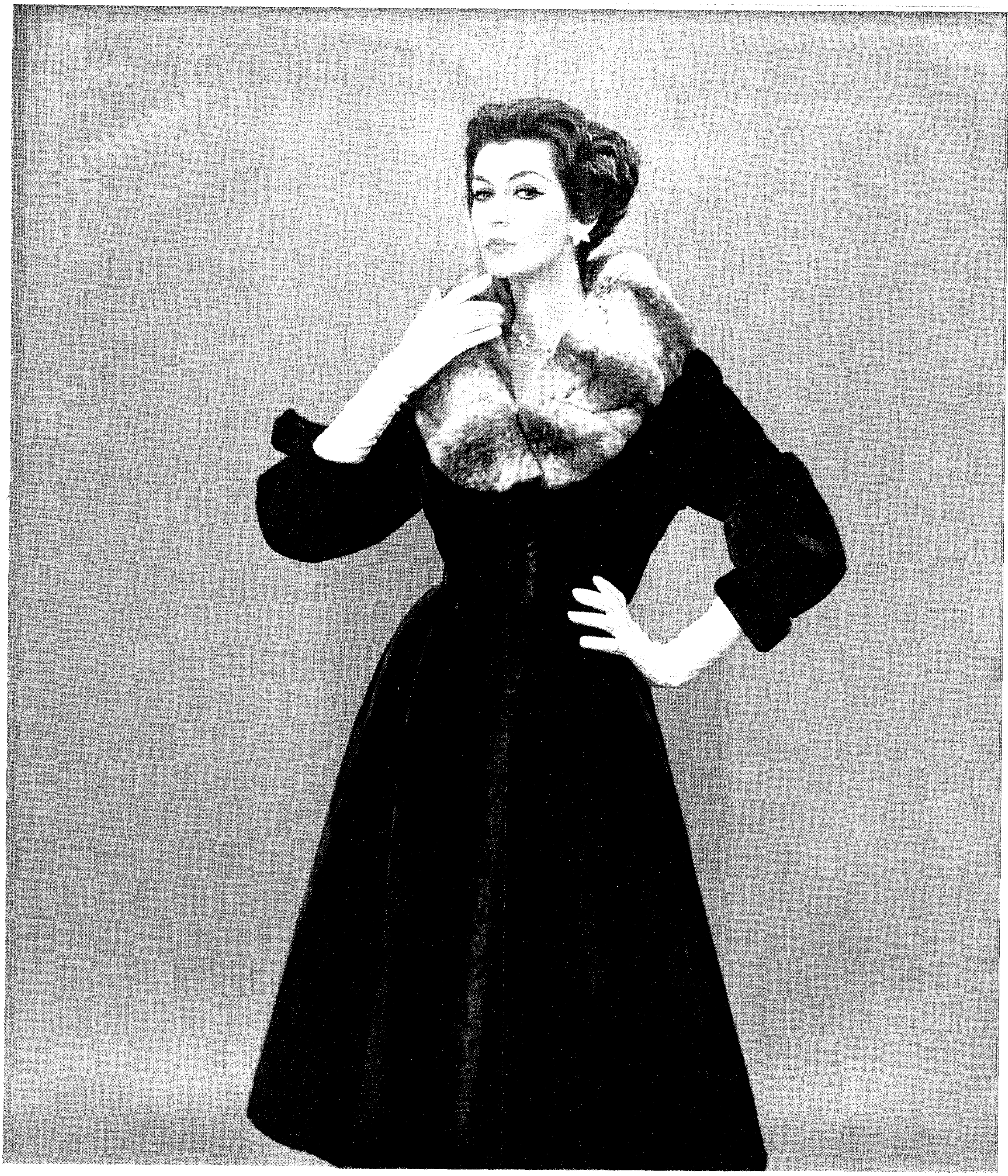
ODALISQUE *perfume by Nettie Rosenstein*



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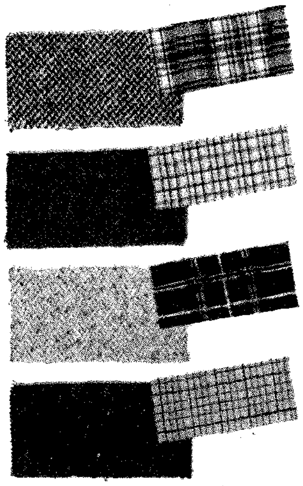

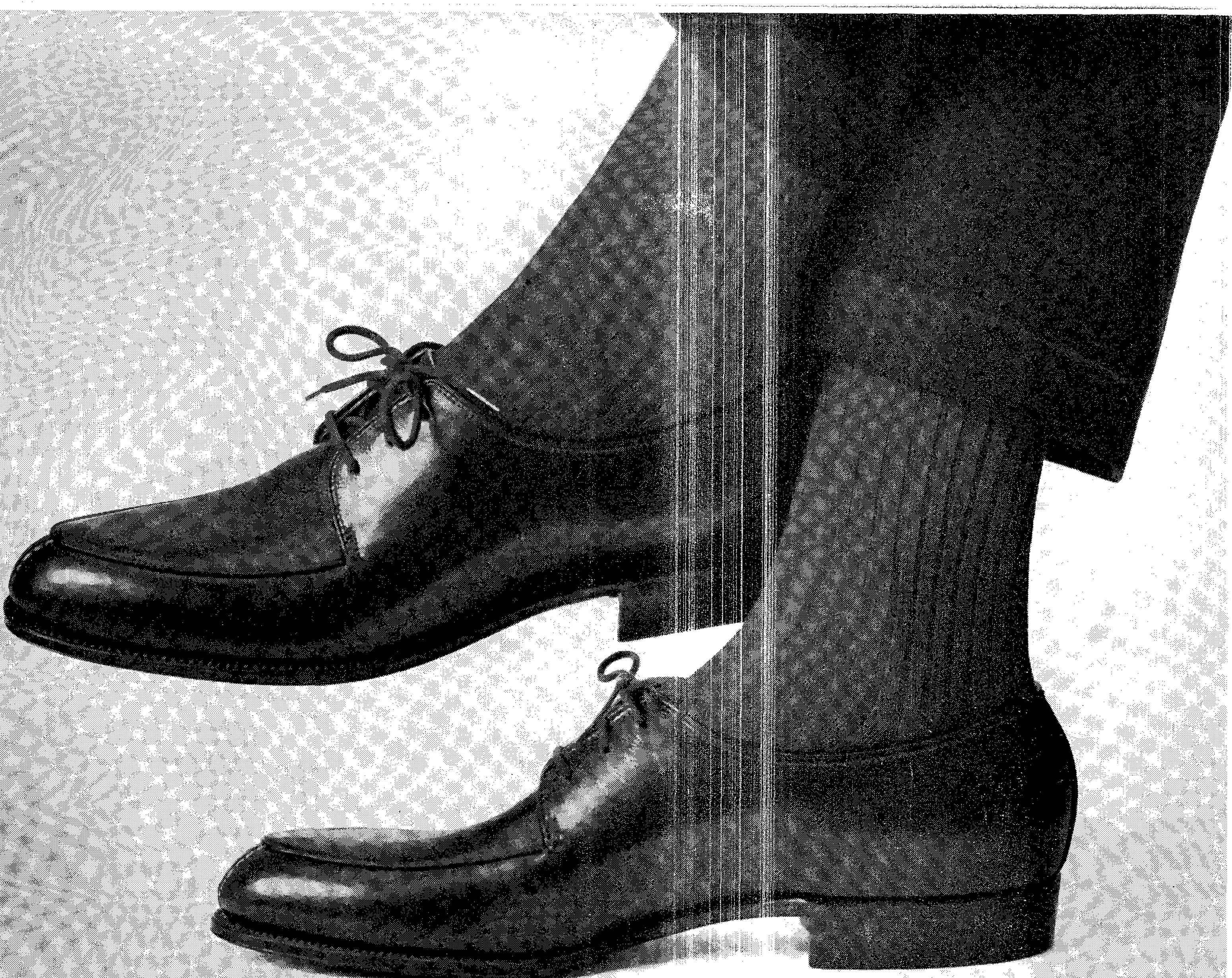

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FLEUR SAUVAGE
Parfums
MONTEIL

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

Lucky Strike, for many years the sponsor of the "Hit Parade," is bringing out a filter cigarette called Hit Parade. Logical enough. It seems only fitting that a company should wish to capitalize on the name of a program it sponsors. We look forward with relish to the day when Camel enters the lists with a colorfully packaged brand called Phil Silvers, or perhaps Silver Phils, and Chesterfield enables all of us to ask our neighborhood tobacconist for a carton of smokes called—and what better name could you want for a filter cigarette?—Dragnets.

Mr. Nixon's vision of two cars in every garage and three television sets in the same crowded household tends to establish a kind of equilibrium in the American home. Extra cars to heed the call of the road, extra consoles to heed the call of the hearth. What a fine—almost paralyzing—balance of forces! However, let a third television set arrive at some of the households we're acquainted with, and we can tell you where it will be installed. In the garage, that's where, and if Pop wants to use it, he'll damn well have to go out and sit behind his own wraparound windshield and look at it from there.

## *Healthy Friend*

THANKS to the marvels of medical science, the life expectancy of the average American citizen has been steadily rising. We're glad to report that the same thing can be said of the life expectancy of the average American dog. Indeed, the rise recorded for dogs is a good deal more striking than that recorded for human beings. According to the A.S.P.C.A., in 1930 the life span of the average dog was seven years, and today it's twelve. How come man's best friend is saying an even bigger yes to life than man is? The answer appears to be that the medical attention pets get nowadays has improved far more drastically than the medical attention we get—mostly as a result of having been much worse to begin with. From the point of view of health, a dog's life has become the life of Riley. Antibiotics, tranquillizers—the latest animal pharmacopoeia bulges with canine medicaments for all canine predicaments. In proof of this fortunate state of affairs, we cite the fact that there's a drugstore on upper Lexington Avenue devoted exclusively to the needs of dogs and other pets. Its owner is a forty-two-year-old veterinarian named Lewis M. Tarr. As far as Dr. Tarr and we know, his drugstore, now in its fourth year, is the only one of its kind in the world. That dogs have great admiration for it goes without saying.

In the company of an Airedale with a cold in the head, we stopped in at Dr. Tarr's the other day. Affable to man and beast, the good Doctor called our attention to his window display—a miniature sickroom, in which a Scottie doctor was taking the temperature of a cat patient while a spaniel nurse hovered nearby—and then led us into a corner of the store where he keeps shelf upon shelf of assorted medicines, many of them either originated by him or adapted from products intended for human beings. They bear names of his devising on handsome silver-and-blue labels, also of his devising. Among the numerous vitamin preparations, which come in pill or liquid form and are flavored to suit Dr. Tarr's notion of an animal's notion of something delicious, we spied Brew-ee, a vitamin supplement made from brewer's yeast; Appevite; Cat-tail Vitamins; and Kitty Drops, a milder form of Cat-tails. Ranged beside the vitamins were formidable supplies of skin and coat medicines (Shiny-Coat); shampoos (Dog-a-Poo); tick powder (Tic-Go); and cough medicines (Coff-Go).

A clinic in the rear of the store was lined from floor to ceiling with medicines of about equal importance to animals and human beings—aspirin, Nembutal, and a variety of polysyllabic "icin"s. Our presence in a little room so crammed with curative power prompted us to ask about the day-to-day health of city dogs. Dr. Tarr said at once that they suffer chiefly from overfeeding and lack of exercise. City dogs tend to fall victim earlier than country dogs to such universal complaints as arthritis, heart disease, bronchial and ear infections, and, in recent years, hepatitis. Dogs catch diseases from other dogs and from their masters (almost never from cats, though). In Dr. Tarr's experience, fat dogs almost always have fat masters, neurotic dogs have neurotic masters, and chronically sick dogs have chronically sick masters. Some of his canine patients have psychosomatic complaints that are well-nigh impossible to cure, he said. Not long ago, he treated a poodle for a fearful cough, which the poodle developed whenever he was feeling unloved and in want of attention. Dr. Tarr urged the owners of the poodle to ignore the

cough, and it gradually dwindled away. Now he is wondering what new symptom of an unverbalizable frustration the poodle will come up with. Poodles are bright, and Dr. Tarr suspects that the inability to speak must be very hard on them.

Dog owners know a lot more about how to care for their pets than they did ten or fifteen years ago. Nevertheless, Dr. Tarr spends a considerable amount of time exploding such ancient superstitions as that a dog's cold nose is a clue to the state of his health (Dr. Tarr recently attended a dog who had a cold nose and a temperature of a hundred and seven degrees); that whiskey will cure a sick dog (it will only make him sicker); that raw meat causes worms (it doesn't); that dogs need vegetables (being carnivores, they don't); and that they need a varied diet (they're perfectly satisfied to go on eating the same thing every day of their lives).

Upon our testifying that we didn't *think* our Airedale's cold was psychosomatic, Dr. Tarr slipped him a couple of achromycin capsules and off we went, determined, for our dog's sake, to strive for a sound mind in a healthy body.

•

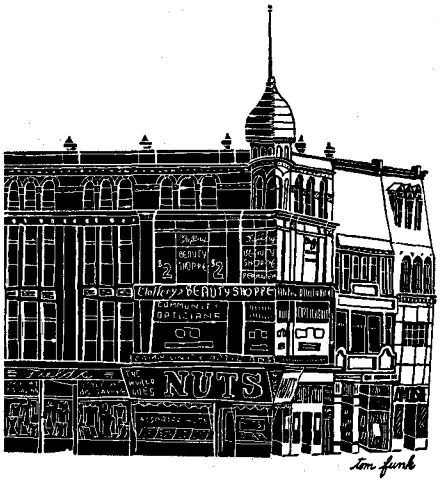
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a new French wine on the market that comes in two varieties, Bouzy Rouge and Bouzy Blanc.

## *Our Own Baedeker*

THE northern Dutch province of Frisia, or Friesland, has been in the news lately, protesting grumpily that it would like its independence. Who would have supposed that "Frisia for the Frisians!" would become a battle cry in our time? On investigation, it turns out that the Frisians have been acting standoffish toward the rest of the Netherlands and, indeed, toward the rest of Europe for as long as history has a record of them, and no one expects any radical action to follow their new complaints. Some students of the subject hold that Frisian demands for self-government spring from a sense of insecurity. Two-thirds of the province, which has a population of nearly half a million and is twice as big as Fairfield County, was once covered by the sea and must be constantly defended against it now, by an elaborate system of dikes, locks, and canals. That kind of thing makes people edgy.

Pliny, the first journalist to follow the principle "Don't get it right, get it written," never saw Frisia but had no trouble describing it as "near to the Gates of Hell." Tacitus and Ptolemy also had a few not very friendly words to say about the place. Its earliest settlers are thought to have come from the Scandinavian Peninsula and to have been in residence for about three centuries when the Roman legions arrived, in 47 A.D. The Romans finally licked the Frisians but always had a hard time getting them to pay taxes. Frisians served in the Roman armies in Britain and Italy; joined the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes when they invaded Britain in the fifth century; fought the Franks throughout the seventh century; martyred St. Boniface in 754; were sufficiently pesky to extract special privileges from Charlemagne in the ninth century; and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were continually punished for their peskiness by the rampaging North Sea, known to them as the North-King. During the Netherlands' struggles with Spain in the sixteenth century, Frisia managed to retain considerable independence. It was in this period that the so-called national anthem of Frisia was composed—a rousing song, the first line of which is "Frisian blood, rise up and boil!" The citizens of Leeuwarden, capital of Frisia, were the first Netherlanders to vote in favor of Dutch recognition of the United States, in 1782. John Adams, our Ambassador to Holland, hailed the vote as "one of those critical Decisions which sometimes turn the Tide of the Affairs of Men, and produce the unravelling of great Scenes among Nations." Old John could mix a metaphor with the best of them.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, fishing was the chief occupation of the Frisians. Now dairy farming has supplanted it. Fields reclaimed from the sea are called polders, and on them graze the fat Frisian cattle, which yield more than twice as much milk, on the average, as American cows. Half of all the cheese made in Holland comes from Frisia; Frisian farmers also grow grains, flax, sugar beets, and potatoes. In winter, everybody in Frisia bundles up and goes skating on the frozen canals. A skating race is held annually; the course covers a hundred and twenty-seven miles, and the record for the distance is seven hours and thirty-five minutes. Frisians have a reputation for being almost morbidly neat; a beautiful flower growing in the wrong place doesn't look beautiful to them. Most Frisian towns have names ending in "um"—for example, Workum, Dokkum, Anjum, and Burum. Among the notable Frisians have been Willem Schouten, the first man to round Cape Horn; Abel Tasman, who discovered New Zealand and Tasmania; and Peter Stuyvesant, who sang "September Song." Most Frisians prefer their native tongue to Dutch. Frisian is a Low German dialect that closely resembles Anglo-Saxon and shares many words with Danish and Icelandic. The greatest Frisian man of letters was a seventeenth-century poet named Gysbert Japix. The complete works of Shakespeare will be available in Frisian in four or five years. Frisians are anxious to preserve their language as a means of preserving their identity. For the same reason, they rejoice in declaiming the ancient Frisian oath of allegiance: "With five weapons shall we keep our land, with sword and with shield, with spade and with fork and with spear, out with the ebb, up with the flood, to fight day and night against the North-King and against the wild Viking, that all Frisians may be free, the born and the unborn, so long as the wind from the clouds shall blow and the world shall stand."

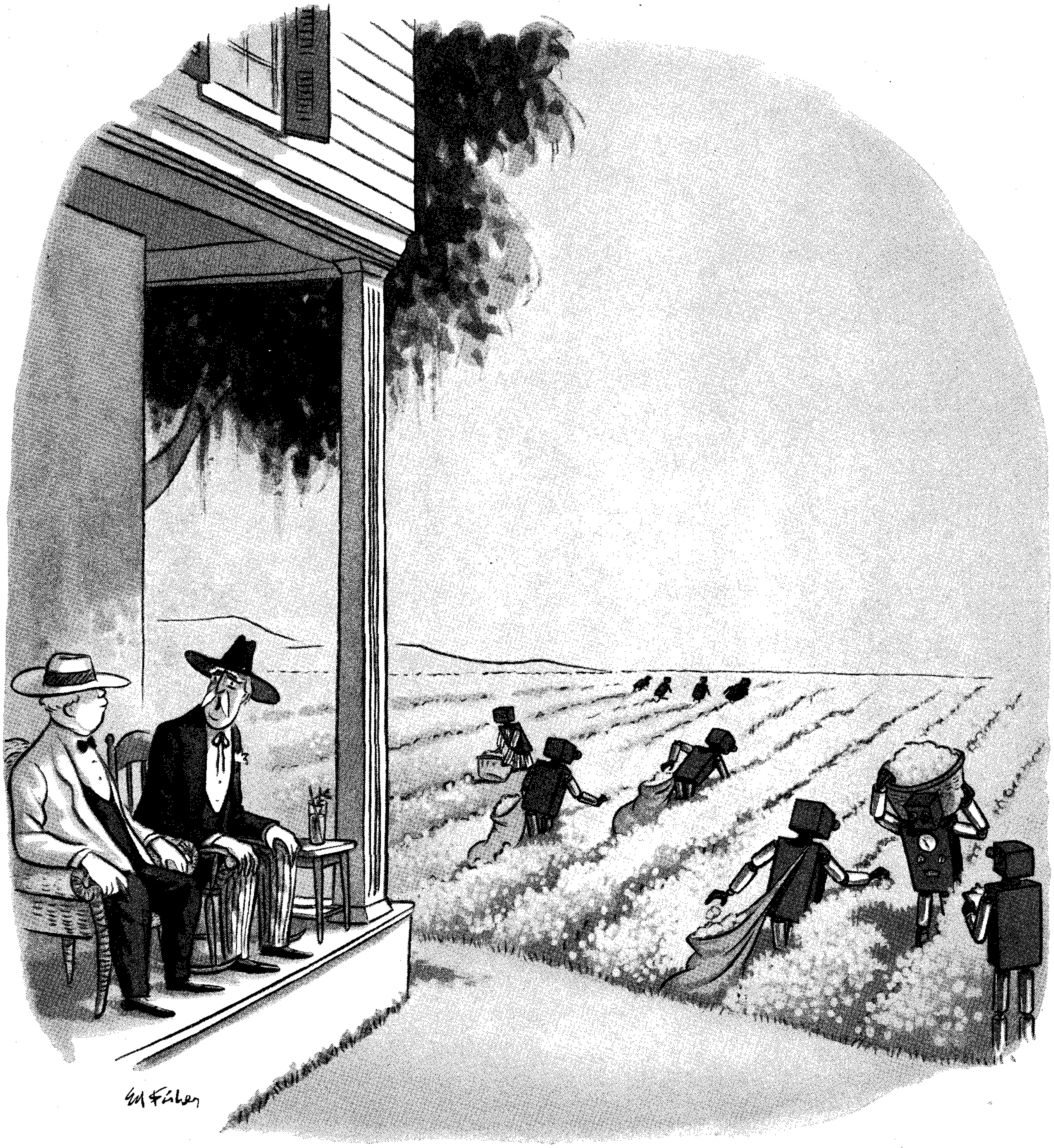


## *The Outsider*

A YOUNG Western Ph.D. named Elliott was recently hired to teach at Harvard, and on his very first evening there he was introduced to a bristling Cambridge dowager, who asked him how he spelled his name. He replied that he spelled it with two "l"s and two "t"s. The old lady gave him a commiserating pat on the shoulder. "*What* a pity!" she said.

## *The Commercial Whirl*

GOING to friends' houses certainly can be fun, but there's a lot to be said for commercial parties, too. Substantial snacks abound, drinks flow, models revolve, presents are presented,



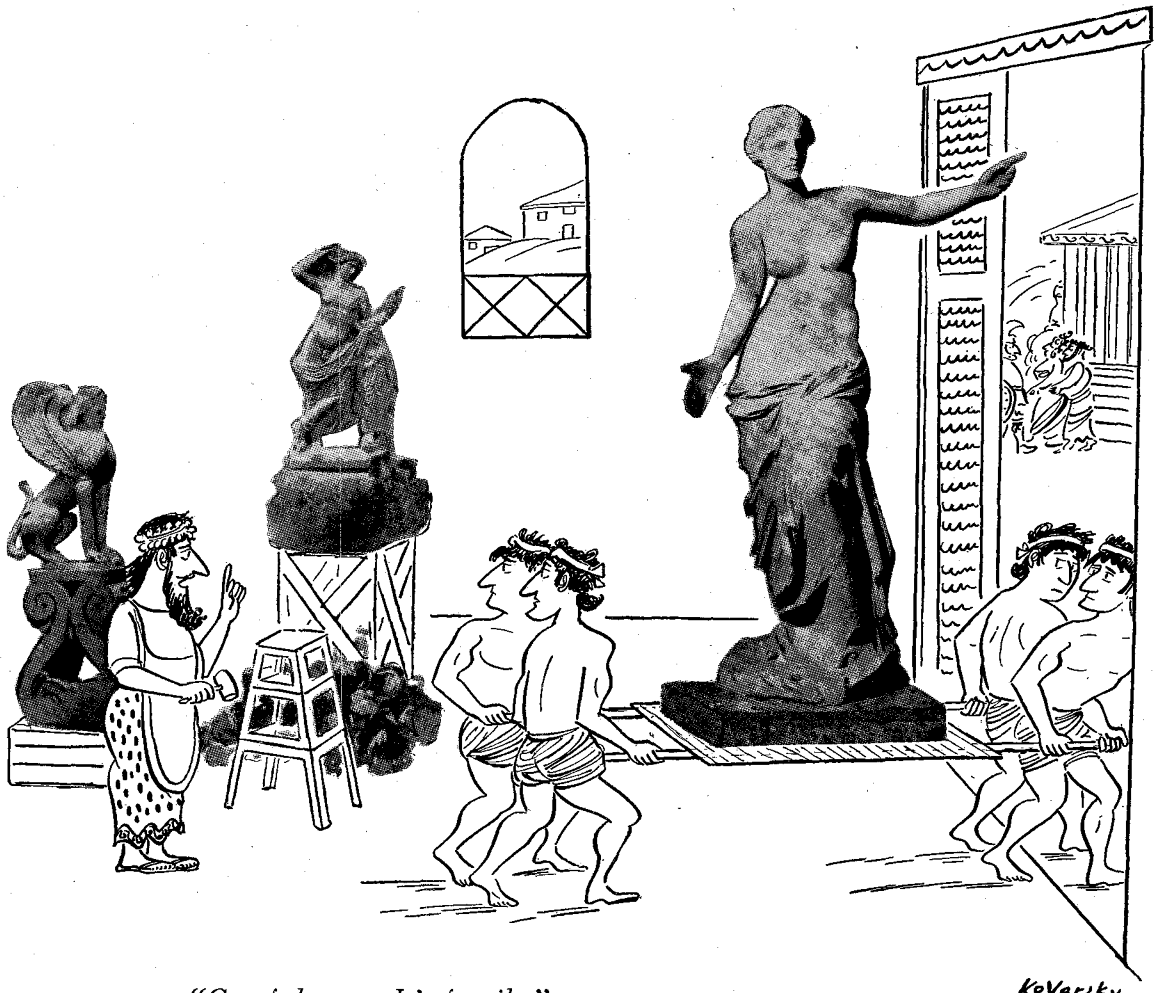
*"Know what Ah miss? Ah miss that soft, sweet singing. That's what Ah miss."*

• •

and you don't have to remember to have anyone back. As a student of promotional entertaining, we've been steadily on the go these busy fall days. Let us report on some of our findings, starting off with a party given by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, in its building on East Seventy-third Street, to which Dr. and Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach invited us "to meet Ruth Stephan, author, and Blanche and Alfred Knopf, publishers of 'The Flight' (an historical novel about Queen Christina of Sweden)."

We shook hands with our hosts and the guests of honor, accepted a drink and an eel canapé from a waiter, and turned for orientation to Mrs. Frances Dale, of the Foundation's staff.

"Dr. Leach is president emeritus of the Foundation," she said. "He's generally known as Mr. Scandinavia. That's a new portrait of him over the fireplace, but it isn't quite finished. It doesn't do him justice. We were founded forty-five years ago by a legacy from Niels Poulsen, a Danish ironworks magnate who came here as an immigrant. We promote knowledge of Scandinavian culture and exchange trainees in every field between the United States and the Scandinavian countries. We bring over about fifty-six hundred people a year—specialists in everything from physiotherapy to dressmaking. Dr. Leach was interested in Mrs. Stephan's



*"Careful now. It's fragile."*

novel because of its subject, so we arranged this party for her."

"Mrs. Stephan is a daughter of the late Charles R. Walgreen, of Chicago," Mr. Knopf said. "Drugstores."

"This is the old Charles Dana Gibson house," Mrs. Dale said. "We've been given an unusual fellowship by Edgar Bergen. It's to bring three Scandinavian humorists here from the three Scandinavian countries. I met a humorist last night, but he was terribly gloomy. Why are humorists always so gloomy?"

She introduced us to the Foundation's president, Mr. Raymond Dennett, a cheerful man six feet four.

"I'm strictly Yankee by ancestry," Mr. Dennett said. "Born in California but left there before it did me any harm. Ha! Brought up in international relations in Washington, where my father was in the State Department. I was Harvard '36. Former director of the World Peace Foundation in Boston, which had nothing to do with world peace. Ha! Taught at M.I.T. When I came here, I'd never had anything to do with Scandinavia. By virtue of not being Scandinavian, I function without favoritism. Ha! It's a full-time job. We have three main floors here—the first furnished by Swedes, the second by Norwegians, the third by Danes."

"This is the Norwegian floor," Mrs. Dale said, and led us to the library, where we examined a mural depicting a young Norwegian's dream of migrating to America—a Viking ship in the foreground, a misty New York skyline in the background. "Per Krohg did it. He's one of the best-known Norwegian painters, no doubt about that."

We chatted easily for a moment with Lithgow Osborne, the Foundation's board chairman, and then gained the side of Mrs. Stephan, a vivacious author with ash-blond hair.

"I have been interested in Queen Christina's problems for a long time," Mrs. Stephan said. "I found that each biography of her said something different. I've brought her through her abdication and her conversion to Catholicism in my book, and I'm writing a second one, about her life in Rome."

"We've just had our carpets dyed," the Foundation's librarian, Miss Gudrun Ebenfeld, said to us. "Have a canapé. We feel that Dr. Leach's portrait doesn't do him justice. It makes him look sort of grim, don't you think?" We nodded.

AND where do you suppose we found ourself next? Why, at the centennial lunch of Associated Seed Growers, Inc., in the Cottage of Hampshire House. There, in a small room containing a bar and several chafing dishes full of hot hors d'oeuvres, we hoisted cocktails with a group that included A. Bryan Clark, Associated's president; David F. Behrent, sales manager of its commercial-grower division; Dr. Floyd L. Winter, vice-president in charge of its breeding-and-research department; Lyman N. White, supervisor of its home-garden division; Marjorie Johnson, the managing editor of *Flower Grower;* Paul Bedell, the New England representative of *Successful Farming;* and Mrs. Charles L. Gleaves, the editor of *Popular Gardening.*

"Our headquarters are in New Haven and our Eastern Breeding Station is in Orange, Connecticut, where Mr. Clark's grandfather started the business in 1856 with a half-acre seed garden, but ninety per cent of our products are grown west of the Rockies," Mr. Behrent said. "Our biggest customers are vegetable freezers and canners. We're the largest breeder and grower of vegetable seed in the world—four million acres planted with our seed each year."

"We're cussed and conservative New Englanders," said Mr. Clark, a mild-mannered man with spectacles. "My cousins Merritt and Donald Clark are vice-president of sales and vice-president of production, and my brother Gordon is secretary and personnel director. Our two general focuses of production are southern Idaho and California."

"We've never had a lunch for the

press before—let alone a centennial lunch," Dr. Winter said. "We have seven breeding stations. Seabrook Farms, Birdseye, and Beech-Nut buy from us. Sears, Roebuck is our biggest grass-seed customer."

"*Flower Grower* is the leading home-garden magazine," Miss Johnson said. "Circulation over three hundred and fifty thousand. I started gardening as a little kid."

"Lunch!" someone said, and in the party went, seventy-five strong, to the dining room, where a tremendous exhibit of colorful seed packets clashed agreeably with the Dorothy Draper décor.

"The things you can do in plant breeding today!" said Mr. White, who was seated at our left. "You can breed for the number of ears of corn that will fit a tin can. The most important thing you can breed into a bean today is white-seededness. Our breeding department has also developed a method of processing various seeds. Dry a seed down to less than half its moisture content and it will keep two or three times as long when sealed in an airtight can. This is very important in canned onion seed."

"At our Pacific Coast station, which I opened, we maintain basic stocks and create new items to meet definite needs," Dr. Winter said. "For example, the freezing industry has called for a program in peas, so during the last sixteen or seventeen years we have created over twenty new varieties of peas. We have developed a large pod that is capital for shipping."

We finished a capital dish of shrimps Newburg, and Mr. Francis Coulter, a recently retired Associated executive, got up to introduce President Clark. "The Clarks are solid men who built up Connecticut," he said. "Bryan's father, Arthur B. Clark, son of the founder—what he founded was the Everett B. Clark Seed Company—raised the standards of our tables by taking two other companies and blending them into Associated, which we call Asgrow. The stringless bean was a triumph of one of the companies. Bryan is now adapting the firm to a very changed scene, one which reflects the decentralization of cities and the growth of suburbia."

Mr. Clark polished his spectacles, shuffled his notes, and launched into a gigantic speech about seeds, crops, and thermonuclear irradiation. At Mr. Coulter's invitation, we stuffed our pockets with seed packets before leaving.

WE filed the seed packets in our desk drawer against the coming spring, and presently reported to our next luncheon host, Nelly de Grab, who was also thinking about spring. The place was the Terrace Room of the Plaza, the wares a "new collection of Sportswear, Coördinates and Dresses for Resort and Early Spring 1956-57." Down we sat, to cocktails, chicken, and asparagus, in a welter of ladies.

"The buyers and merchandise managers from many of the Fifth Avenue stores are here," a young woman at our left said. "They all eat like mad at these lunches, and then, at the end, they pull out a saccharin tablet from a charming pillbox."

A lady with bright-blue eyelids slid into a chair at our right. "I'm Leslie Cunningham, of *Travel & Fashion*," she said. "It used to be *Fashion & Travel*, but there's been a shakeup. I think the theme of our magazine is terribly exciting—the travel idea, you know."

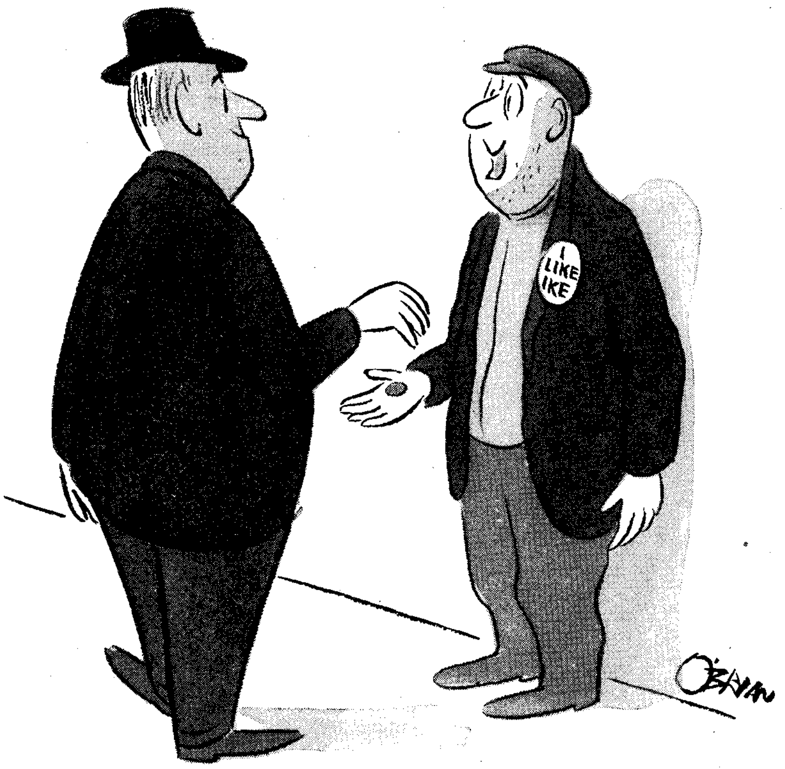
THE fashion show started, and at week's end we had sat through two more, as a consequence of letters in our mail that read, "Charles James, Junior, invites you to a Press Preview of a collection of designs his father has created for the youngest set of all, at the Charles James Salon, 12 East 57th Street," and "Cole of California invites you to a preview of 1957 beach fashions for Misses and Juniors at a champagne breakfast . . . at nine o'clock in the morning in the Ballroom, the Plaza."

The James shindig—10:30 A.M., sherry and cookies—opened with the appearance of our host, eight months old, in the arms of his nurse. Smartly dressed in a pale-blue miniature opera cape designed by his father, he squalled appropriately as he was paraded before a group that included Diana Vreeland and Despina Messinesi, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* fashion editors, respectively. A press release that had been distributed advised one and all that his advent in the world had "inspired his father to temporarily desert the ballroom in favor of the nursery."

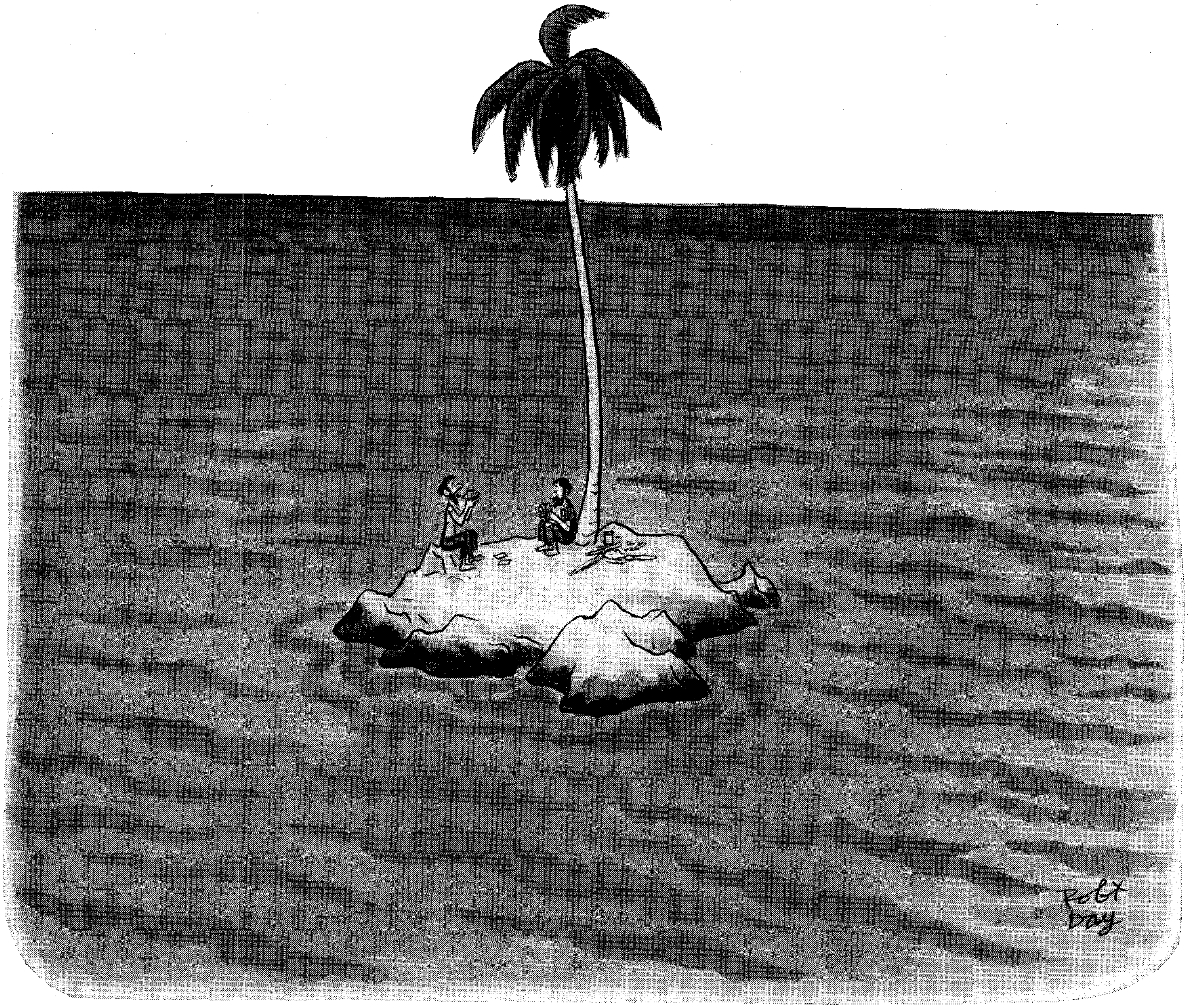
"Charlie James used to dress the late Millicent Rogers," Mrs. Messinesi told us. "He dresses Bootsie Hearst. He designed a new type of mannequin that is terrific."

Junior was carted off, and Senior, wearing a plum-colored tweed suit and a quizzical expression, padded out in light-tan moccasins. "You're going to see the germs of about ten years' work," he said. "Most American fashion is based on older women trying to look like babies. We've reversed the process. We're up to all sorts of tricks."

Assisted by two or three ladies got up as nurses, who kept handing him things, Mr. James let us in on some of the tricks by waving a series of tiny pants, shirts, jackets, capes, and sun suits, variously colored and printed, and sometimes decorated with lace, pipings, or buttons. As he finished with each garment, he tossed it either on one



*"Not only that, sir, but I like the men around him."*



*"Who dealt this mess?"*

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of a number of white pedestals on the floor or at Mrs. Vreeland.

"Here I suppressed the center seam and made a gusset treatment; it's a very perfect little formula," Mr. James said. "The gusset is worth fifty thousand dollars in volume sales. . . . Last fall, I launched a pregnant line, which we called Gothic, because it sounded better. I got married, then I had a baby. It seemed to push *me* along the line. . . . Ah, now, this is a new silhouette. It's almost Louis Quatorze. They had babies then, too. In fact, they're all dead by now. . . . Here's another étude in the lumberjack jacket, with a Handi-Panti done in a sharpened-up style."

O.K. Now for Cole of California. Tables for ten in the Plaza ballroom, all filled a few minutes after nine; a five-piece orchestra playing soft music; red-coated waiters pouring champagne; fruit cup, ham and scrambled eggs, coffee cake, coffee; Mr. Cole at the mike, sunburned and deep-voiced, delivering a running commentary on a galaxy of models in bathing suits: "Los Angeles, the swimsuit capital of the world . . . Months and months of behind-the-scenes effort and generally burning the midnight oil, and now, finally, the great day . . . A very happy time for me . . . A sort of reunion time . . . A fresh wave of white will be sweeping onto every beach this year with the thundering impact of a breaker . . . A rich but subdued stripe—the look of a nymph but the control of Lastex . . . I know I do not have to tell this audience of the position Dior holds in the fashion world as the premier couturier. We and Dior have formed a worldwide swimsuit alliance . . . And now our *final* group, starting with Rosarita, a sheath swimsuit with stand-up flange bra and shirred torso in rose-printed fine cotton satin, with matching beach coat."

It was a happy time for us, too, for as we left we were presented with an ash-tray that had baked into it an old-fashioned blue bathing suit, a brown parasol, a couple of carriage wheels, some shells and starfish, and the magic name "Cole," in gold. We took it home and lit a cigar.

### *Résumé*

A PROGRESSIVE-SCHOOL teacher we know, excited by all the hoopla about "My Fair Lady," told her eighth-graders the story of "Pygmalion" and then asked them to write an essay on the subject. "This story," one of the essays began, "is about a professor who teaches a poor girl remedial reading."

# THE FROSTING'S ON THE DRY GOODS, THE CUSTOMER'S IN SHOCK

FOR the benefit of anyone puzzled by the eerie purr, like that of a Himalayan snow leopard, issuing from the headquarters of the Burlington Hosiery Company on Fifth Avenue, I can offer a crumb of enlightenment that may be useful later this fall. I thought at first it was looms fashioning the colorful plaid socks the firm prides itself on, but I was wrong—it's self-satisfaction. The hosiers have been gloating in ever-widening circles over a promotional coup, first revealed in the New York *World-Telegram & Sun* and subsequently trumpeted in impressive full-color advertisements in *The New Yorker* and other periodicals. The coup was to persuade the Duke of Argyll himself to ballyhoo the socks named after his house. Besides authenticating every pair with his signature—a job that could chain him to his escritoire for some time to come—the Duke has thrown in his warrant as Master of the Royal Household of Scotland, Keeper of the Great Seal, Admiral of the Western Coasts and Isles, Hereditary Sheriff of Argyll, and Hereditary Keeper of the Royal Castles of Dunoon, Dunstaffnage, Tarbert, and Carrick for use in counter cards, brochures, and similar teasers, and he will presently materialize on these shores to meet the press and retail merchants. The latter are jubilant, it develops, "because they recognize the Duke as a richly laden symbol of tradition with plenty of consumer appeal." Their regard undoubtedly springs from a billet-doux he sent them a while ago, which began, "Gentlemen: I am writing to you from my castle at Inveraray in the heart of the country of Argyll in Scotland. As Duke of Argyll and head of the Clan Campbell, I was greatly pleased when representatives of the great Burlington Hosiery Co. visited me to ask for my comments and advice on their new Argyll socks for the fall."

Though every knee, however rheumatic, will bend when the distinguished laird stumps this country in behalf of his ancestral socks, the account is disappointing in one respect: it omits to tell us how the Duke's compeers feel about it. Many a Briton whose family has been immortalized in apparel must have stiffened as the word spread through St. James's, and, it is reasonable to conjecture, bit the end off his fragrant Havana with a touch of spleen. To get some inkling of the repercussions, suppose we link arms and ascend the crumbling stairs of the Asphodel, the most exclusive male stronghold in Pall Mall. Fracturing the laws of probability into flinders, assume that nobody stops us in the entresol and that we've penetrated to the upper floor.

SCENE: *The library of the club, a tenebrous chamber some seventy-five feet long and eighteen wide. Glowering from the niches that relieve the rows of Bulwer-Lytton are busts of bygone members who quelled their countrymen or the heathen, all of them with a uniformly supercilious expression. There are the usual newspaper racks, a pedestalled globe showing the Empire as Lord Kitchener left it, and several placards demanding silence, to which a grandfather's clock pays no heed. The room's only occupant at rise is Oscar Norfolk, the Earl of Chantry, asleep in an armchair. He wears the belted jacket his forebears popularized during the reign of Edward, and his complexion, the result of a lifetime of salmon fishing and superior port, gleams like a well-worn saddle. After an interval, Mullet, the head porter, enters, discreetly twitches the Earl's sleeve.*

MULLET: It's three o'clock, Your Grace.

NORFOLK (*indistinctly*): Careful with that howitzer, damn it. . . . Good-oh, Steelyard, now we can enfilade the beggars. . . . Ready? One—two—

MULLET: Beg pardon, sir, but you left word to be called.

NORFOLK: What's that? . . . Oh, yes—yes, of course. (*Squinting around*) Anybody here yet?

MULLET: Lord Balbriggan's downstairs, sir. The rest of the gentlemen will be along directly.

NORFOLK (*querulously*): What's the delay? Have trouble in reaching 'em?

MULLET: Not the slightest. (*Producing a notebook*) Viscount Tattersall wasn't sure he could get away, but one of the other hairdressers agreed to substitute for him.

NORFOLK: What about Inverness?

MULLET: It's a half holiday at Fortnum's, sir; none of the doormen are

STAGE
BRAKOSI
CHILD PRODIGY
PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY
TOWN HALL

working. The Duke of Ulster and Lord Cardigan—

Norfolk: What time do they finish lunch at the Ivy?

Mullet: They'll be here as soon as their tables are straightened up.

Norfolk: Splendid. Remember, we're not to be disturbed under any circumstances. (*Clad in the celebrated underwear that bears his name—though it is invisible for the most part—Lord Balbriggan enters. He is accompanied by Tattersall, in his jaunty and characteristic vest, and a person whose bulky layered cape would identify him anywhere as Vyvyan, Baron Inverness.*)

Tattersall (*as Mullet goes*): Ah there, Oscar—glad to see you looking so fit. How's Phylloxera?

Norfolk: Mountainous. Put on two stone since she went to work for that pork butcher in Cheapside.

Tattersall (*archly*): She's certainly bringing home the bacon, what?

Norfolk: You're pretty cocky, considering this news about Argyll.

Balbriggan: Yes, do you realize what the fellow's done, with his letter to those confounded shopkeepers and singeing all their hosiery?

Tattersall: He's not singeing it—he's *signing* it.

Balbriggan: Shilly-shallying. Whatever he's at, he's let us all down.

Inverness: Betrayed his class, by gad. The man must be starkers.

Balbriggan: This can spell ruination for every mother's son of us. What are we going to do about it?

Norfolk: Hold a council of war, for one thing. That's why I called you together. (*Ulster and Cardigan enter. They are not easy to differentiate, since the latter sports an ulster and the former a cardigan, but their views are reciprocal and vehement.*)

Ulster (*explosively*): Paper towels in the lav—it's an outrage, sir!

Cardigan: The handwriting on the wall. The Yankees are everywhere. (*Quotes ominously*) "The huckster's cry from street to street/Will weave old England's winding sheet."

Norfolk: You're batting the wrong wicket, Cardigan. We're here to discuss the Argyll crisis.

Cardigan: Don't make a pennorth of difference. The principle's the same.

Ulster: I absolutely concur. Take a strong line with the bleeders. If we falter, we're finished.

Norfolk: We all see eye to eye, I take it. (*His colleagues growl assent.*) Very well, then, let's frame a letter to the *Times*. . . . "Sirs: It is indeed a sorry state of affairs—"

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## TURPENTINE

The whole universe is permeated by a strong odor of turpentine.—*Universal truth vouchsafed to a French savant in a vision.*

The universe is godly vast
And most uncommon fine;
It whizzes round extremely fast
And smells of turpentine.

Stuck like a flea on one small globe
By God's enormous grace,
I cannot buzz about and probe
The depths of outer space.

And this is why it is, perhaps,
I feel such dire unease
To sniff across the cosmic gaps
The balsam on the breeze.

It is a thing to wonder at
For ever and a week:
From what constellatory vat
Floats this tenebrious reek?

Why are unchanging Right and Wrong
Confused by humankind?
Because this terebinthine pong
Breathes chaos in its mind?

And does the lightless human lot
Grow less and less serene
As boils, in that translunar pot,
The eternal terebene?

Such are the thoughts that throng my brain
As, in the gathering gloom,
I sniff across the intense inane
The turpentine of doom.

—R. P. Lister

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Tattersall (*cutting him short*): Too late for that, chaps. I've already been approached.

Norfolk: Approached? By whom?

Tattersall: Big clothing wallah from Rochester, the capital of New York. Wants me to sponsor my family waistcoat—tour the provinces, appear on the wireless, hell's own amount of handshaking.

Norfolk: You threw the offer in his face, of course.

Tattersall: We-ell, not squarely. There's a rather cozy stipend attached.

Ulster (*explosively*): The cheek! You should have horsewhipped the swine.

Cardigan: Bastinadoed him. Still—just out of curiosity, Simon—what was the *quid pro quo*?

Tattersall: Eleven hundred guineas.

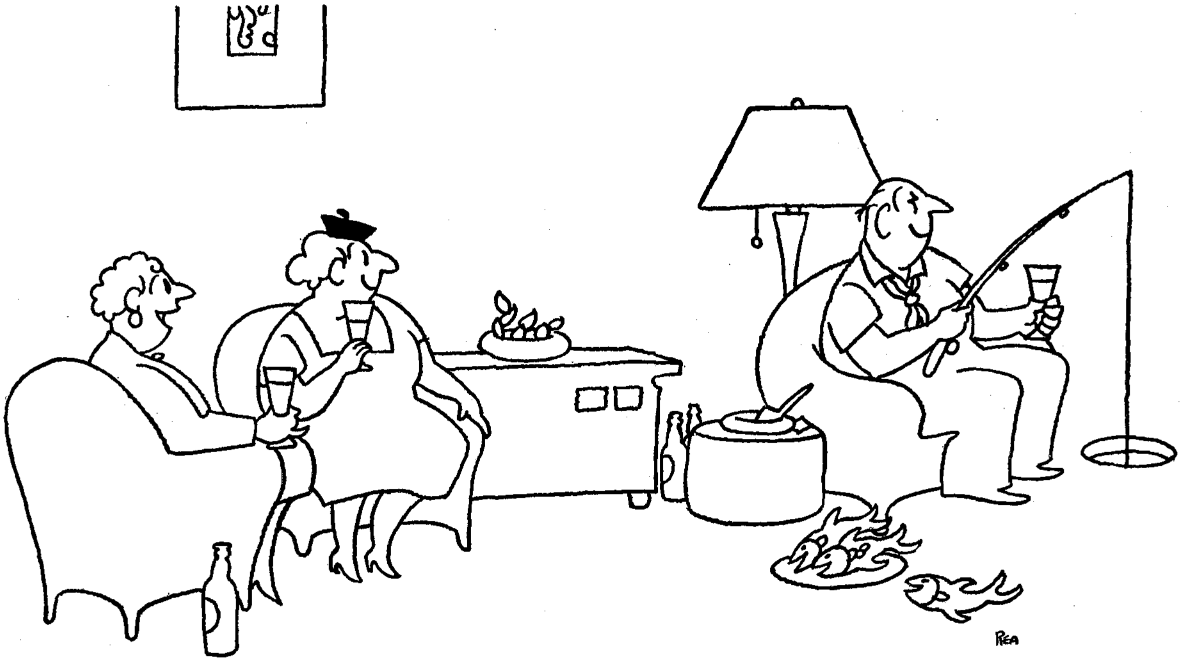
Cardigan (*sleekly*): I was offered seventeen, deposited in Tangier. Naturally, my endorsement's worth more, what with the sweater in "My Fair Lady" packing the stalls.

Balbriggan: A transitory fad, old boy. According to an impartial survey I've been asked to vet, balbriggans have been in use overseas longer than any other garment.

Inverness: Longer than the Inverness cape, I suppose?

Balbriggan: The figures speak for themselves. I have no reason to distrust my agency.

Inverness: Well, you go to your agency and I'll go to mine. Furthermore, any time you'd like to debate the



*"He finally gave up trying to waterproof the basement and stocked it instead."*

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issue publicly when we get there—

Norfolk: Come, come, Vyvyan, this is the Asphodel, not a bear garden. . . . Obviously, gentlemen, a concerted drive's under way to extort our patronage. (*Evasively*) I myself haven't been solicited, except through a relative in Cheapside—

Tattersall: You will, Oscar, you will.

Norfolk: I pray I may be equal to it. The Moloch seeking to devour us is crafty, his resources incalculable. We must not waver or tergiversate.

Ulster: I advocate a minimum of ten thousand pounds for our services!

Balbriggan: You mean all together or individually?

Ulster: Either way. (*Inspired*) And if the bounders refuse, we'll get up our own company, junket through the States, and warn the public they've been had!

Omnes: Hear, hear . . . Masterly idea . . . Stroke of genius . . . Good old Ulster, etc. (*A sudden sneeze from the grandfather's clock arrests the babble. As all turn, transfixed, its case opens and a buoyant individual with a crew cut and Madison Avenue regimentals emerges.*)

Stranger: Greetings, friends. Permit me to introduce myself—Gordon Alewife of the J. Walter Juggernaut organization. I couldn't help overhearing your brain wave.

Norfolk: How the devil did you get in here?

Alewife: Very simply. I happen to be the nephew of Mullet, your head porter. I also happen to know a few things about his past.

Cardigan: That's blackmail, sir!

Alewife (*sunnily*): So's your little dodge, confidentially, but we're prepared for it. A troupe of character actors, the exact doubles of each of you, is standing by at the Lambs in New York, ready to grease the sales mechanism the minute they get the nod.

Tattersall: Damn your impudence, you wouldn't dare . . .

Inverness: No matter how benighted his countrymen are, they can tell a blue blood from an impostor.

Alewife: They won't be able to, after they read our medical plugs. (*Hastily*) But we're not trying to sell haberdashery, gentlemen—far from it. We merely want to present you—the flower of the peerage, the men who helped King John forge a nation that historic day at Runnymede—to the American consumer in a fitting and dignified manner.

Balbriggan: Well, I've always looked on 'em as cousins, in a way.

Ulster: My kennelman's elder daughter married a Chicagoan. Very sound chap.

Norfolk: Harumph. Whilst I welcome a closer understanding between ourselves and the colonies—

Alewife: Let me finish, Your Grace. For that high honor, that privilege of saluting your prestige, my associates propose to recompense you handsomely.

Norfolk: You have some—ah—cash honorarium to suggest?

Alewife: Even better. An unlimited expense account, all your transportation, fountain pens, et cetera, and a nickel royalty on every gross of merchandise you move.

Inverness: How much would that come to? I'm not frightfully keen at mathematics.

Alewife: In your case, it could mean a very substantial amount. I forget how many tweed capes we sell annually, but it's staggering.

Norfolk: Well, that doesn't seem ungenerous. . . . Tell you what, Alewife. Put up fifty pounds apiece so we'll have something to jingle in our pockets, and it's a bargain.

Alewife (*instantly*): You've got a deal. (*They clasp hands as the peers exchange gratified winks at the outcome.*) And now, gentlemen, if you'll just crowd in around this escutcheon over the mantel, we'll take a group shot for the slicks.

Balbriggan: Completely out of the question, young man. The interior of the Asphodel's never been photographed.

Alewife: That's what you think. Come on out, Chuck. (*He taps the pedestalled globe, and a minion armed with a portable television camera pops out.*) We've also got a sound track on this whole shindy, haven't we, Chuck?

Chuck (*in typical New Yorkese*): You're damn tootin', boss.

Norfolk (*flummoxed*): Well, I give up. You can't beat these Sammies for enterprise and initiative. (*As he and his fellow-peers ruefully pose themselves before the hearth*—)

Curtain

—S. J. Perelman

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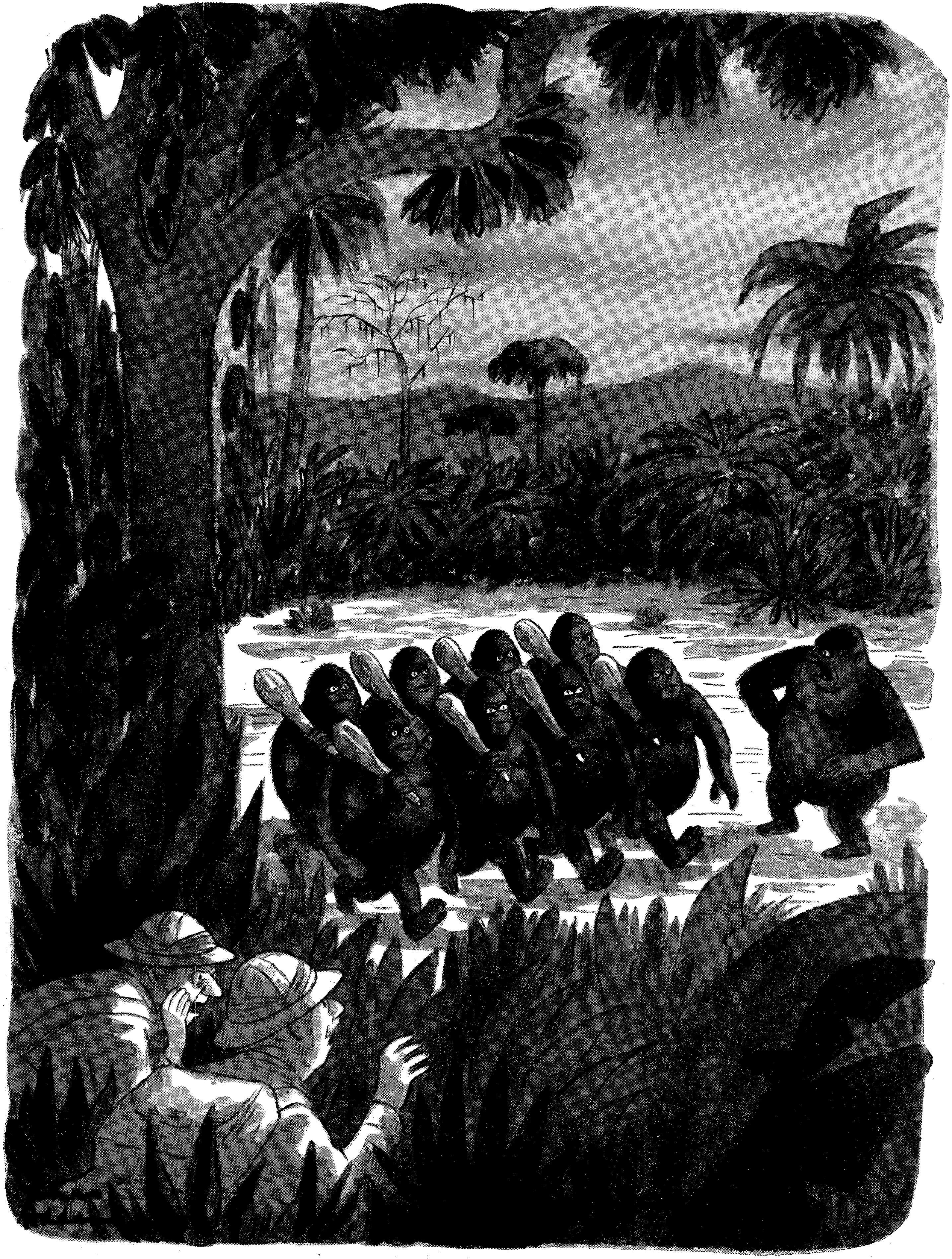
The ship was guided up the Delaware River by a flotilla of whistle-blowing tugs and water-spouting fire-boats.

It was nudged into its berth at the new 10-million-dollar ore pier of the Pennsylvania Railroad by four thugs.—*Plattsburg* (*N. Y.*) *Press-Republican*.

*They* must have spouted plenty water.



*"Well, Kendrick, still think I'm just an alarmist?"*

# THE IRONY OF IT ALL

THIS was a dinner party I faced with more than the usual reluctance. Besides girding my loins for the five or six hours of continuous conversation to which custom maniacally commits us, I had to steel myself to spend them with a man I couldn't abide—the host. (Why our two households had kept exchanging invitations is one of the mysteries of a social system administered by women, and I do not feel equipped to discuss it.) An added hazard in all my meetings with this egg had arisen from his being an author, and one who could buy and sell me and everybody I know. I bristle each time I see, on my way to my office job in the city, a fellow-commuter reading one of his novels.

They are no good, those books. But they sell. They have the disproportionate quantities of seaminess that gain authors reputations as realists, and their style is no tax on the brain. They abound in lines like "Behind him he could hear Dumbrowski's heavy breathing" and "With a bellow of mingled rage and pain he came at him." There are more descriptive stencils like "a thickset man with beetling brows" and "a small bird-like woman" than you can shake a stick at, and the frequency of "You mean—?" in his dialogue indicates that he is no pathfinder there, either. Triter still is the lyric strain with which the brutal realism is relieved, being marked by an almost unlimited use of the atmospheric "somewhere": "Somewhere a bird sang," "Somewhere a woman's laughter broke the stillness of the night," and so on. Complexity of characterization is achieved by the sedulous repetition of "part of him." "Part of him wanted to so-and-so, while another part of him wanted to such-and-such." It goes without saying that the "as if in a dream" locution appears on every fourth page. As befits the work of a fearless realist, the aspect of life most abundantly dealt with is sex.

It was this particular exaggeration I was reflecting on as my wife and I drove over to the party at the home of the man in question, whom I will call Dumbrowski because it's so typical of the names he gives his characters. I groped for some thought on which to impale this latter-day obsession with the frequent and physical depiction of passion—an ironic phrase for it, which I felt to be teasing the edge of my mind if not the very tip of my tongue. "Why does he lay sex on so thick?" I finally asked my wife, who was driving the car. I thought a little conversation on the subject might help me snare that elusive conceit. "He and realists of that ilk? They have people in and out of bed like seals in and out of water—affairs right and left, sex day and night. Why is that?"

"Maybe they just don't know the facts of life," she said.

I lapsed into silence, staring ahead through the windshield. We must have gone a mile or more before I turned irritably to her and said, "What the hell are we going there for? You don't like him any better than I do."

She shrugged. "They owed us an invitation."

We slowed and entered the front gate of the house in which we were to spend the evening. I climbed out of the car and made my way unwillingly up the gravel drive to the door.

THE house was jammed with guests. Dumbrowski, however, stood out in his pink shirt and black tie, which, in turn, stood out under his light-gray cashmere jacket. He was too tall and too broad-shouldered, I noted, and his hair needed some judicious cutting, like his books. I managed to steer clear of him during the cocktail period and even through dinner, for which the more than thirty guests were distributed among several small tables. After dinner, though, the whole party formed a unified group to which mine host held forth in typical fashion—by which I mean his way of aiming the stem of his pipe at you when making a point, or (another favorite piece of business) swirling his brandy around in a snifter. A man has a perfect right to gaze into a brandy inhaler and swirl the contents around when making an observation, but in that case he ought to get off something better than "I'm sure our ways must seem as odd to them as theirs do to us," and "The burdens of the Presidency are enormous."

I had eaten and drunk heavily, as an alternative to hanging myself from the nearest chandelier, and as a result had the hiccups so badly that for a while I sounded like an outboard motor. Luckily, I found a chair in a remote corner of the living room, and went for the most part unnoticed. At about half past ten, some cretin, a woman who had just moved to Westport and was socially on the make, asked Dumbrowski to read us a chapter of his work in progress. He modestly refused, and, what with one thing and another, was soon installed with a sheaf of manuscript in his hand and a circle of prisoners around him.

This was a story, he told us as he stoked his pipe preparatory to the reading, about a burnt-out prizefighter who signs for one last fight in an attempt to get enough money to marry a woman he is in love with. He is not only badly beaten but gravely injured, and is taken to the hospital immediately following the bout.

" 'Stramaglia knew that he lay dying,' " Dumbrowski read, in a voice that was low and modulated, yet vibrant with respect for the material. " 'Part of him wanted to die.' " See? " 'Part of him wanted desperately to live. A great weariness assailed him. Somewhere a cart rattled in the corridor. Then he was dimly aware that the door of his room had opened and someone was sitting in the chair beside his bed. He knew without opening his eyes that it was Constanza.' "

A hush fell across the room as, in a pregnant pause of more than usual duration, Dumbrowski took a last suck on his pipe before setting it down in an ashtray at his elbow. There was no denying the emotion generated among his listeners—a tension that made even me momentarily leave off tallying the clichés as they fell from his lips. He continued reading: " ' "Constanza, I have a request to make that may seem strange to you," Stramaglia whispered thickly, "but would you get me my gloves? I'd like to go out with them on." ' "

A snicker escaped me at the same time that a sob caught in my throat. In addition, I wasn't quite over the hiccups, so the resulting moment was one of great confusion indeed. Everyone turned to look at me. Dumbrowski himself raised his head and glanced in my direction, but he resumed reading almost immediately, in an effort to recover what he could of the spell he had been weaving. Fortunately, he was near the end of the chapter, or of the section he had chosen to read, and presently he was putting his manuscript aside, to a ripple of compliments and hand clapping. He acknowledged the applause smilingly, then rose with a brisk "Well so!" and set to work freshening up people's drinks.

I knew that I had got his goat. And I knew, as I'm sure he did, too, that the undercurrent of animosity between us, so long concealed, must break through

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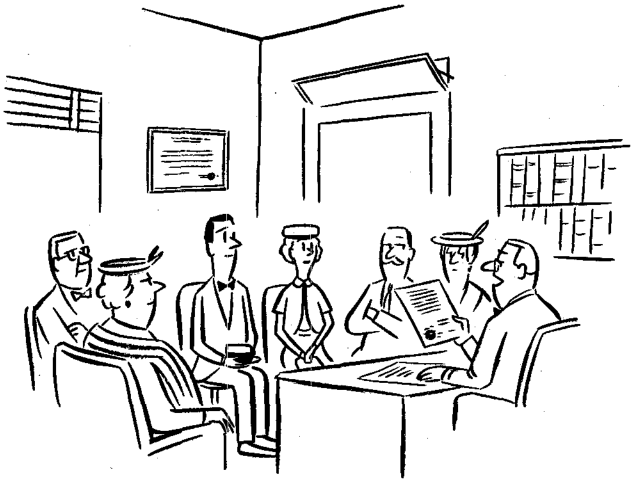

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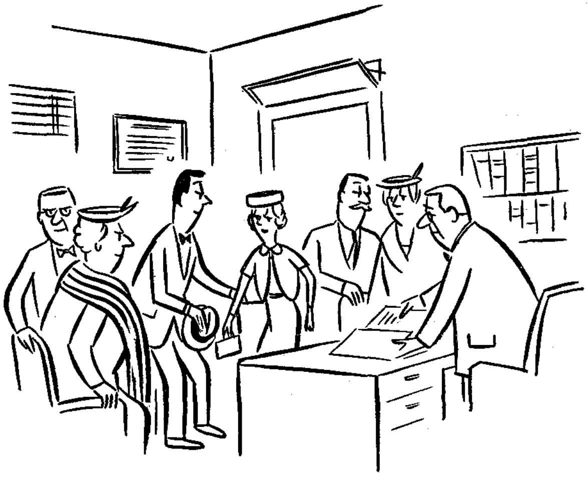

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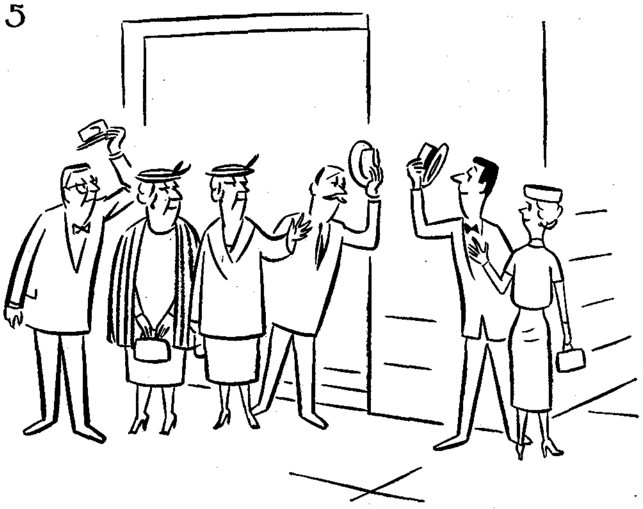

into open hostility very soon. Dumbrowski, at any rate, took his revenge in short order. A girl of about twenty-five launched a long and detailed account of the trouble she was having finding a job in New York. In the course of it, she asked three or four of the men present, including me, if they couldn't help. I promised to see if there were any openings in my office. "Oh, openings!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands. "I'm talking about somebody just plain getting me *in*."

Here Dumbrowski slipped in his stiletto. "You mustn't give the poor chap such a time, Nancy," he said. "He doesn't have any of the kind of influence you're talking about—the kind that cuts corners for people. He only just works there himself."

I spent the remainder of the evening spoiling for a fight. I prowled the living room with highball after highball, glaring either at Dumbrowski, who went from strength to strength with one group after another, or at my wife, whom I saw in gay communion with a succession of attentive males. "It's no wonder," I snapped elliptically from behind her as she sat on a sofa waiting for an admirer to trot back with a drink for her. "Next time you go out with me, you'll wear a dress with a top. I mean that." Before she could turn and ask for an exegesis, I was making for a piano, at which I sat for some time picking out chords of an angry and atonal nature. I eased my feelings by reviewing some of my adversary's more blatant shortcomings as an artist, mentally repeating a few of his characteristic effects. "Behind him he could hear Dumbrowski's heavy breathing," I reiterated amusedly to myself, and "You mean—?"

It was toward midnight, when the party was boiling noisily through its climax, that he gave me what I took to be *casus belli*. He was standing nearby with a dapper but gloomy-looking man of about forty, whose name I hadn't caught. As I watched them, it was borne in on me that they were discussing my wife, who was chattering away to several people in the vicinity. The two men nodded and smiled appreciatively. Then Dumbrowski said something that I got only imperfectly but that—under the din, at least—seemed to have something to do with someone's being "picked up without any trouble."

I took a long pull on my drink, rose from the piano bench, and strode over, just as the other man made off. "All right, Dumbrowski," I said. "I heard that."

"Heard what?" he asked.

"Whatever you said. Shall we step outside?"

He glanced into my glass. "Don't you think you've had about enough, old boy?" he asked.

"More than enough. Just slip out through the terrace, shall we?" I suggested, nodding toward a pair of French doors, closed against the autumn night.

"I'm sure I don't know what the devil you're talking about."

"I think you know what I'm talking about, Dumbrowski," I said, fixing him with narrowed eyes.

He paused and took me in speculatively. "You hate my guts, don't you?" he said at last, in low tones.

"I would if you had any. You get 'em, I'll hate 'em."

"Why, you—!" His fists opened and shut at his sides. "I've got guests to think about, but you come back here any time you wish, and by God—"

"How's tomorrow morning?"

"That's fine with me."

"I'll be here with bells on," I said. "That's a promise."

I AWOKE the next morning, Sunday, at eleven o'clock. My head felt swollen to twice its size, and as though it had been filled with concrete. When I tried to move it, the room swam in a steady circle from floor to ceiling, like the picture on a television set when it is in need of vertical tuning. The condition cleared up after a bit, and I got up and doused myself with cold water, dressed, and went down to the kitchen, where my wife was sitting over a cup of coffee and the *Times*.

"Good morning," I said, drawing on a tweed jacket, for the day was quite nippy.

"What's morning about it?"

I helped myself to a glass of cold orange juice from a pitcher. I drank it standing up, aware of her watching me. "What in heaven's name happened last night?" she asked. (I had stalked out of the party after my skirmish, pausing only long enough to make sure she had transportation home, and gone straight to bed on getting there myself, so these

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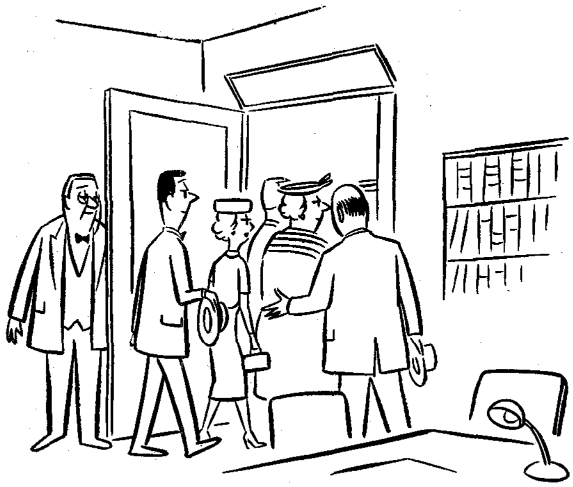

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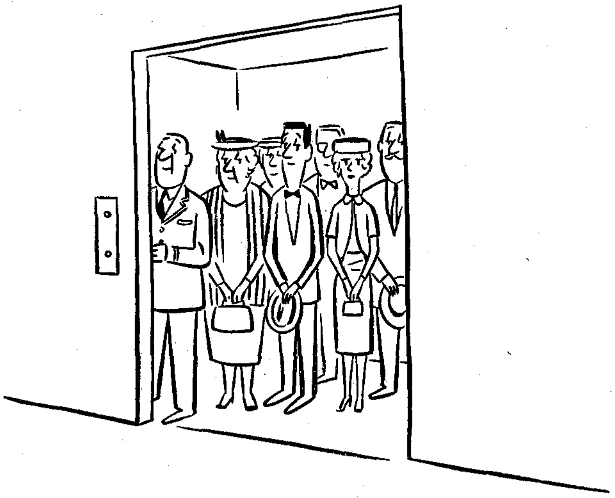

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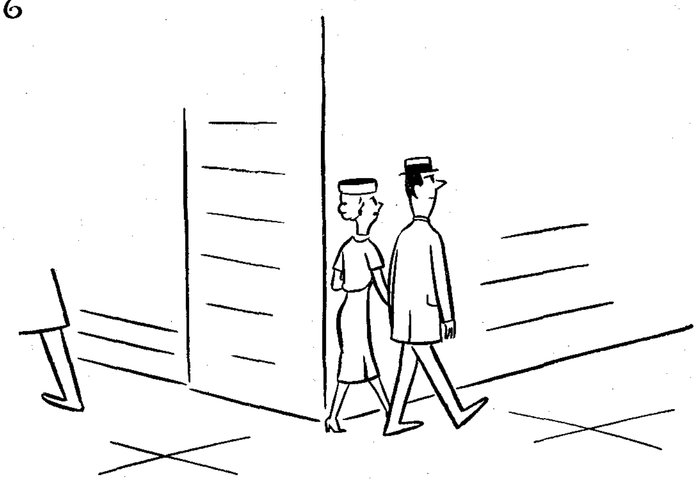

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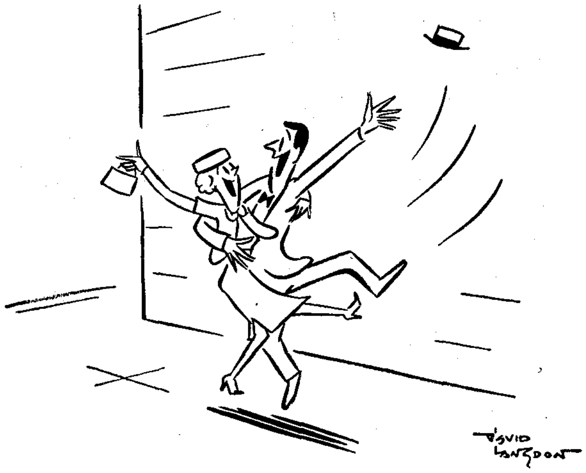


were our first words since then.) "What was that all about between you and Frank?"

"You'd be surprised," I answered acidly, and marched out of the house, making directly for the car, which I had left parked in the driveway, the keys in it.

I sat inside the car reviewing the hazards of living in a society as complex as ours. The memory of my grievances sent my temper flaring again. Should I keep my date with Dumbrowski? Honor—or at least self-respect—demanded that I do. There seemed no alternative. It was as though we had parted with the understanding "Fists, at dawn."

It was closer to noon when I reached the Dumbrowskis'. Nobody was stirring except the maid, who frowned uncertainly when, standing on the porch with my hands in my coat pockets, I asked for the master. She glanced over her shoulder up the vestibule stairway. "Are you expected?" she asked.

I told her that I was. As we talked, I debated with myself whether to leave a message that I had called, and go. Then a second-story window slid open and Dumbrowski's head appeared between the curtains, his face mangled with sleep, and an ice bag on his tousled hair. "Oh—that," he said, remembering. He squinted down through the bright fall sunshine and, with the hand not concerned with steadying the ice bag, gathered the lapels of a bathrobe over his chest.

"I can come back later," I said, squinting back up at him, "if now isn't convenient."

"I'll be down." His head withdrew, and the window slid shut.

I sat on the porch steps to wait, declining the maid's invitation to wait inside. I picked up a handful of gravel from the drive and flicked the stones away one by one with my thumb. After about five minutes, the door behind me opened and Dumbrowski emerged, clad in a black turtleneck sweater and denim slacks. He must have had quite a night (my wife hadn't got home till two o'clock, I learned later), because he looked like something the cat dragged in. I sympathetically murmured something to that effect as I rose to greet him, and repeated my offer to let this go till some other time. "No, let's get it over with," he said doggedly.

"Right," I said, removing my coat as I followed him down the steps to the yard.

WE squared away on a width of lawn that was concealed from the house by a group of birches, from which the ground we stood on fell away to a small pond in which the Dumbrowskis had once kept goldfish. We circled one another for a minute or two, our guards up, edging about for the advantage. There was no doubt what that consisted in here; it consisted in remaining above one's opponent.

"This has been brewing for a long time," I observed as we sparred.

"It was bound to come to a head," Dumbrowski agreed. He cocked his forward arm—the right—a bit, and I stiffened my own guard, at the same time thrusting out my chest to give that impression of pectoral strength that is always suggested in photographs of prizefighters.

"We don't cotton to one another, you and I," I went on. "And there you have it."

"You don't like my stuff. I know that."

"It's not my dish of tea."

"I hate that expression," Dumbrow-

## THE GREEN SHEPHERD

Here sit a shepherd and a shepherdess,
He playing on his melancholy flute;
The sea wind ruffles up her simple dress
And shows the delicacy of her foot.

And there you see Constantinople's wall
With arrows and Greek fire, molten lead;
Down from a turret seven virgins fall,
Hands folded, each one praying on her head.

The shepherd yawns and puts his flute away.
It's time, she murmurs, we were going back.
He offers certain reasons she should stay . . .
But neither sees the dragon on their track.

A dragon like a car in a garage
Is in the wood, his long tail sticking out.
Here rides St. George, swinging his sword and targe,
And sticks the grinning dragon in the snout.

Puffing a smoke ring, like the cigarette
Over Times Square, Sir Dragon snorts his last.
St. George takes off his armor in a sweat.
The Middle Ages have been safely passed.

What is the sail that crosses the still bay,
Unnoticed by the shepherds? It could be
A caravel that's sailing to Cathay,
Westward from Palos on the unknown sea.

But the green shepherd travels in her eye
And whispers nothings in his lady's ear,
And sings a little song, that roses die,
*Carpe diem*, which she seems pleased to hear.

The vessel they ignored still sails away
So bravely on the water, Westward Ho!
And murdering, in a religious way,
Brings Cortez to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now Portugal is fading, and the state
Of Castile rising purple on Peru;
Now England, now America grows great—
With which these lovers have nothing to do.

What do they care if time, uncompassed, drift
To China, and the crew is a baboon?
But let him whisper always, and her lift
The oceans in her eyelids to the moon.

The dragon rises crackling in the air,
And who is god but Dagon? Wings careen,
Rejoicing, on the Russian hemisphere.
Meanwhile, the shepherd dotes upon her skin.

Old Aristotle, having seen this pass,
From where he studied in the giant's cave,
Went in and shut his book and locked the brass
And lay down with a shudder in his grave.

The groaning pole had gone more than a mile;
These shepherds did not feel it where they loved,
For time was sympathetic all the while
And on the magic mountain nothing moved.

—Louis Simpson

• •

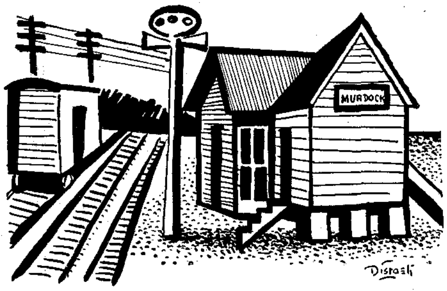
ski replied with unexpected violence. "Why don't you come right out and say what you think? Not that I don't know what your dish of tea *is*. That English lot! Twitches and nuances!" Here he reeled off a string of contemporary British novelists who did, with uncanny accuracy, reflect my private reading tastes. "Lint pickers!" he exclaimed in a burst of spirit. "All those hemidemisemiquavers!"

I recognized well enough the animus of the popular artist whom critical approval has bypassed. He was one of those authors read by hundreds of thousands but of whom no one has ever *heard*. They have no *reputation;* they are merely household words. Oh, I knew what was in Dumbrowski's craw all right. But that did not spare me the comparable sting of having my *goût* as a reader under attack. Now I felt the urgent need to strike a blow.

"It's better than that burly realism," I retorted hotly. "And all that sex. Want to know why you chaps slather it on? You don't know the facts of life."

He paused long enough for the exquisite irony of this to sink in—I could sense the shaft going home—then he lowered his head and came at me with a bellow of mingled rage and pain.

I met his charge by adroitly stepping aside, more or less executing what is known in bullfighting as, I believe, a veronica. He stumbled in his plunge and lost his balance, sprawling headlong among the birches. He got to his feet and came for me again. I lunged forward to meet him, and we came together, our arms going like flails. It was amazing how few blows found their mark—practically none at all. This time, I tripped on a rock and stumbled against him, and, interlocked, we danced down the incline toward the goldfish pond. We fetched up short of it only because, at the conclusion of our career down the grass, we clumsily pulled each other down in a jumble of arms and legs. This had the effect of converting the encounter into a wrestling match, and by an accident of the terrain in my favor I landed on top, but so near the water that any attempt to alter our positions might have meant disaster for both of us. So I sat there on Dumbrowski's chest for a bit.



"This will teach you to speak lightly of a lady's name," I panted.

"Ridiculous." He brought the word out between gasps of his own. "Never understood this—fussing over a—compliment paid a woman."

"Compliment?"

He nodded. "Only told Feversham be—sure go talk to *her* if he wanted picking up."

"You mean—?" I said.

He nodded again. "Feversham was depressed. So I told him go talk to her. She picks you right up. Always thought so. Great fun. At least appreciate your taste in *that*."

I climbed off of him. I turned away and dropped leadenly to the grass in a sitting position. I knew well enough now what was happening, and I offered no resistance. Behind me I could hear Dumbrowski's heavy breathing. Somewhere a car backfired, shattering the morning stillness. As if in a dream, I gave my head a shake and said, "It was all a ghastly mistake."

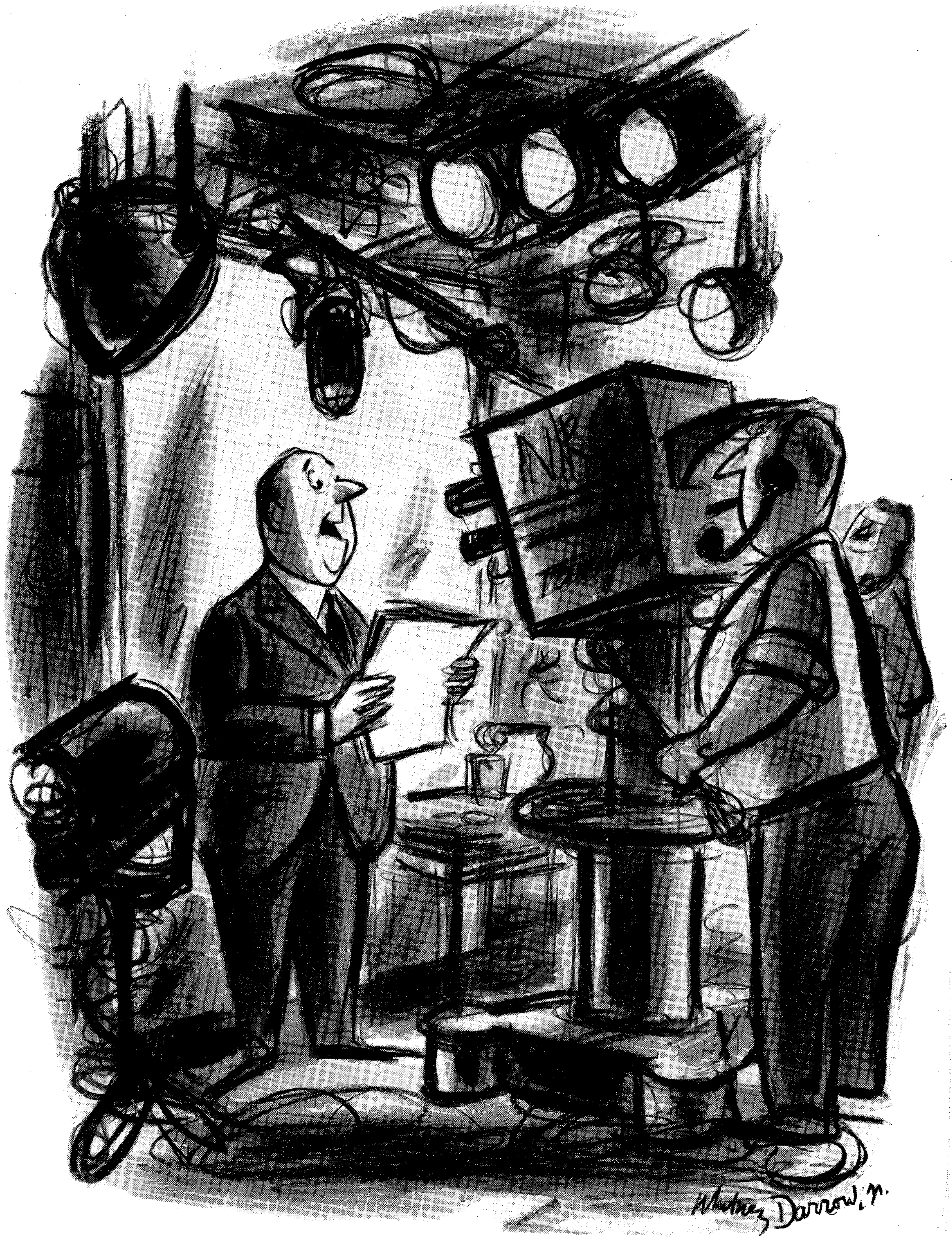
"I'll accept that."

I could hear him getting to his feet now. When he spanked the dirt from his clothes, it was as if the blows stung my cheeks. But when I turned to look up at him over my shoulder, his face was twisted in a grin of forgiving triumph. Dumbrowski knew that he had won; in his eyes there was that quiet knowledge. There is no need to relate the rest in detail: how part of me hated him while more of me hated myself; how I rose, as if in a trance, to dust off my own clothes; and how, at last, Dumbrowski steered me up the lawn to the house and even into it, my arm in his viselike grip. "Wash up in there," he said, not unkindly. When I emerged from the bathroom he had indicated, he said, "Now come into the kitchen for some coffee."

We sat hunched over our cups of strong black coffee, our arms along the table, facing each other in a new understanding that needed no words. Each treasured within him the satisfaction of having stood up to the other, yet respected the other for having done the same. Somewhere a clock struck—one—and I told Dumbrowski that I had to go. I rose and, shaking his hand, took my leave.

As I strode up the walk to my car, I knew a strange peace—the peace of a man who has faced up to what courage and chivalry demanded, and not flinched. I knew it was the same with Dumbrowski. We would never speak of this again, yet we were strangely cleansed. Part of me regretted the incident—always would—but another, deeper part of me would always prize it for the challenge that had come out of it . . . a challenge met. Somewhere a duck quacked. The air was like wine. It was with a high heart that I sprang into my car and drove—home—to the woman I loved.

—Peter De Vries



*"Fellow-Americans, I appear before you tonight without makeup, without the aid of a teleprompter, and with a speech I wrote all by myself, from beginning to end."*

• •

# ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

## PORGY AND BESS IN RUSSIA

### I—WHEN THE CANNONS ARE SILENT

At twelve o'clock noon on Saturday, the seventeenth of December, 1955, a wet, foggy day in West Berlin, ninety-four Americans—the cast of a travelling production of “Porgy and Bess,” and certain other people temporarily attached to the venture—assembled at the company's rehearsal hall for a briefing on a four-week tour of the Soviet Union that they were about to undertake. Mr. Walter N. Walmsley, Jr., and Mr. Roye L. Lowry, Counsel and Second Secretary, respectively, of the American Embassy in Moscow, had come to Berlin expressly to conduct the briefing and to answer any questions that members of the company might have concerning their forthcoming appearances in Leningrad and Moscow. This trip to Soviet Russia, the first ever to be made by an American theatrical troupe, was to be the culmination of the four-year world tour of “Porgy and Bess.” It had come about after many months of complicated—and, in some areas, still beclouded—negotiation between Russian officials and the producers of the Gershwin opera, Robert Breen and Blevins Davis, who operate under the name Everyman Opera, Inc. Although so far no visas had been received from the Russians, the enormous troupe, consisting of fifty-eight actors, thirteen backstage personnel, three conductors, assorted wives and clerical help, six children and their schoolteacher, three journalists, two dogs, and one psychoanalyst, was all set to depart within the next forty-eight hours, travelling by train from East Berlin, via Warsaw and Moscow, to Leningrad—a journey of only about fourteen hundred miles yet requiring, apparently, three nights and two days.

I shared a taxi on the way to the briefing with Mrs. Ira Gershwin and a square-cut, muscular man named Jerry Laws, a former boxer who is at present a singer. Mrs. Gershwin is, of course, the wife of the lyricist who is a co-author of “Porgy and Bess” and the brother of its composer. Periodically during the past four years, Mrs. Gershwin had left her husband at home in Beverly Hills and accompanied the opera on a lap of its round-the-world wanderings. “Ira's such a stick-in-the-mud,” she says. “He hates to go from one room to the next. But I'm a gypsy. I love wheels.” Known to her friends as Lee—an abbreviation of Leonore—she is a fragile and attractive woman with sun-streaked hair and a heart-shaped face, who is devoted to diamonds, wearing them at breakfast as well as at dinner. The fragments of her conversation, which rushes along in an unsecretive whisper, are pasted together with terms of endearment.

“Oh, love,” she said to me as we rode along the Kurfürstendamm through the dark drizzle, “have you heard about the Christmas tree? The Russians are giving us a Christmas tree. In Leningrad. I think that's *so* sweet of them. Especially since they don't believe in Christmas. They don't—do they, darling? Anyway, their Christmas comes much later. Because they have a different calendar. Darling”—she turned to Jerry Laws—“do you think it's true?”

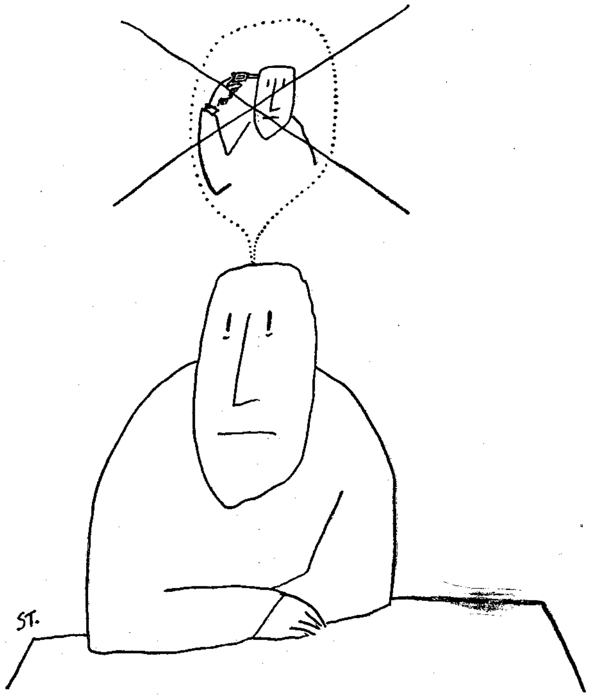
“About whether they believe in Christmas?” said Laws.

“*No*, love,” said Mrs. Gershwin. “About the microphones.”

For several days, there had been speculation among the company on the subject of personal privacy in Russia. It was rumored that their letters would be opened, their hotel rooms wired, and the walls encrusted with concealed cameras.

After a thoughtful moment, Laws said, “I believe it.”

“Oh, darling, you don't!” Mrs. Gershwin protested. “It can't be true! After all, *where* are we going to gossip?” She settled into a musing silence, which lasted until we reached the rehearsal hall. Then, rather wistfully, she said, “I *still* think it's nice about the Christmas tree.”



Upon entering the hall, a large room lined with mirrors, we found we were five minutes late, and we had difficulty finding seats among some rows of folding chairs that had been set up at one end. The room was crowded, and well heated; nevertheless, many of those present—as though they could already feel the cold winds of the steppes—sat bundled in the paraphernalia, down to scarves and woolly caps, that they had acquired especially for their Russian journey. A competitive spirit had prevailed in the purchasing of these outfits, a number of which had an Eskimo look.

Mr. Breen, who, in addition to being the co-producer of “Porgy and Bess,” is its director, called the meeting to order and introduced the representatives of the American Embassy in Moscow, Mr. Walmsley and Mr. Lowry, who were seated at a table facing us. Mr. Walmsley, a stocky, middle-aged man with a Mencken-style haircut and a dry, drawling manner, began by speaking of the “unique opportunity” that the proposed tour afforded the company, and congratulating them in advance on the “great success” he was sure they would have behind the Iron Curtain. “Since nothing happens in the Soviet Union that isn't planned, and since it is *planned* that you shall have a success there, I feel perfectly safe in congratulating you now,” he said.

Mr. Lowry, a youngish man with a manner somewhat like that of a schoolmaster, interposed the remark that while what Mr. Walmsley had said was perfectly correct, it was also true that there was genuine excitement in Russia about the company's coming there. “They know the Gershwin music,” he said. “In fact, a Russian acquaintance of mine told me he was at a party the other night where three friends of his sang ‘Bess, You Is My Woman Now’ all the way through.”

The cast smiled appreciatively, and Mr. Walmsley resumed, “Yes, there are some nice Russians. Very nice people. But they have a bad government." He said this very slowly. "You must always bear in mind that their system of government is basically hostile to our own. It is a system with rules and regulations such as you have never experienced before. Certainly in my experience, which is a long one, I've never encountered anything like it."

A member of the cast, John McCurry, raised his hand to ask a question. McCurry plays the part of Crown, the villain, and is tall and heavy and somewhat forbidding, as befits the role. "Suppose some of these people invite us into their homes," he said. "See, most places we go, people do that. Now, is it all right for us to go?"

The two diplomats exchanged amused glances.

"As you may well imagine," said Mr. Walmsley, "we at the Embassy have never been bothered with that problem. We're never invited *any*where, except officially. I can't say *you* won't be. And if you are, by all means take advantage of the opportunity. From what I understand, your hosts plan an extensive program of entertainment. Something every minute. Enough to wear you out."

One of the younger members of the cast said, "I don't touch a drop of nothing. So when they're making all these toasts we've heard about, how do I get out of it gracefully?"

Mr. Walmsley shrugged, and said, "You don't have to drink the toasts if you don't want to."

Now the questions came quickly. The parents of children on the tour, for instance, were concerned about matters of health. Would there be pasteurized milk? Yes. Still, Mr. Lowry thought it advisable for them to take along a supply of Starlac, which was what he fed his own two children. And the water—was it fit to drink? Perfectly safe. Mr. Walmsley often drank it from the tap. How does one address a Soviet citizen? "Well," said Mr. Walmsley, "I *wouldn't* say Comrade. Mr. or Mrs. will do." What about shopping—was it expensive? Outrageously—but it hardly mattered, since there was nothing much to buy anyway. How cold did it get? Oh, it could go to thirty below zero. In that case, would their hotel rooms be warm? Yes, indeed. Overheated, actually.

When these fundamentals had been got through, a voice from the back of the hall was raised to say, "There's been so much myth talk around here. We heard we going to be trailed all the time."

"Trailed?" Mr. Walmsley said, and smiled. "Perhaps. Though not for the reasons you're thinking of. If they assign anyone to follow you, it will be for your own protection. You see, you must expect to attract extraordinary attention from crowds wherever you go. It won't be like walking down a street in Berlin. For that reason, you may be followed—yes."

"After all," said Mr. Lowry, "the Ministry of Culture has been so anxious to have you come that you will probably receive very generous treatment, be free of the nagging supervision a stray foreign visitor might expect."

The voice from the back persisted, in a somewhat disappointed key, "We heard they going to trail us. And open our letters."

"Ah," said Mr. Walmsley. "*That* is another matter. Something you take for granted. I always assume my letters have been opened."

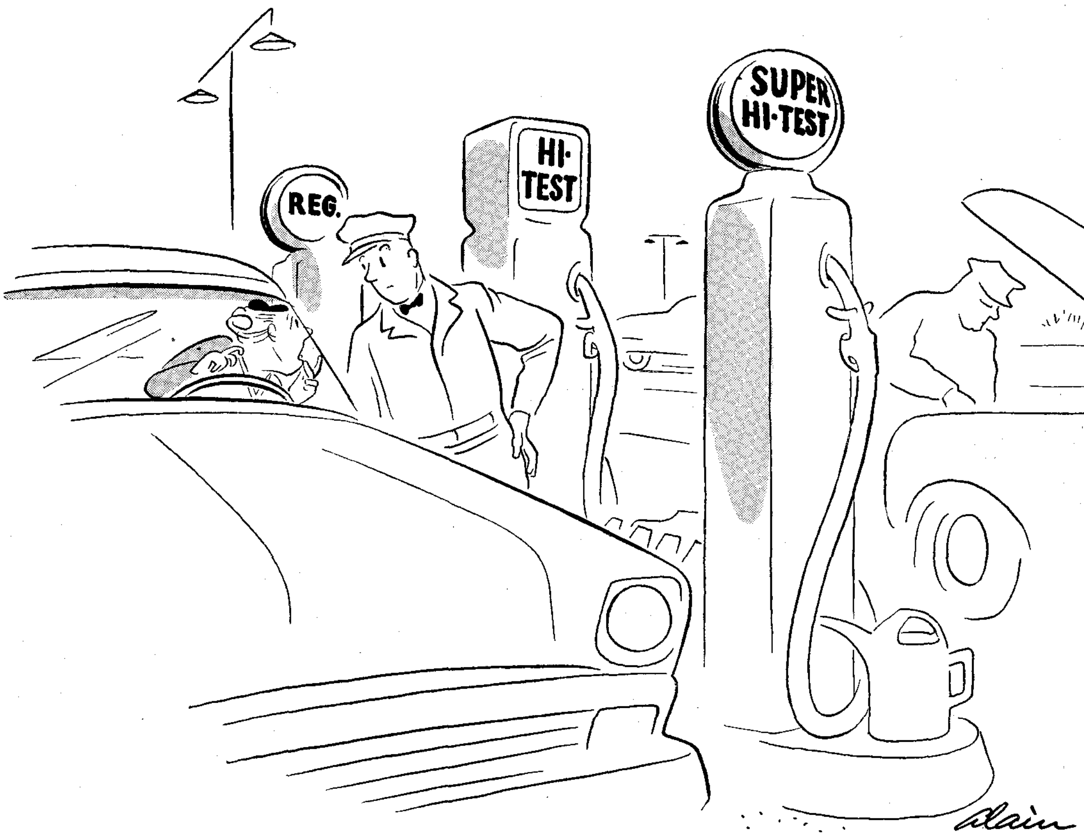
His audience shifted in their chairs. Mr. Breen's secretary, Nancy Ryan, stood up. Miss Ryan (Radcliffe '52) had been with the company two months, having taken the job because of an interest in the theatre. A New Yorker, she is blond, blue-eyed, and just under six feet tall, and bears considerable resemblance to her mother, the celebrated beauty Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart. She wanted to make a suggestion. "Mr. Walmsley, if it's true the letters we write will be censored," she said, "then wouldn't it be better to do all our correspondence on postcards? I mean, if they didn't have to open it to read it, wouldn't that cause less of a delay in outgoing mail?"

Mr. Walmsley did not seem to think Miss Ryan's plan had much merit as a time-saving device.

For the past few moments, Mrs. Gershwin had been urging Jerry Laws into action: "Go on, darling. Ask him about the microphones."

Laws caught the diplomat's attention. "A lot of us," he said, "we've been worried about the possibility of our rooms' being wired for listening in."

Mr. Walmsley nodded. "I should



*"Now, let me see . . . I think I'll have three gallons of high test, five of the regular, and two of the super, please."*

• •

*"Do you think it would be all right if I invited one Democrat as a sort of conversation piece?"*

• •

say it's more than a possibility. Again, it's the sort of thing you should assume. Of course, no one really *knows*."

McCurry stood up and leaned forward, hunching his burly shoulders. He said he thought it was about time they stopped beating about the bush and came to grips with the big problem. "The big problem is, now, what do we say when they ask us political stuff?" he explained. "I'm speaking about the Negro situation."

McCurry's deep voice made the question ride across the room like a wave, collecting as it went the complete attention of the audience. Mr. Walmsley seemed to hesitate, as though uncertain whether to dive over the wave or swim under it. "You don't have to answer political questions, any more than they will answer questions of that nature put to them by you," he said. "It's all dangerous ground. Treading on eggs."

Mutterings in the audience indicated that the diplomat's advice was felt to be inadequate. Lowry whispered in Walmsley's ear, and McCurry consulted his wife, a melancholy-looking woman, who was sitting beside him with their two-year-old daughter on her lap. Then he said, "But they're bound to ask us about the Negro situation. They always do. Last year, we were in Yugoslavia, and all the time we were there—"

"Yes, I know," said Walmsley peremptorily. "That's what this whole thing is about. That's the point, isn't it?"

Walmsley's remark, or possibly the manner in which it was made, seemed to rub several people the wrong way, and Jerry Laws, a legend in the company for his quick temper, jumped to his feet, his body stiff with tension. "Then how do we handle it? Should we answer it the way it is? Tell the truth? Or do you want us to gloss it over?"

Walmsley blinked. He took off his horn-rimmed glasses and polished them with a handkerchief. "Why, tell the truth," he said. "Believe me, sir, the Russians know as much about the Negro situation as you do. And they don't give a damn about it one way or the other, except for getting statements, propaganda—anything they can turn to their own purposes. I think you ought to keep in mind that any interviews you give will be picked up by the American press and reprinted in your home-town newspapers."

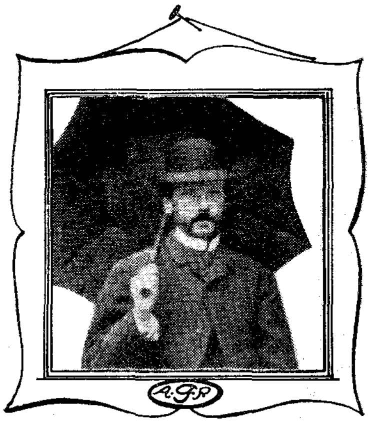
A woman—the first one among the Negroes to speak since this topic arose—got up from her seat, in the front row. "We all know there's discrimination back home," she said in a shy voice, to which everyone listened respectfully. "But in the last eight years Negroes have made a lot of progress. We've come a long way, and that's the truth. We can point with pride to our scientists, our artists. If we did that in Russia, it might do a lot of good."

Others agreed, and addressed the group in a similar vein. Gerard Willem van Loon, a son of the late historian, who speaks Russian, and was one of the people handling publicity for Everyman Opera, announced that he was very glad the matter was being gone into so thoroughly, and added, "The other day, I had a couple of the cast taping an interview for the American Forces Network here in Germany, and in touching on this point, this racial question, I knew we had to be very, very careful, because of being so near to East Berlin and the possibility of our being monitored—"

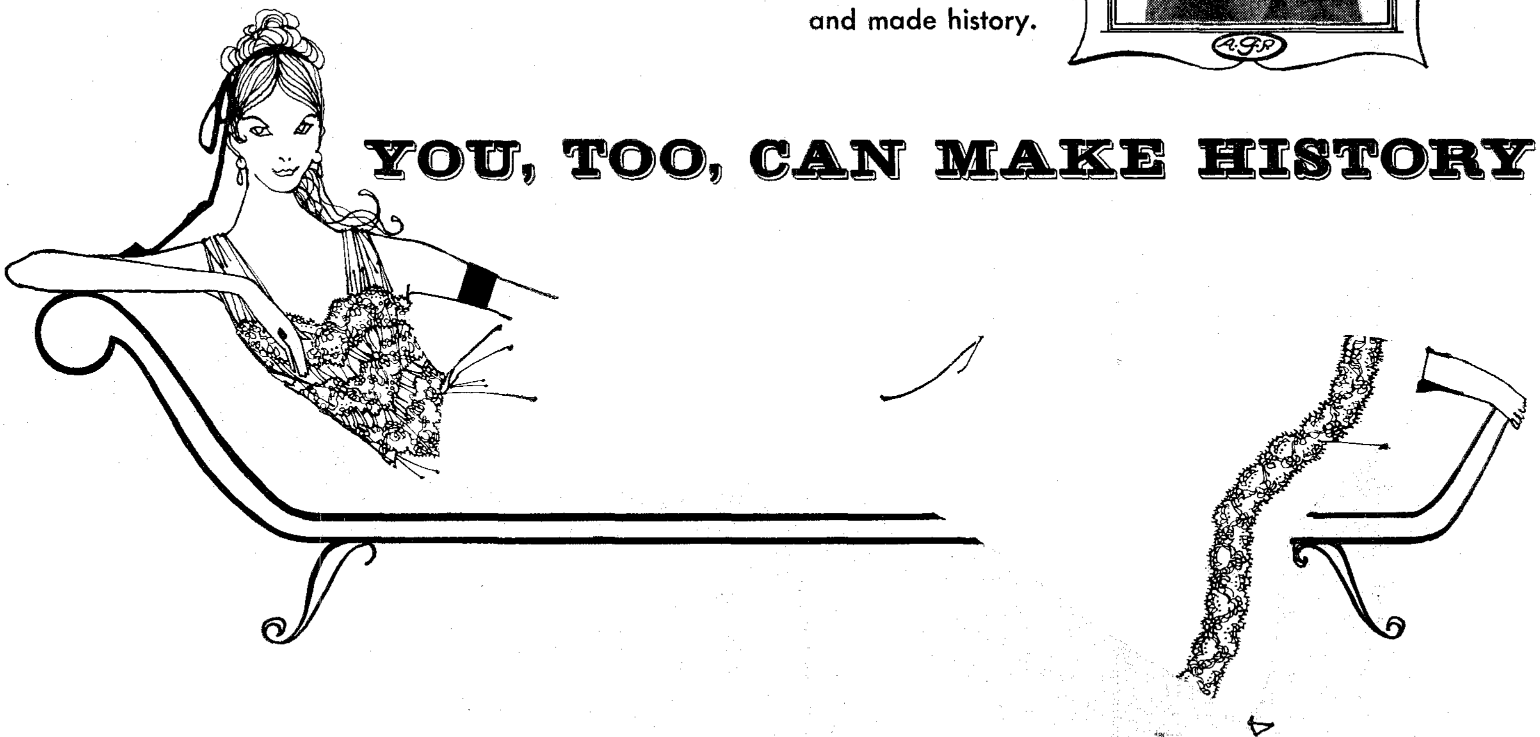
"Of course," said Walmsley, quietly interrupting. "I suppose you realize that we're being monitored right now."

Clearly, van Loon had not, nor had anyone else, to judge from the general consternation and gazing-round to see who could be guilty of Walmsley's charge. But any evidence, at least in the shape of mysterious strangers, was not apparent. Van Loon, however, didn't finish what he'd intended saying. His voice trailed away, as did the discussion

A. Phillip Goodrich had it
rain pennies from heaven
and made history.



YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE HISTORY



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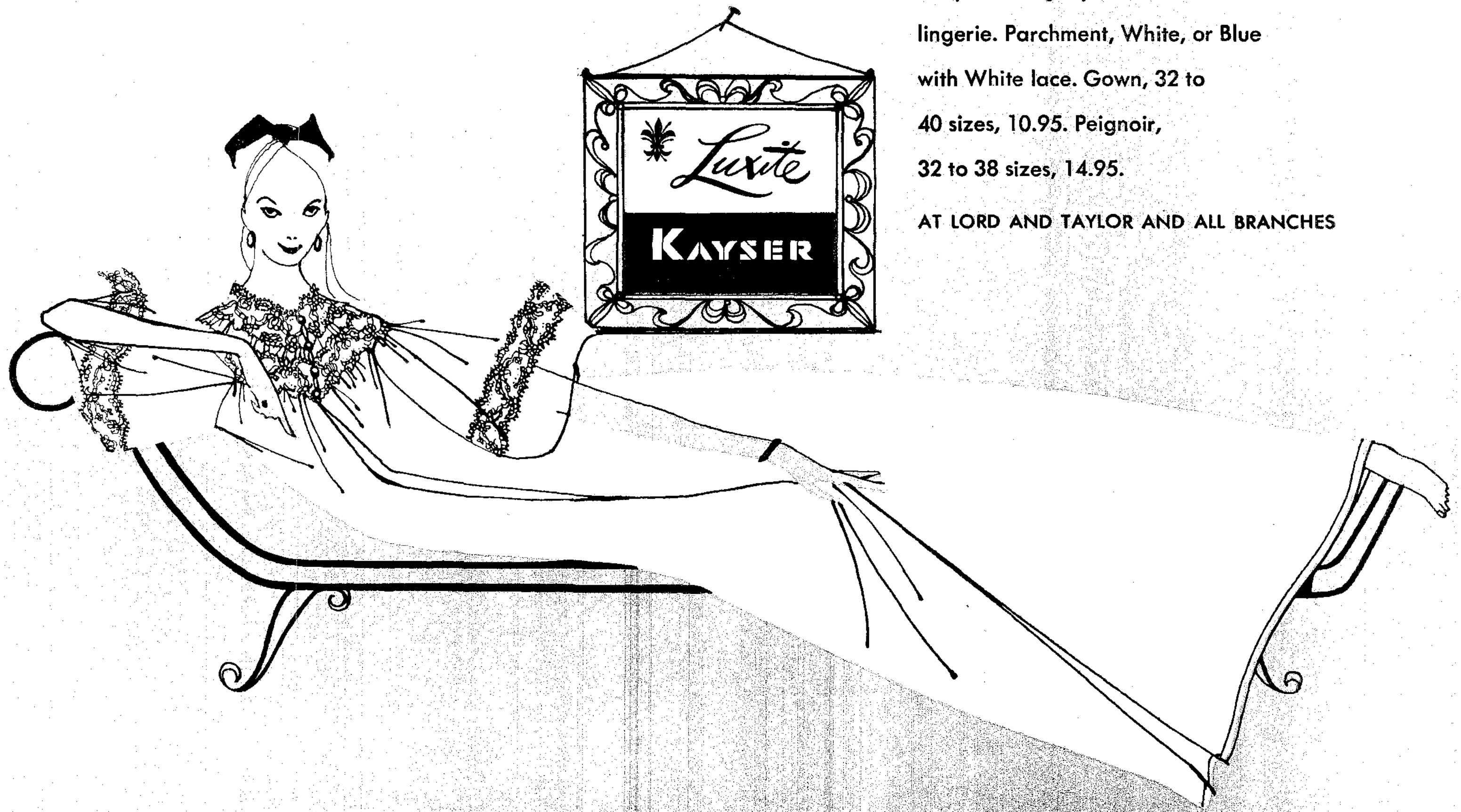
AT LORD AND TAYLOR AND ALL BRANCHES



itself, and the meeting shortly thereafter came to a meandering conclusion. The company expressed their gratitude to the two diplomats with applause.

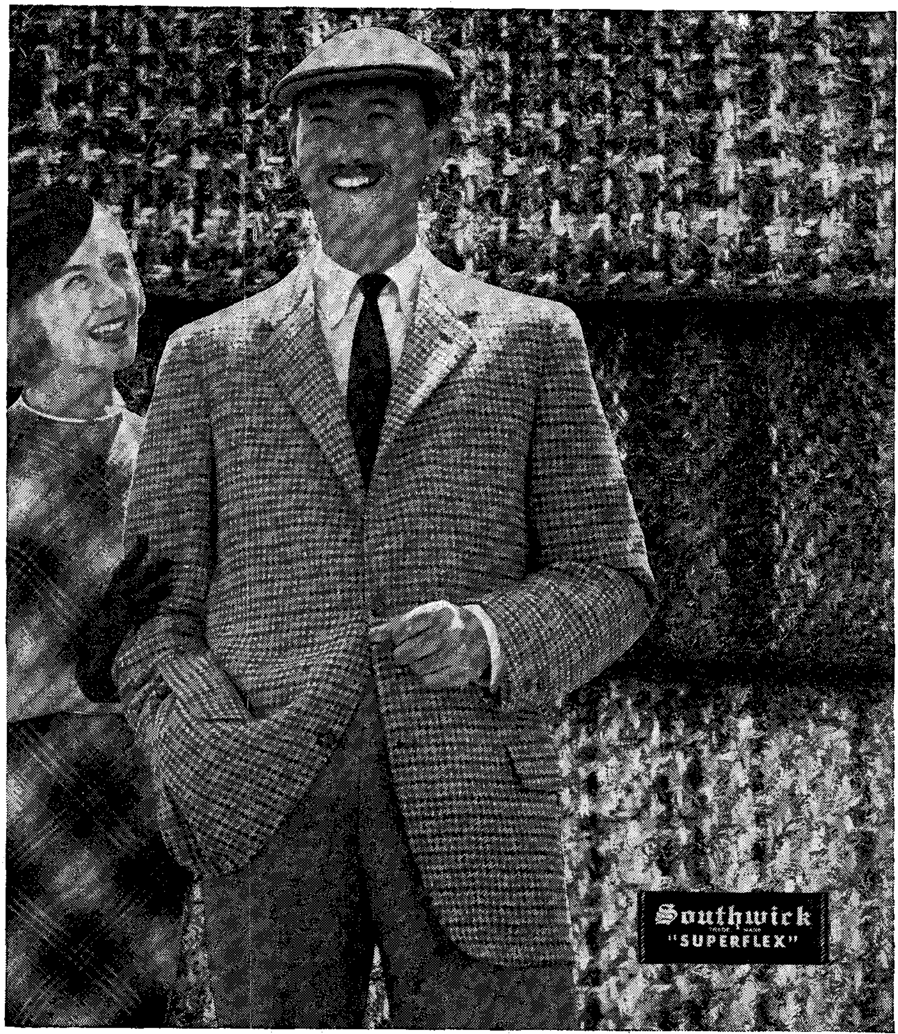
"Thank you," said Walmsley. "It's been a great pleasure to talk to you. Mr. Lowry and I don't often come in contact with the atmosphere of grease-paint."

Mr. Breen then called his cast to rehearse, but before they began, there was much milling about and swapping of opinions on the briefing. Jerry Laws restricted himself to one word: "Uninformative." Mrs. Gershwin, on the contrary, seemed to have found it too informative for comfort. "I'm stunned," she said. "Darling, think of living like that! Always *assuming*. Never *knowing*."

Downstairs, Warner Watson, Breen's production assistant, offered me a ride back to my hotel in a taxi. He introduced me to Dr. Fabian Schupper, who shared the taxi with us. Dr. Schupper, an American student at the German Psychoanalytic Institute, had been invited to go along on the Russian tour, Watson told me, to counteract any "stresses" members of the company might experience. At the last minute, much to his disappointment, Dr. Schupper did not go, the management having decided that a psychoanalyst was perhaps, after all, not necessary—though the fact that psychoanalysis and its practitioners are not well thought of in the Soviet Union may have been a contributing cause. But just then, in the taxi, Schupper was advising Warner Watson to "relax."

Watson, lighting a cigarette with hands that were trembling, said, "Relaxed people do *not* get productions like this played on the samovar circuit."

Watson is in his late thirties. He has a graying crew cut and timid, resigned brown eyes. There is about his face—and his manner, too—a blurred gentleness, a beyond-his-years fatigue. Once an actor, he has been associated with Everyman Opera since its formation, in 1952. In his job, he is primarily concerned with what he calls "fencing things in." During the previous two weeks in Berlin, he had all but taken up residence at the Soviet Embassy in his attempts to get a few things fenced in. Even so, a multiplicity of details had thus far escaped corralling. Among them was the problem of the company's passports, which, at this late date, were still in Russian hands waiting to be visaed. Then, too, Watson was encountering trouble in the matter of the train by which the group was to travel to Lenin-



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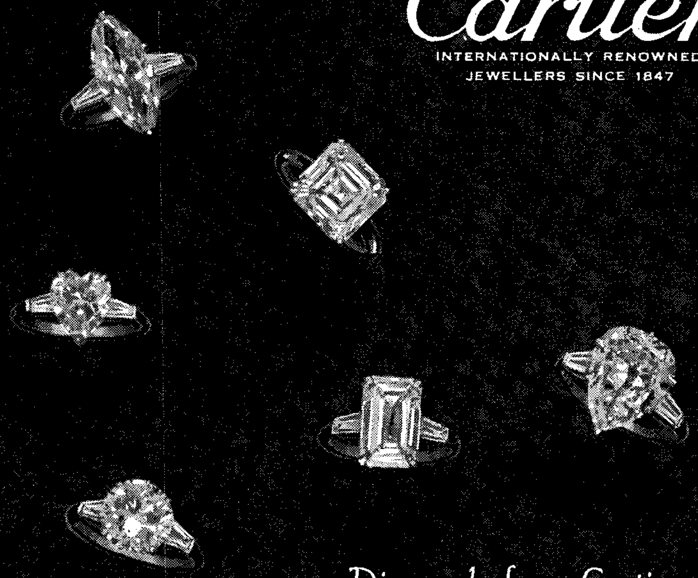

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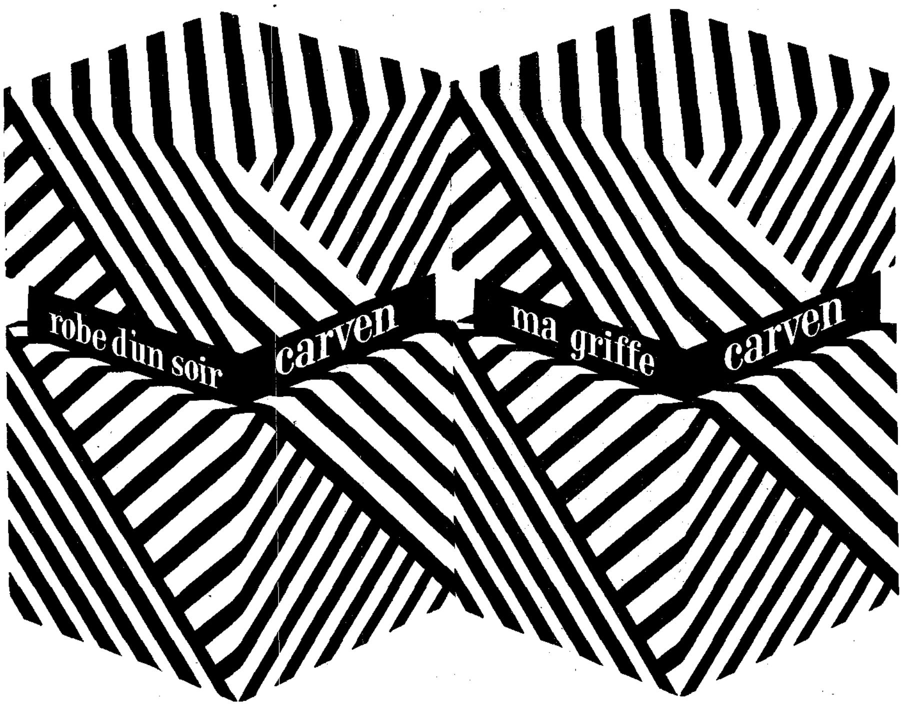

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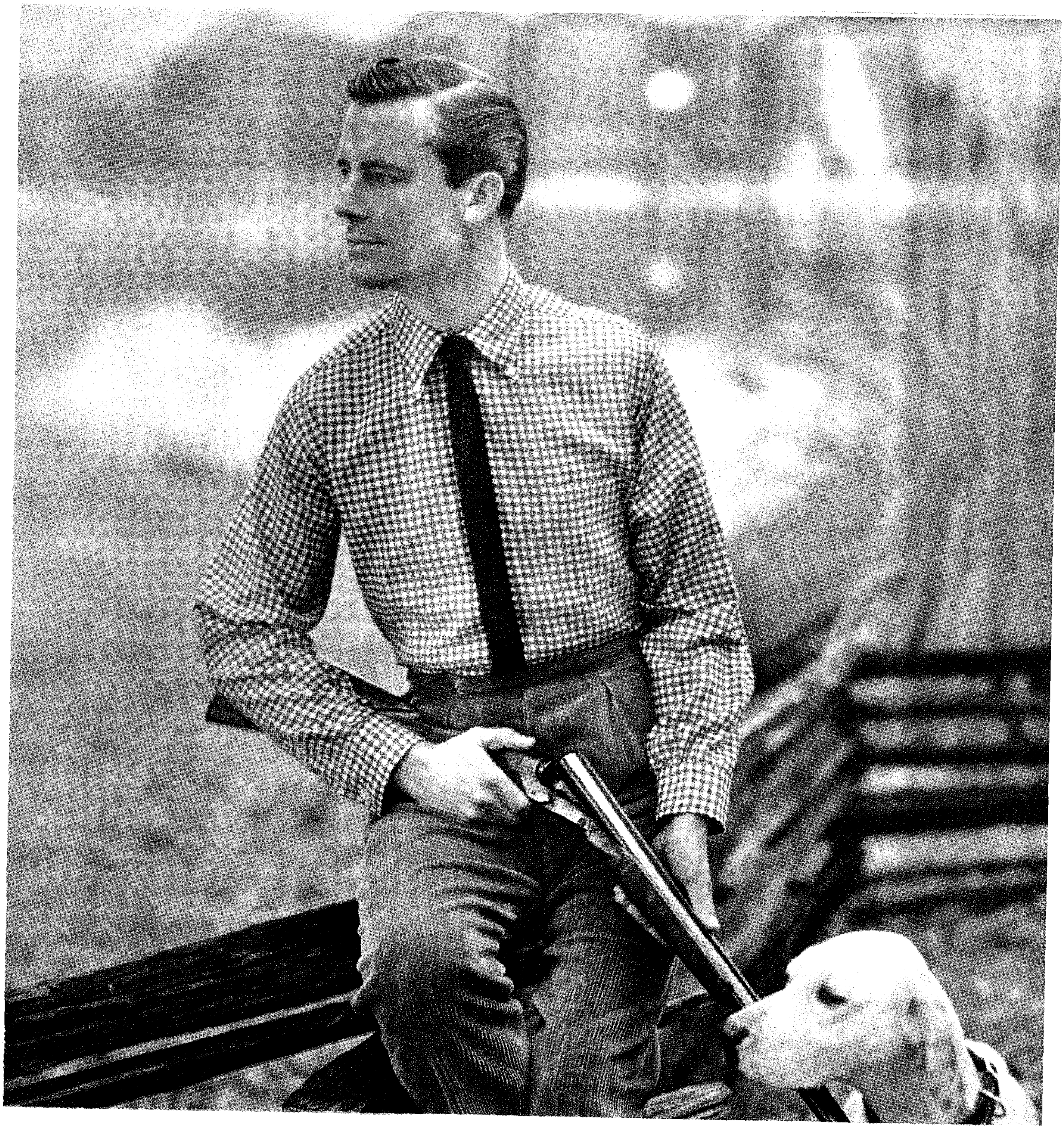
grad. The production had requested four sleeping cars. The Russians had replied quite flatly that they could supply only three second-class cars with "soft-bed" (the Russian term for sleeping-berth) accommodations. These, together with a baggage car and a car for the show's scenery and properties, would be attached to the Blue Express, a regularly scheduled Soviet train running between East Berlin and Moscow. Watson's difficulty was that he could not obtain from the Russians a plan of the "soft-bed" cars, and so had been unable to work out sleeping arrangements. He was imagining a slapstick Walpurgisnacht on the train—"more bodies than berths." He also had not been able to learn at what hotel in either Leningrad or Moscow the troupe would be staying, and there were other details, too. "They'll never tell you the whole thing about anything," he said. "Not all at once. If they tell you A, they *might* tell you B, but between the two there's a long, long wait."

Apparently, however, the Russians did not practice the same patience their tactics required of others. Some hours earlier, a wire had arrived from Moscow that Watson counted among the causes of his trembling hands. "UNLESS ORCHESTRATIONS DELIVERED EMBASSY BERLIN TONIGHT WILL POSTPONE LENINGRAD OPENING REDUCE FEE," it read. The Russians had for weeks been demanding the orchestrations for the Gershwin score, because they wanted to rehearse their musicians in advance of the company's arrival. Breen had refused to turn them over, because the George Gershwin estate had always insisted that they remain in the hands of the conductors. But this wired ultimatum, with its two dire last words, had changed his mind, and Watson was now on his way to deliver the orchestrations to the Soviet Embassy.

"Don't worry," said Watson, wiping beads of moisture off his upper lip. "*I'm* not worried. We're going to get all this fenced in."

"Relax," said Dr. Schupper.

BACK at my hotel, the Kempinski, where many of the company were staying, I stopped off at Breen's suite to see his wife, Wilva. She had just returned from an overnight trip to Brussels to consult a doctor. For some time, twinges of appendicitis had been troubling her, and when she got on a plane for Brussels the day before, it was with the knowledge that she might have to undergo an immediate operation, which would cancel her part in the trip to



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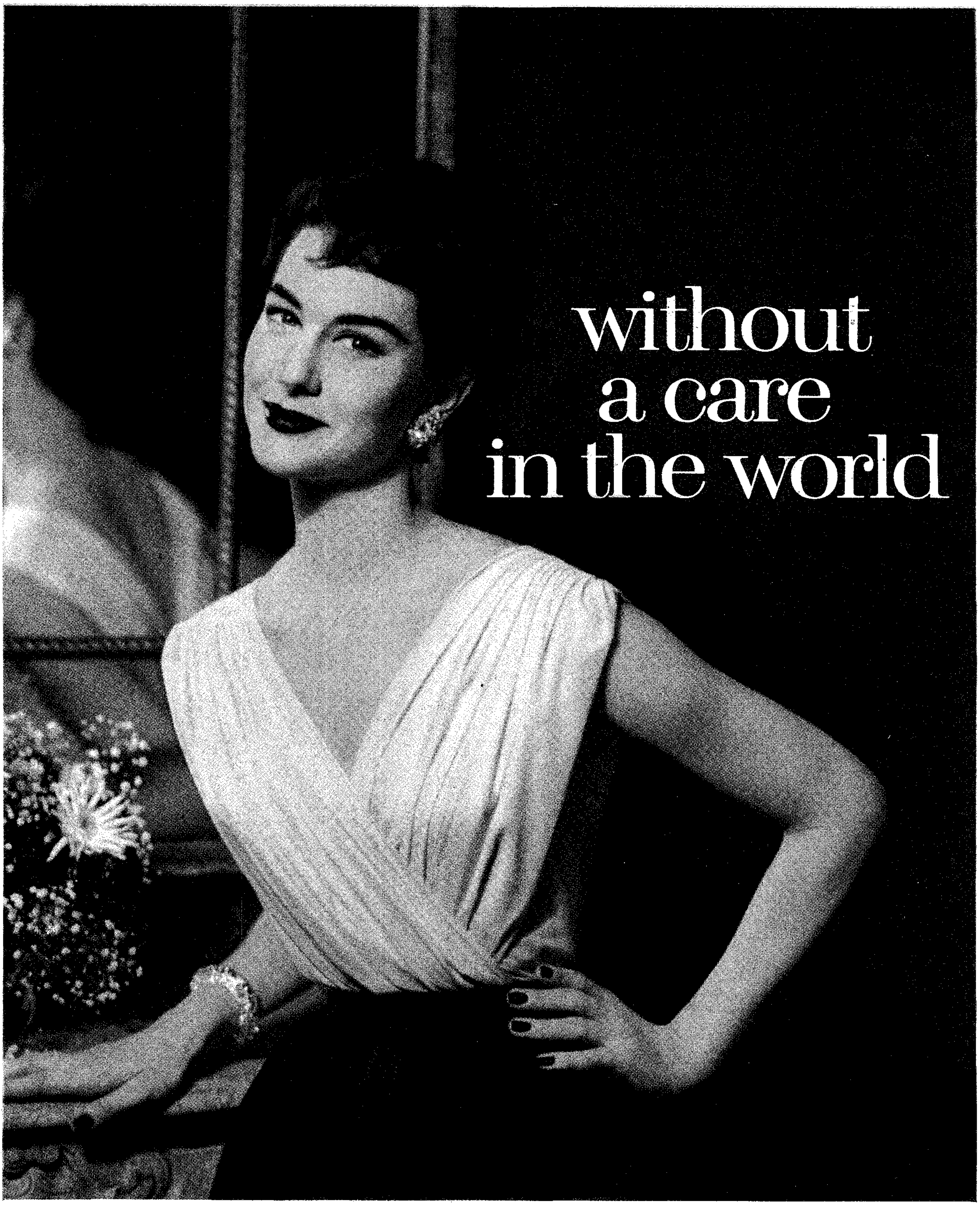

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Russia. Two months earlier, she had spent ten days in Moscow discussing theatre and other arrangements for the tour with officials of the Ministry of Culture—a "fascinating" experience that had made her eager to go back there.

"It's all right. The doctor says I can go. I didn't know how much I wanted to until I thought I couldn't," she said as she opened the door, smiling the smile that seems less an expression than a circumstance of her face. Mrs. Breen, a small woman, well-rounded, has dimples and large brown eyes. Her maple-brown hair is worn upswept and is held in place by huge pins. That afternoon, she was wearing a wool dress of purple, the color that dominates her wardrobe. "Robert's mad for purple," she explains. She and Breen met at the University of Minnesota in 1936, when he was an instructor and she was a graduate student in the drama department. They have been married ten years. Though Mrs. Breen has acted professionally, her real devotion, as one of their associates remarked recently, is to Robert and Robert's career. "If she could find enough paper, she'd wrap up the world and hand it to him," the associate added.

A shortage of paper does not appear to be one of Mrs. Breen's problems, for she travels with a mountain of letters and clippings and file folders. One of her chief responsibilities is handling the international correspondence for Everyman Opera—that and seeing that the company is "kept happy." As part of the latter task, she had brought back from Brussels a parcel of toys to be distributed among the children of the cast at Christmastime, in Leningrad. "*If* I can get them away from Robert in time to pack them again," she said, nodding toward the bathroom, where I could see an armada of mechanical boats floating in a filled tub. "Robert's mad for toys."

Mrs. Breen asked if I was looking forward to boarding the Blue Express, and was pleased to hear that I was. "Oh, Robert and I wouldn't have missed this train ride for the world!" she said. "Everybody in the cast is so darling! I know it's going to be the kind of fun you'll never stop talking about. But," she went on, with sudden sorrow in her voice, "Robert and I have decided we'd better go by plane. Of course, we'll see you off at the station here—and be right there on the platform when you pull into Leningrad. At least, I *hope* we will. Only, I can't believe it. That it's really going to happen." She paused, frowning, for an instant. "Someday I'll tell you the real

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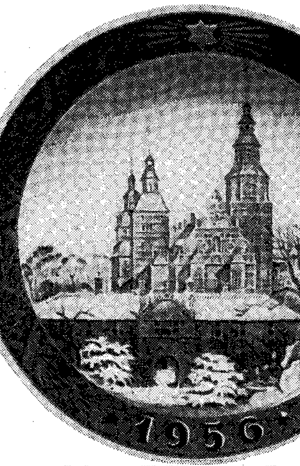

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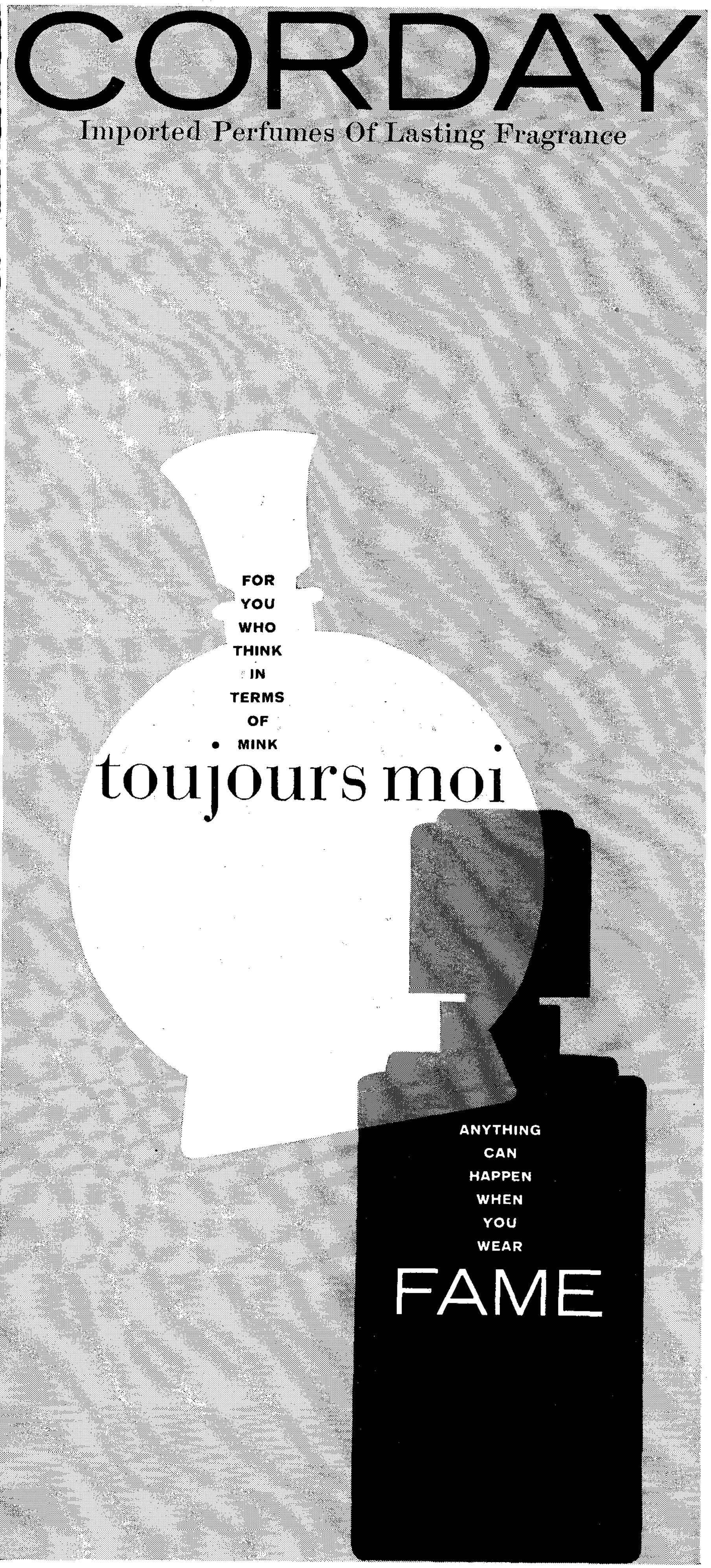
story behind all this. The people who didn't want it to happen! Oh, we've had such blows! Real body blows. And they're still coming. Right up to the last minute." She glanced at a sheaf of cables on a desk.

A few of the Breens' tribulations were already an old story to the company, if not to the world at large. For instance, in all the rumor and publicity surrounding the Soviet venture it had been accepted as fact that the Russians had, on their own initiative and inspired by the Geneva spirit, invited "Porgy and Bess" to tour their country, but the truth of the matter is that Everyman Opera had invited itself. Breen, having long considered a trip to Russia a logical extension of his company's "good-will" travels, sat down and sent a wire to Premier Bulganin, saying, in effect, that "Porgy and Bess" would be pleased to undertake the tour if the U.S.S.R. was willing to have it. The idea must have impressed Bulganin favorably, because he forwarded the wire to the Ministry of Culture, the government agency, directed by Nikolai Mikhailov, that controls every phase of artistic life inside the Soviet Union; theatre, music, films, publishing, painting—all these activities come under the specific, not always lenient, supervision of the Ministry of Culture, whose headquarters are in Moscow. The Ministry, with the implicit blessing of Premier Bulganin, began negotiations with Everyman Opera, though to do so cannot have been a casual decision—no more casual than, say, the decision to invite the Comédie Française to perform in Moscow, as it had done a year earlier, or to entertain a British production of "Hamlet," which had its Moscow première in the autumn of 1955. Both these troupes had enjoyed outstanding successes. But from either point of view—that of the visiting artists or their hosts—the risks involved in the two previous decisions had been merely aesthetic. Molière and Shakespeare do not lend themselves to the uses of modern political propaganda. The same cannot be said of "Porgy and Bess." Here there was much for both the artists and their hosts to be concerned about. The Gershwin opera, when examined under the dialectical microscope, proves to be teeming with just the kind of bacteria that the present Russian regime most fears. "Porgy and Bess" is extremely erotic—a cause for serious dismay in a nation that has made primness a matter of national policy. It is God-fearing; over and over again it stresses the necessity of faith in a world above the stars, rather than here below, and celebrates in song and dialogue the comforts to be derived from religious belief ("the opiate of the people"). Furthermore, it includes discourses, in an uncritical vein, on the subject of superstition—for example, in "The Buzzard Song." As if this weren't anathema enough, it also sings out loud that people in a capitalist society can be happy with plenty of nothing—an unwelcome message indeed to the Russians. Certainly the Ministry of Culture must have taken these drawbacks into account, and then reflected that there was another side to it all. Despite its accent on folkish fun, "Porgy and Bess" offers a picture of the American Negro—as an exploited race at the mercy of ruthless Southern whites and enduring a poverty-pinched existence in the ghetto of Catfish Row—that could not have been more felicitously presented if the Ministry of Culture had assigned one of its own writers to the job. And so, late in the summer of 1955, the Ministry informed Everyman Opera that it could come ahead.

Once assured of a welcome in Russia, Breen was faced with the problem of getting there, for that required money—an estimated hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The first newspaper announcements of the Russian "invitation" to "Porgy and Bess" more or less suggested that the American State Department not only would be the spiritual heart of this "unprecedented project," as Breen occasionally called it, but would also act as its financial backbone. Breen believed this, and with good reason. Over the past four years, the State Department had received universal praise for its moral and financial backing of the "Porgy and Bess" world tour, which the New York *Times*, among others, frequently eulogized as the "best ambassador" the United States had ever sent abroad. But after a series of pleading trips to Washington, Breen discovered that he could no longer rely on the patronage of his friends along the Potomac. Apparently, they thought his project altogether too unprecedented, for he was told that it was "politically premature." In other words, not one cent.

In New York, theatrical circles wondered whether the State Department had withdrawn its support because it feared the opera too adaptable to the purposes of Soviet propaganda. Defenders of the enterprise considered this attitude nonsensical. In their opinion, the fact that elements of social criticism such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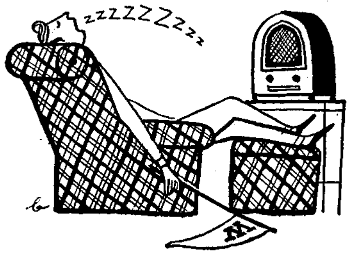

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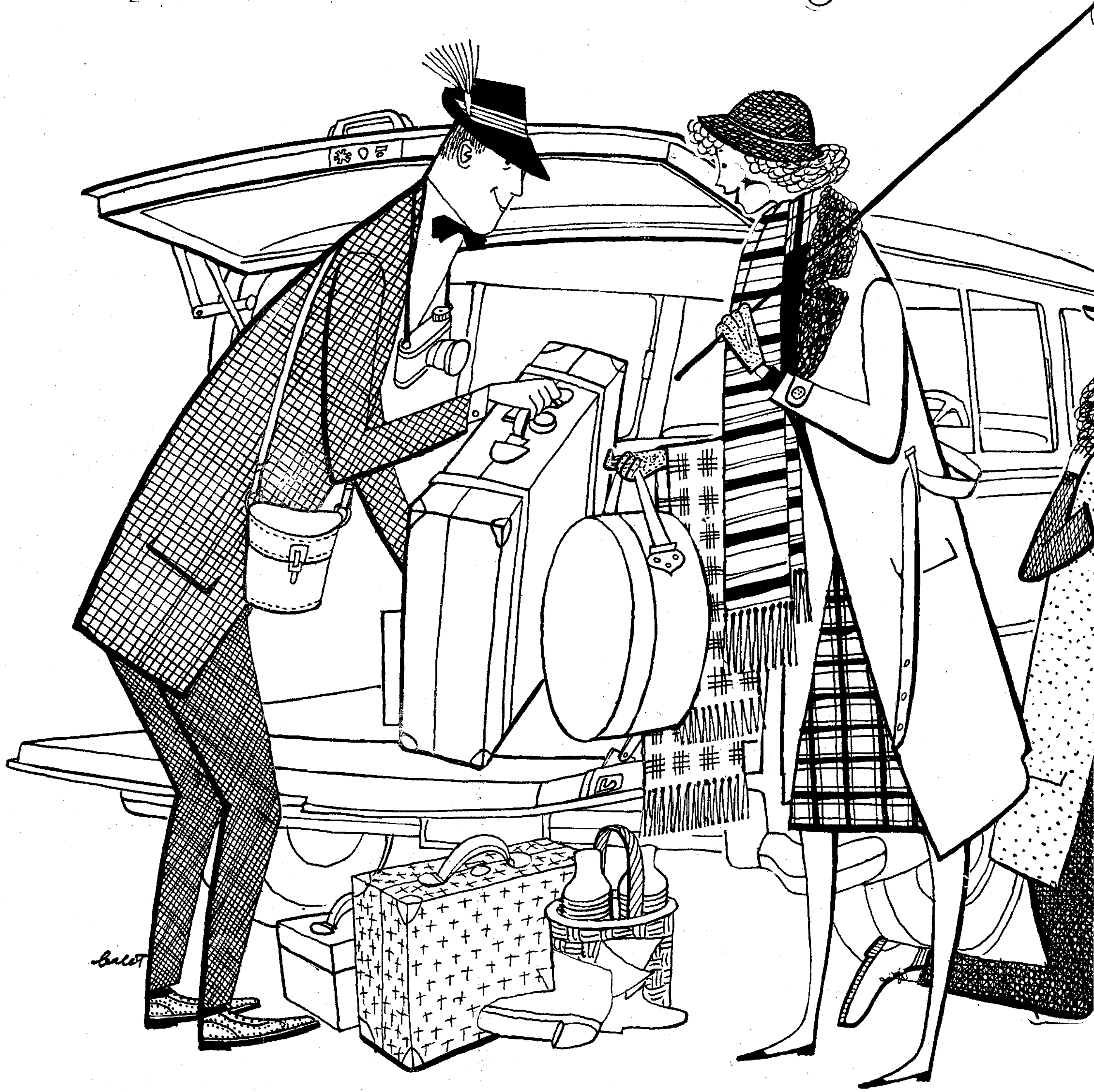

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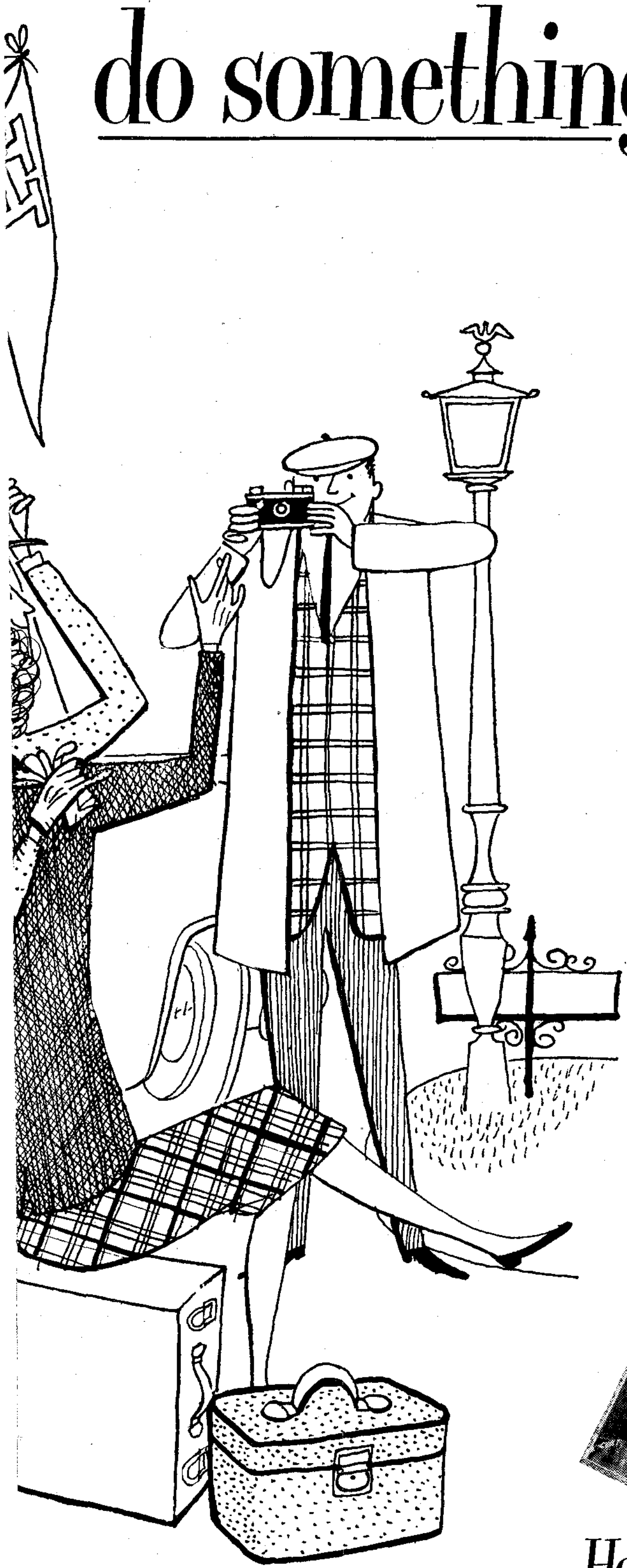

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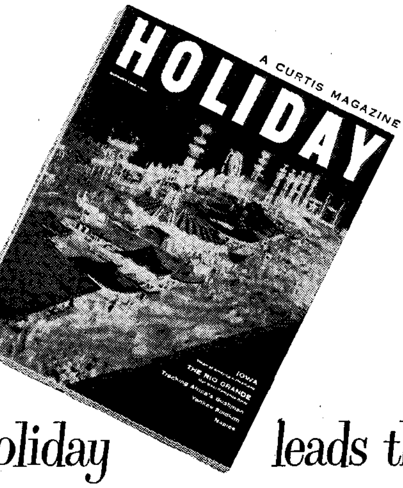

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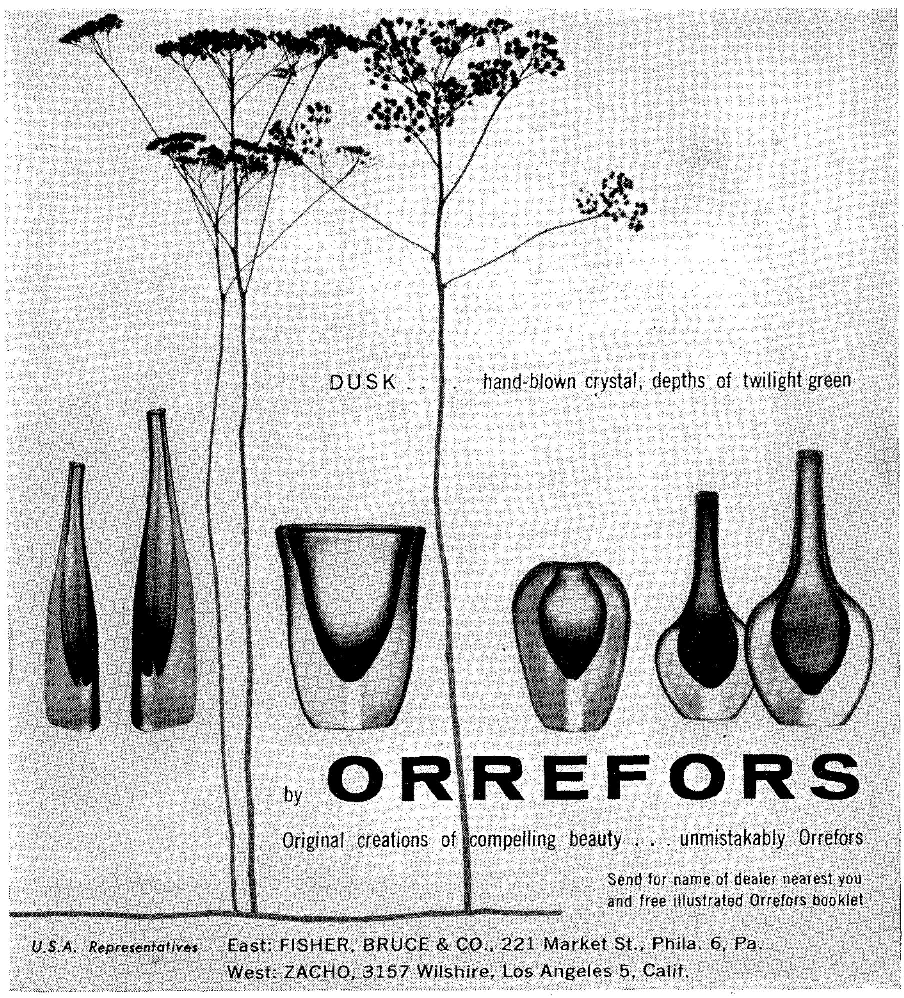
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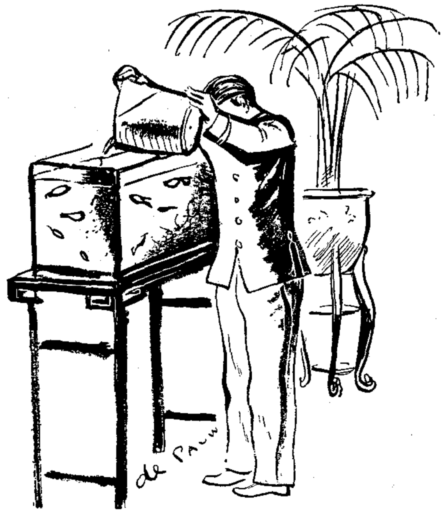
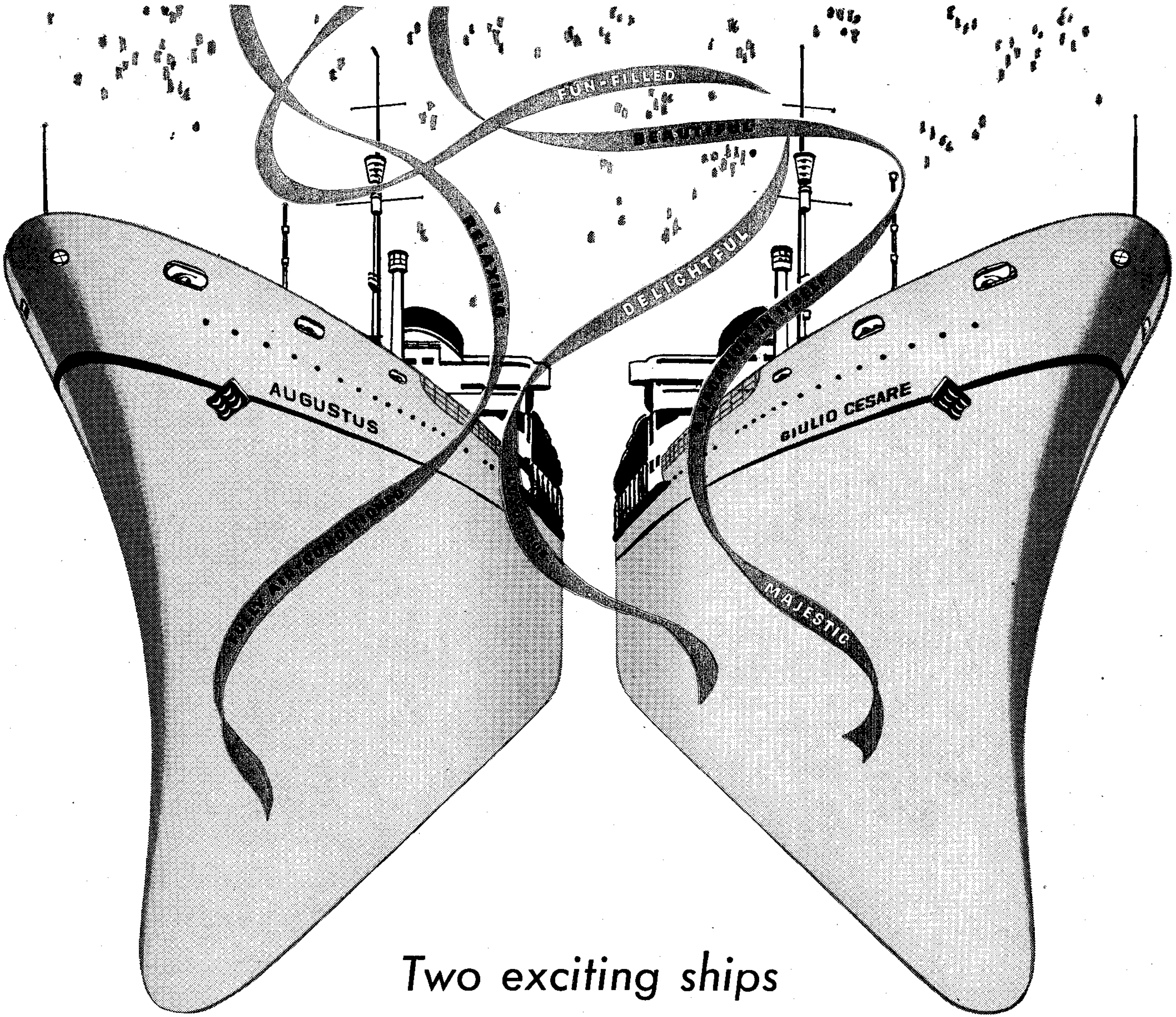
as the opera contained could be freely presented on the American stage cancelled out any possibility of making effective propaganda out of them. A further argument was that in Russia the very presence of the Negro cast, with their obvious affluence, their outspokenness, their cultivated, even worldly manner, would impress on the Russian people an image of the American Negro very different from the stereotype that has continued to make Harriet Beecher Stowe a best-selling author in the Soviet Union. *Variety*, the theatrical trade paper, reported a rumor that offered a more straightforward explanation of the State Department's refusal of backing. According to this rumor, the International Exchange Program—a branch of the American National Theatre and Academy (ANTA) whose advice on theatrical matters carries great weight in Washington—had registered opposition, on the ground that the State Department had already spent enough money on "Porgy and Bess" and should spread the funds at its disposal over a large number of cultural events in the exchange program.

Nonetheless, the State Department wished Everyman Opera the best of luck. Washington was not disowning the project but simply disinheriting it. Good wishes added little to Breen's bank account, however, and he was pondering the possibility of raising the necessary money by private subscription when there was an unexpected development: the Russians came forward with an offer to back the trip themselves. This gesture was obviously designed to embarrass the State Department, and there were American partisans of Breen's venture who welcomed it for that very reason, feeling that it might shame Washington into taking a less miserly position. They were mistaken. With the time growing short, Breen had a

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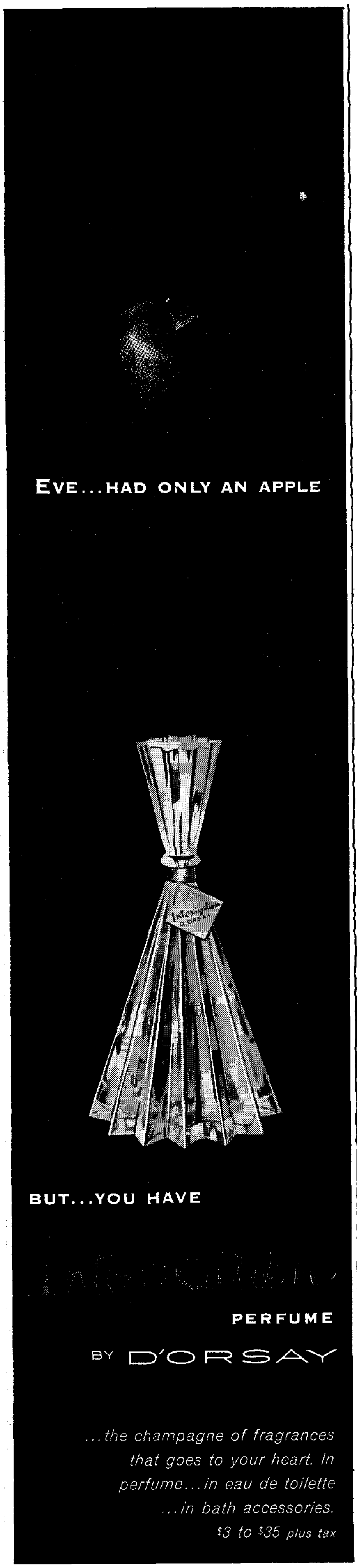
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choice of abandoning his plan or permitting the Soviet to capitalize on it. He was determined not to abandon it, and, accordingly, a contract, dated December 3, 1955, was drawn up in Moscow between the Ministry of Culture of the U.S.S.R. ("designated hereinafter under the name of the 'Ministry' ") and Everyman Opera ("designated hereinafter under the name of the 'Company' "). The contract, which consists of three and a half closely typed pages, contains several quaint items; the Ministry agrees, for example, to supply a Russian member of the cast—namely, "one domesticated she-goat." But the burden of the contract's business is contained in Article 5. When the writhings of language in this long clause are disentangled, it emerges that during its four-week stay in the Soviet Union the Everyman company is to receive weekly payments amounting to sixteen thousand dollars—a figure far below its customary fee, especially since the payments are to be made half "in U.S. Dollars in a bank check in New York" and half "in cash Rubles at the official rate." (As everyone knows, the official rate of exchange is four rubles to the dollar. Opinion varies as to what a fair exchange would be, but on the Moscow black market it is possible to get ten to one, and in Switzerland a person willing to risk detention in Siberia by transporting Russian currency out of the country could obtain a dollar for every fifteen rubles he got away with.) In addition to these monetary agreements, Article 5 promises that the Ministry will supply the company with "free lodging and food in first-class hotels or, when travelling, with sleeper accommodations and food in a dining car. Furthermore, it is understood and agreed that the Ministry pays all expenses for travelling of all members of the Company and the transportation of its scenic equipment to and through the Soviet Union and back to a European border of the Soviet Union."

All told, the Russians were agreeing to invest approximately a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in playing host to "Porgy and Bess." This should not be construed as cultural philanthropy; actually, it was a sound business proposition. If every performance sold out, as it was almost certain to do, the Ministry would double its investment; that is, the box office would gross the equivalent of three hundred thousand dollars. On the other hand, Everyman Opera stood to lose around four thousand dollars a week as a result of operating costs. The company assumed that Breen had de-

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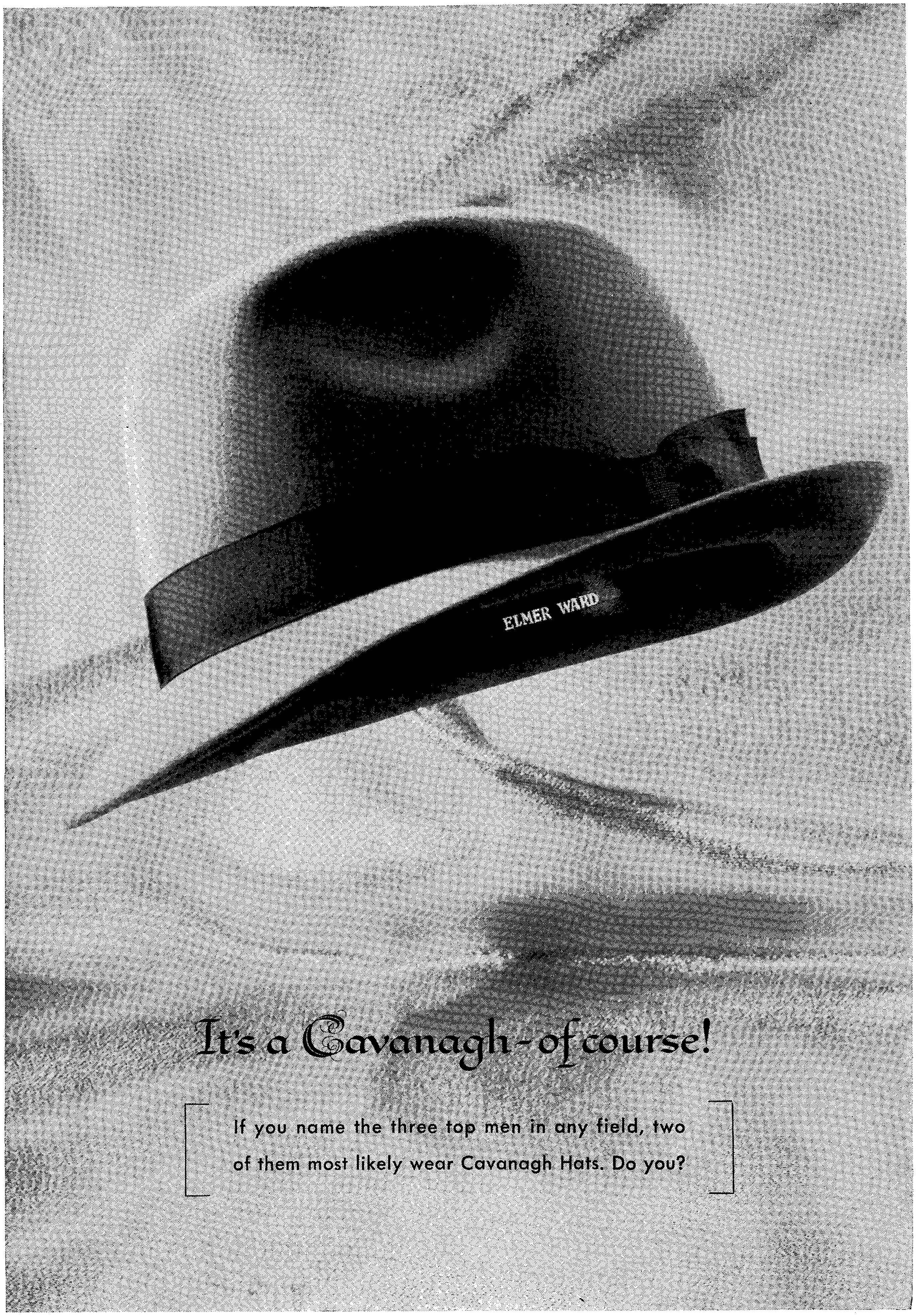

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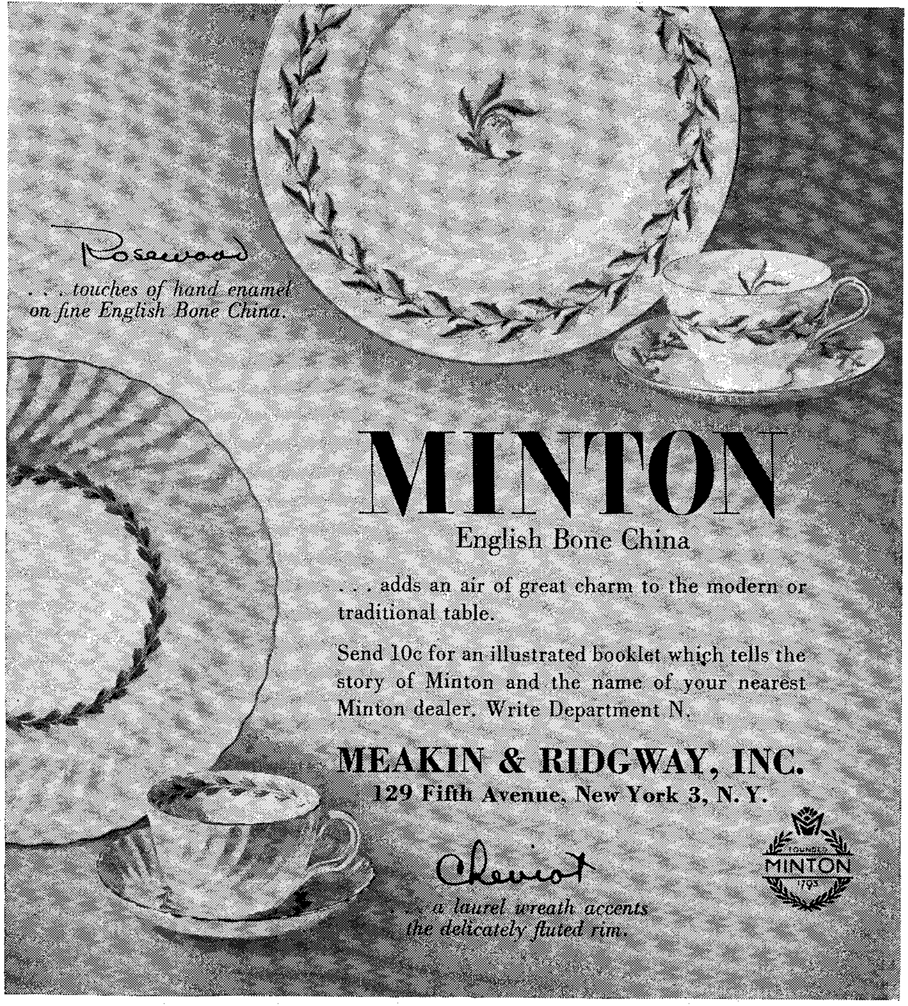
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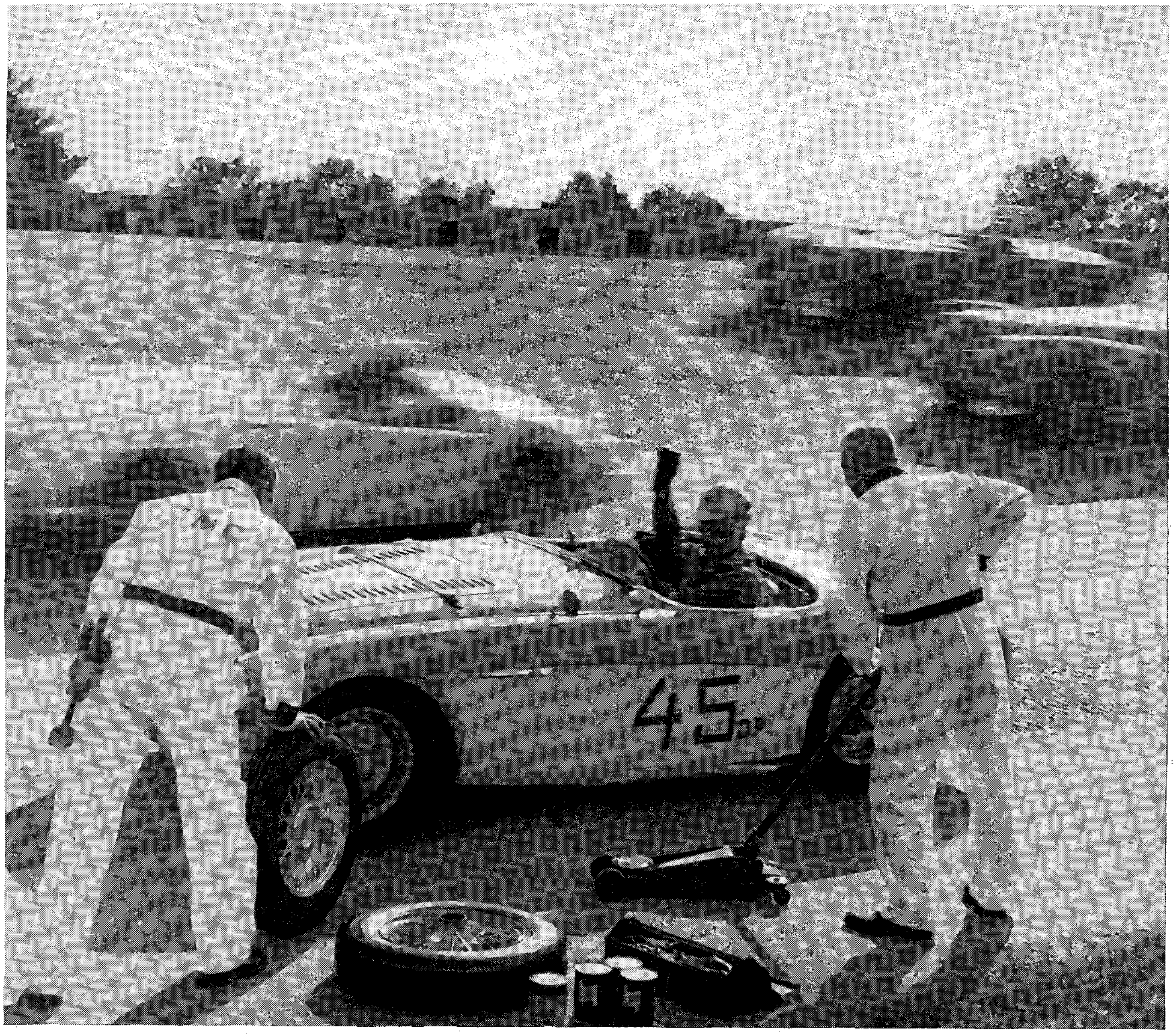
vised a formula for sustaining such a loss.

While Mrs. Breen was still talking to me about the "body blows" Everyman Opera had received, her husband returned from the rehearsal hall. She asked him if he'd like a drink, and he said he would, very much—straight brandy.

Breen is a medium-sized man of forty-one, partial to trim blue Eisenhower jackets and black frontier pants, which he wears with nylon shirts, preferably black or navy blue. He has thinning blond hair and is seldom seen, indoors or out, without a black beret. His face—pale and with a smoothly gaunt bone structure—can suggest wholly opposite personalities by a mere change of expression. In his solemn moments, which can last for hours, he presents a mask of brooding aloofness, as though he were posing for a photographer who had warned him not to move a muscle. Inevitably, one is reminded that Breen, like his wife, has acted professionally; as a matter of fact, he has played Hamlet, in a production that toured Europe soon after the end of the war and was staged at Elsinore itself. But when Breen relaxes, or when something catches his interest, his face undergoes a complete physical change, and becomes extremely lively and boyish, full of grinning good humor. Shyness and a look of vulnerability replace the remote air of seeming self-sufficiency. This dual aspect of Breen may explain why an Everyman Opera employee was able to say of him in one breath, "You never know where you stand with Mr. Breen," and in the next, "Anybody can take advantage of him. He's just too kind."

Breen took a swallow of brandy and beckoned me into the bathroom to see how one of the toy boats operated. It was a tin canoe with a windup Indian who paddled. "Isn't that wonderful?" he said as the Indian paddled back and forth across the tub. "Did you ever see anything like that?" He has the trained voice of an actor, "placed" in a low register, and as he speaks he moves his manicured hands, not in an excited, Latin style but in a gracefully slow, ritualistic manner, rather as though he were saying Mass. Indeed, Breen's earliest ambitions were ecclesiastical; before his interest turned toward the stage, he spent a year preparing to become a priest.

I asked him how the rehearsal had gone. "Well, it's a good cast," he said, "but they're a little spoiled. They take everything too much for granted. Curtain calls and ovations. Rave reviews. I



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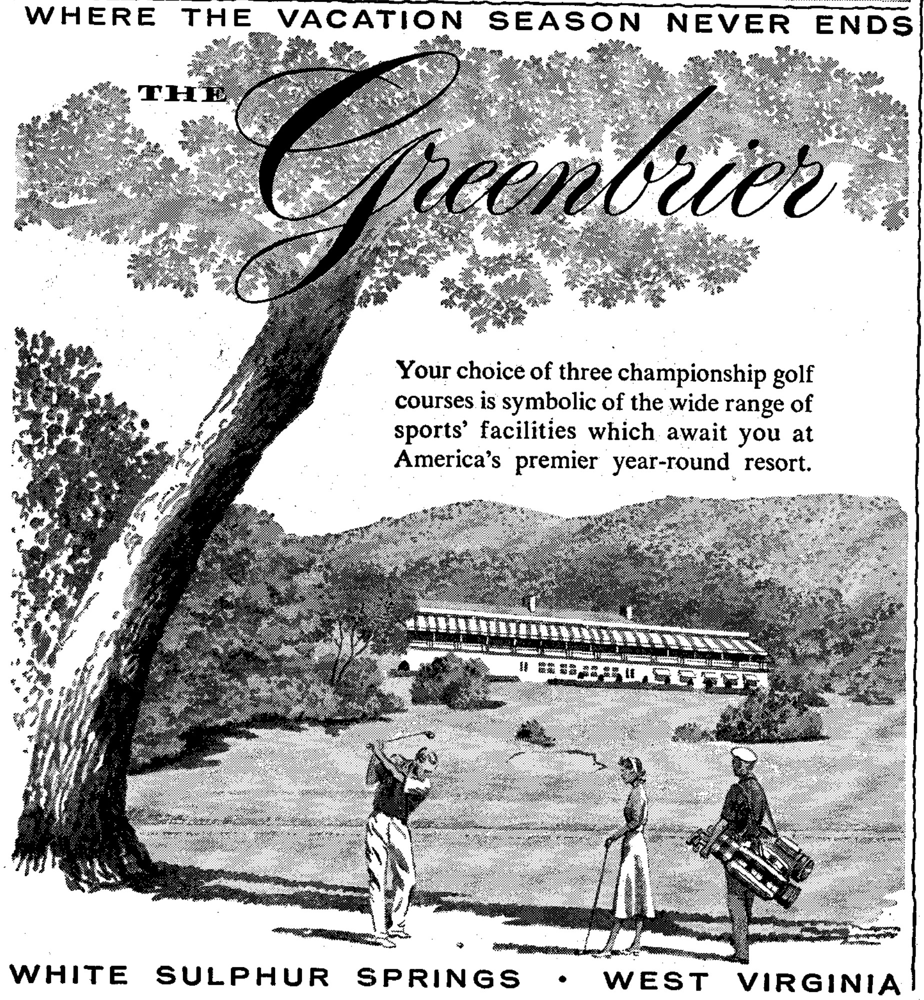
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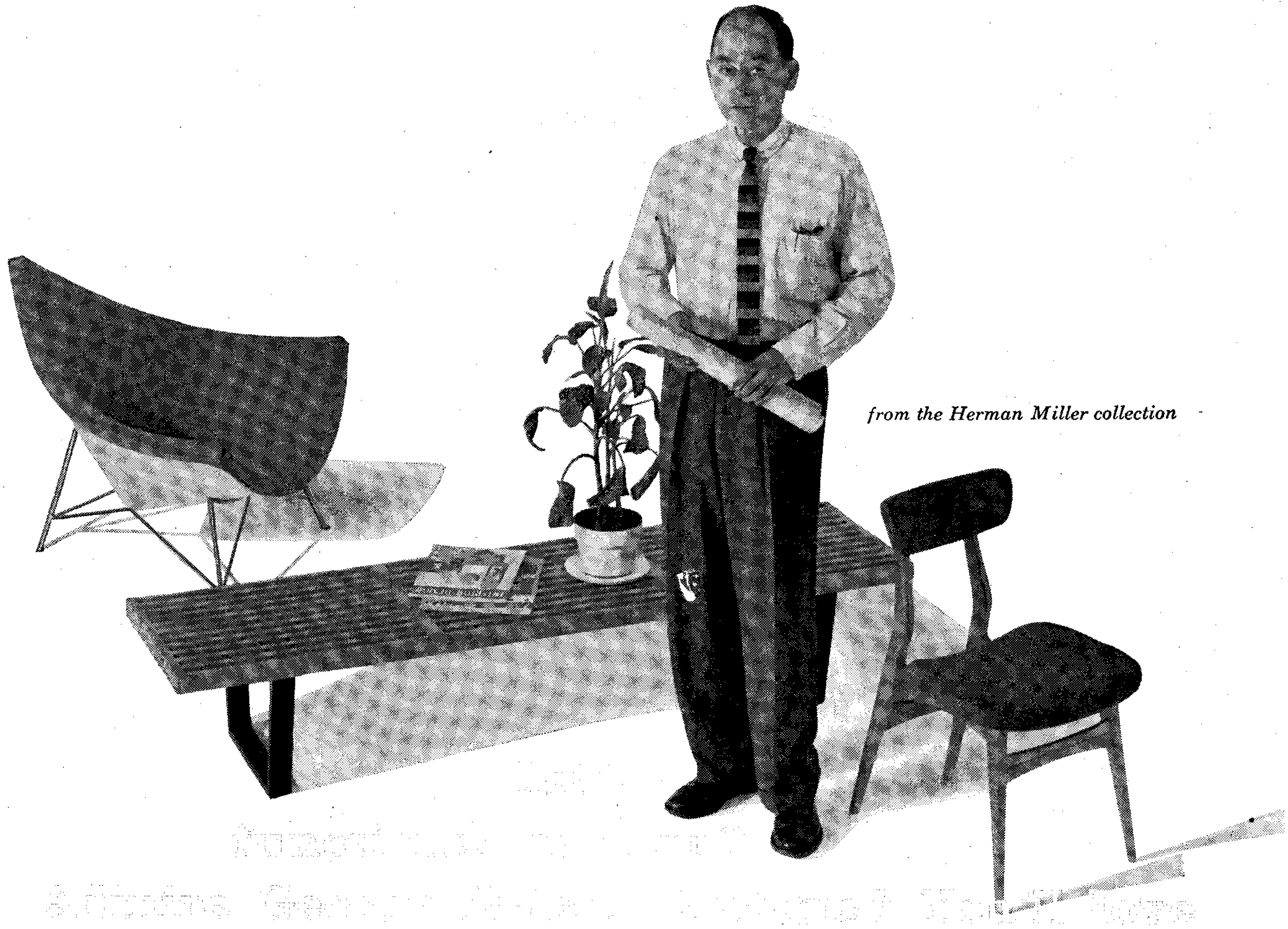
keep telling them I want them to understand that playing in Russia isn't just another engagement. We've got to be the best we've ever been."

If Breen expected the hope behind this last sentence to be fulfilled, then, in the estimation of some observers, he had his work cut out for him. The Gershwin opera was originally produced by the Theatre Guild in 1935, at which time it was something of a critical as well as a box-office failure. But in 1942, when Cheryl Crawford presented a revival, the press was enthusiastic and the production ran for nine months. It was in 1952 that Breen and his co-producer, Blevins Davis, again revived the opera. In 1953 it had a nine-month engagement on Broadway, and since then has toured the United States, South America, and Europe. The original Breen-Davis cast was headed by William Warfield, as Porgy; Leontyne Price, as Bess; and Cab Calloway, as Sportin' Life. Since that time, these stars had been replaced, and even their replacements replaced. To maintain a high level of performance is one of the chief headaches afflicting the producers of any long-run entertainment, and it becomes doubly hard if the show is on tour, for the strain of overnight hops, the dreamlike flow of rooms and restaurants, the electric emotional climate surrounding groups who live and work together constantly are all factors contributing to a cumulative fatigue, which is often reflected in the performance. Horst Kuegler, a Berlin music critic, had first seen "Porgy and Bess" three years earlier (it was then a part of the Berlin Cultural Festival), and he had been so enthusiastic about it he'd gone back to see it four more times; now, seeing it again, he felt that "although it was still full of energy and charm, the production has deteriorated greatly." For the past week, Breen had been rehearsing his cast to the limit Actors' Equity permits, but, whether or not the show could be whipped into prime shape, he had no qualms about the reception it would have at its Leningrad première. It was going to be a "bombshell." The Russians would be "stunned." And—an unassailable prediction—they wouldn't ever have seen anything like it.

As Breen was finishing his drink, his wife called from the next room, "You'd better get ready, Robert. They'll be here at six, and I've reserved a private dining room."

"Four Russians from the Embassy," Breen explained, seeing me to the door. "They're coming over for dinner. You



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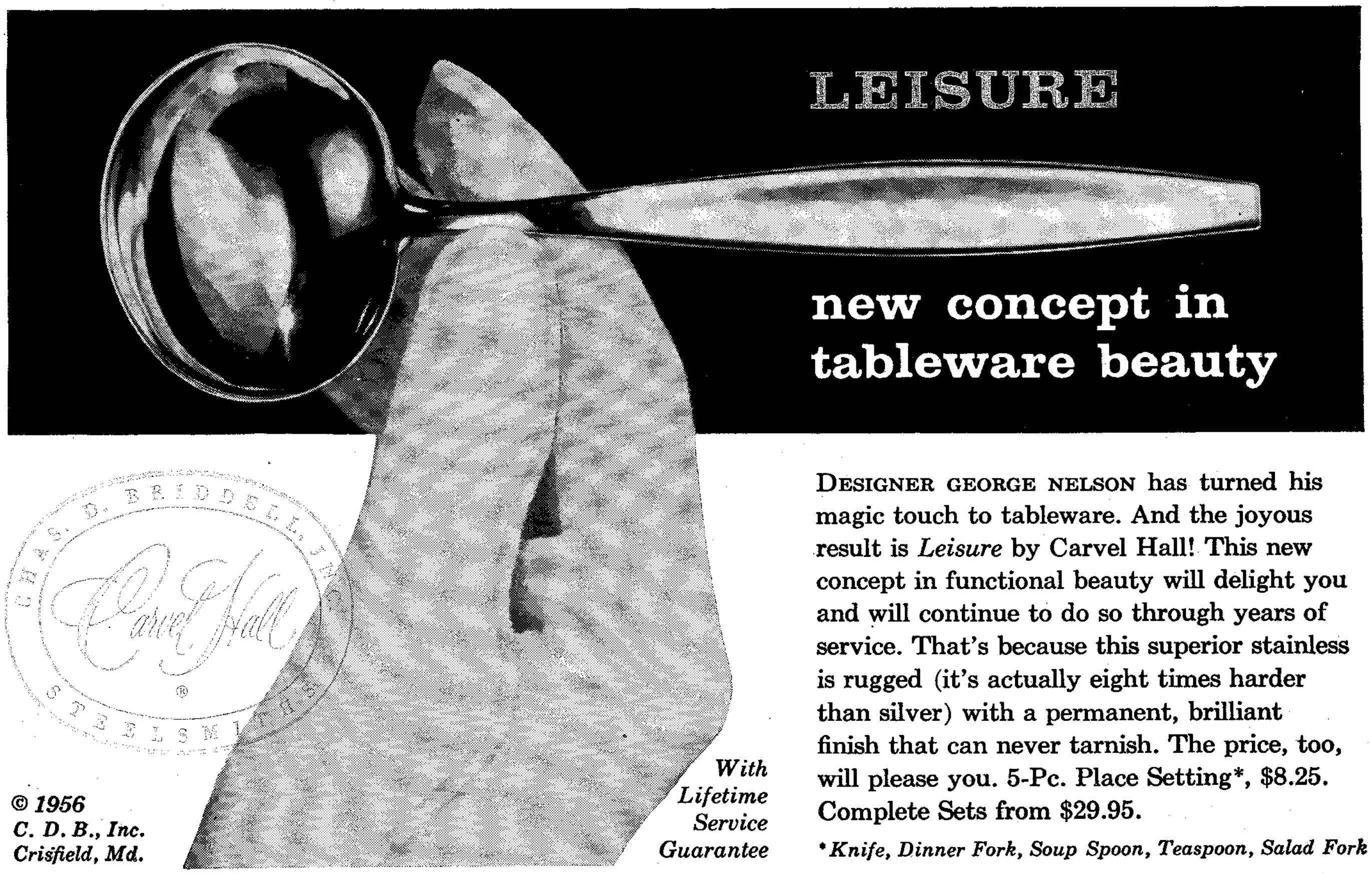

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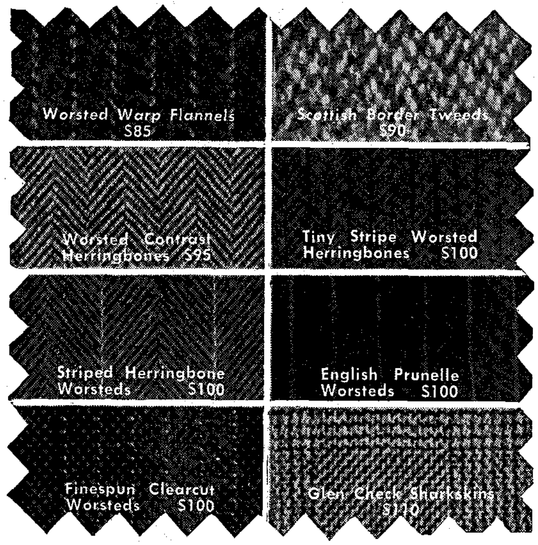
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know, get friendly. It's friendship that counts."

Shortly after I got back to my own room, the telephone rang. It was Miss Ryan. "Listen," she said. "How would you like to be in my compartment on the train? The way it works out, there are going to be four in a compartment, so I'm afraid we'll have to do as the Russians do. They always put boys and girls together. *Any*way, I'm helping assign the berths, and what with all the affections and frictions and those who want to be together and those who definitely do *not*—well, really, it's *fright*ening. And it would simplify the situation if you and I shared a compartment with the lovebirds."

"The lovebirds," I knew, were Earl Bruce Jackson, one of three actors alternating in the role of Sportin' Life, and Helen Thigpen, a soprano, who plays the part of Serena. Jackson and Miss Thigpen had been engaged for many months. According to Everyman Opera's publicity releases, they planned to be married in Moscow.

I told Miss Ryan the arrangement sounded satisfactory.

"That's brilliant," she said. "Well, see you on the train. If our visas ever come through . . ."

ON Monday, the nineteenth of December, the passports and visas still had not arrived. Around three o'clock that afternoon, nevertheless, a trio of chartered buses began circling through West Berlin to collect the personnel of Everyman Opera from the various hotels and *pensions* where they were staying, and to transport them to the East Station, in East Berlin, from which the Soviet Blue Express was scheduled to depart at four or six or midnight—no one seemed to know for certain which hour. A small group, referred to by Warner Watson as "our distinguished guests," waited together in the lobby of the Hotel Kempinski. These were persons who, though they had no direct connection with "Porgy and Bess," had been invited by the management to travel to Russia with the troupe. They included Herman Sartorius, a New York financier who was a close friend of Breen's; the newspaper columnist Leonard Lyons, who was described to the Russians in Everyman Opera's official roster as "Company Historian" (he would be mailing his history to the New York *Post*); and the novelist and Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Ira Wolfert, accompanied by his wife, Helen. Mr. Wolfert is on the staff of the *Reader's Digest*, and the Breens, who keep extensive scrapbooks, hoped he would do an article on their Russian adventures for that publication; Mrs. Wolfert is a poet.

Mr. Lyons paced the lobby, impatient for the bus to arrive. "I'm excited," he was saying to Herman Sartorius. "I can't sleep. Just before I left New York, Abe Burrows called me up. We live in the same building. He said, 'Do you know how cold it is in Moscow?' He heard on the radio it was forty below. That was day before yesterday. You got on your long underwear?" He hiked up a trouser leg to flash a stretch of red wool. Ordinarily a trim-looking man of average size, Lyons had prepared himself so well for the cold that, in his fur hat and fur-lined coat and gloves and shoes, he bulged like a shoplifter. "My wife, Sylvia, bought me three pairs of this underwear. At Saks. They're non-itch."

Sartorius, attired in a conservative business suit and topcoat, as though he were setting off for Wall Street, said no, he was not wearing long underwear. "I didn't have time to buy anything. Except a map. Did you ever try to buy a railroad map of Russia? Well, it's the damnedest thing. Had to turn New York inside out before I found one. Good to have on the train. Know where we are."

Lyons agreed. "But," he said, lowering his voice and with his alert black eyes snapping, "better keep it out of sight. They might not like it. A map."

"Hmm," said Sartorius, as though he could not quite follow the drift of Lyons' thought. "Yes, well, I'll keep that in mind." Sartorius has gray hair, and a height, a weight, and a gentlemanly reserve that inspire the kind of confidence a financier should inspire.

"I had a letter from a friend," continued Lyons. "President Truman. He wrote me I'd better be careful in Russia, because he was no longer in any position to bail me out. Russia! What a dateline!" He glanced around, as if looking for some sign that his elation was shared by the others.

Mrs. Wolfert said, "I'm hungry."

Her husband patted her on the shoulder. The Wolferts, who are the parents of grown children, resemble each other in that both have pink cheeks and silvering hair, and a long-married, settled calm. "That's all right, Helen," he said, between puffs on a pipe. "Soon as we get on the train, we'll go right to the dining car."

"Sure," said Lyons. "Caviar and vodka."

Miss Ryan came racing through the

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lobby, her blond hair flying, her coat flapping. "Don't stop me! There's a crisis!" She stopped, of course, and said, "*Now* they tell us! Ten minutes before we leave! That there's no dining car on the train. And there *won't* be—not until we reach the Russian border. That may take hours!"

"I'm *hungry*," said Mrs. Wolfert plaintively.

Miss Ryan said, "We're doing the best we can," and hurried off. By which she meant that the management of Everyman Opera was out scouring the delicatessens of Berlin.

IT was turning dark and mist was sifting through the streets when our bus arrived, at about four-thirty. Taking aboard a joking, shouting full load of passengers, still without passports, it rumbled off toward the Brandenburg Gate, where the Communist world begins.

In the bus, I sat behind a couple—a young, pretty member of the cast and an emaciated youth who was supposed to be a West German journalist. They had met in a Berlin jazz cellar, and presumably he had fallen in love; at any rate, he was now seeing her off, amid whispers and tears and soft laughter. As we neared the Brandenburg Gate, he announced that he must get off the bus. "It would be dangerous for me to go into East Berlin," he said. (In retrospect, this was an interesting remark, because a few weeks later who should turn up in Russia, grinning and swaggering and with no plausible explanation of how he'd got there, but this selfsame young man, still claiming to be a West German journalist and in love.)

Beyond the Brandenburg Gate, we rode for forty minutes through the blackened acres of bombed-out East Berlin. When we reached the station, we found that the two buses with the rest of the company had arrived ahead of us. We joined the others on the platform where the Blue Express stood waiting. Mrs. Gershwin was there, supervising the loading of her luggage onto the train. She was wearing a nutria coat, and over her arm she carried a mink coat in a zippered plastic bag. "Oh, the mink's for Russia, darling," she said. "Darling, why do they call it the Blue Express? When it's not blue at all?"

It was green—a sleek string of dark-green cars hitched to a diesel engine. The letters "CCCP," the Russian equivalent of "U.S.S.R.," were painted in yellow on the side of each car, and below them, in different languages, the

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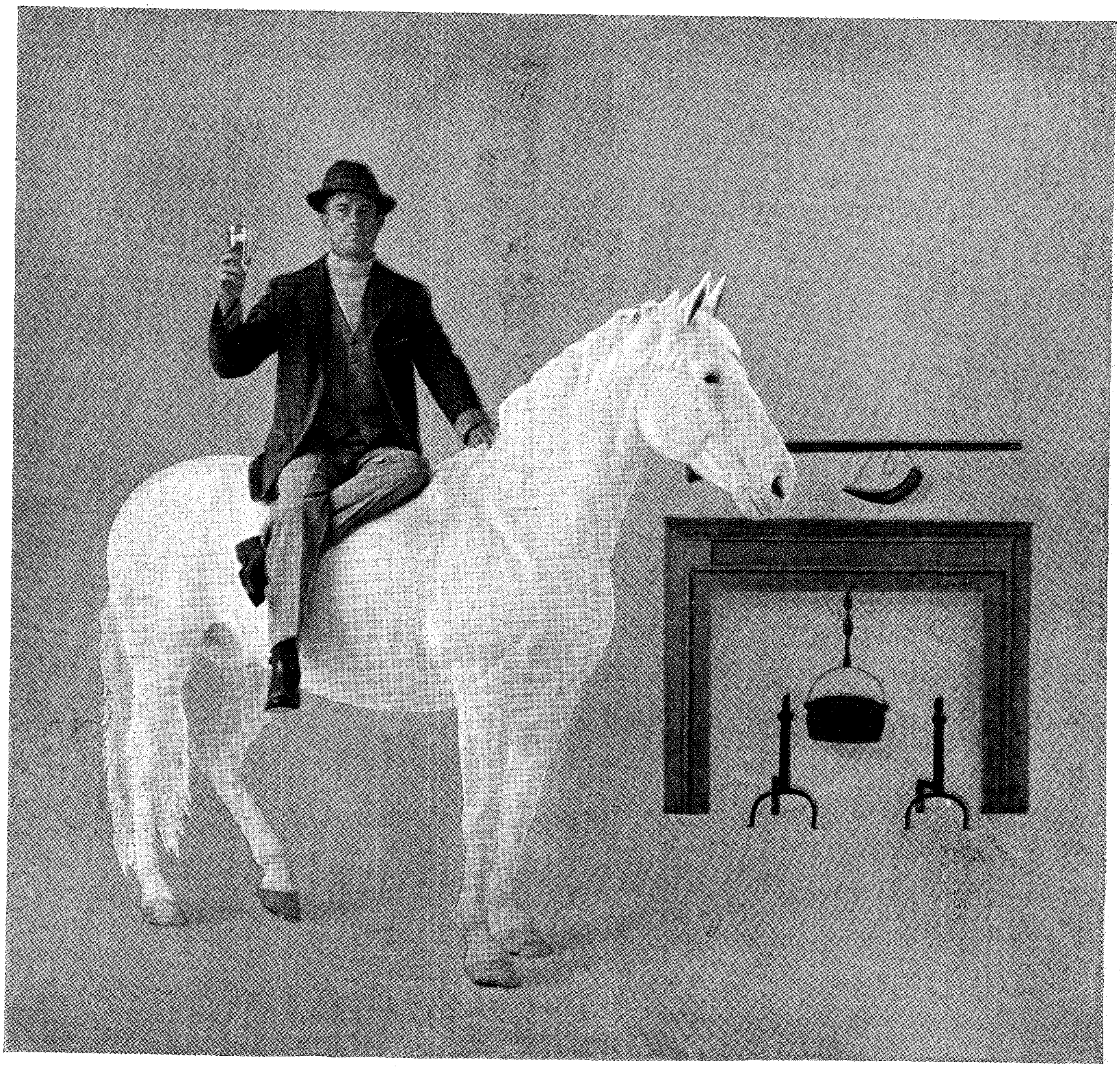

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principal stops on the train's itinerary: Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow. Soviet railway officials, elegantly turned out in black Persian-lamb hats and flaring princesse-style coats, were stationed at the entrances to each car. Sleeping-car attendants, more humbly dressed, stood beside them. Both the officials and the attendants were smoking cigarettes in long, vamp-type holders. As they watched the confusion around them, the excited milling about of the troupe, they managed to preserve a stony lack of interest, despite the attentions of some of the Americans, who approached boldly and stared at them as though amazed, and rather peeved, to discover that Russians had two eyes correctly located.

A man from the cast walked over to one of the officials. "Tell me something, kid," he said, indicating the lettering on the side of the train. "What's that mean—'CCCP'?"

The Russian pointed his cigarette holder at the man. Frowning, he said, "*Sie sind Deutsch?*"

The actor laughed. "I'd make a kind of funny-looking German," he said. "Seems to me I would."

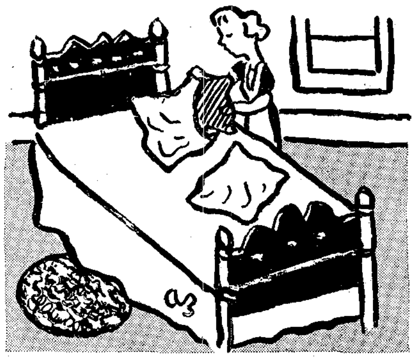
A second Russian, the car attendant, spoke up. "*Sind sie nicht Deutsch?*"

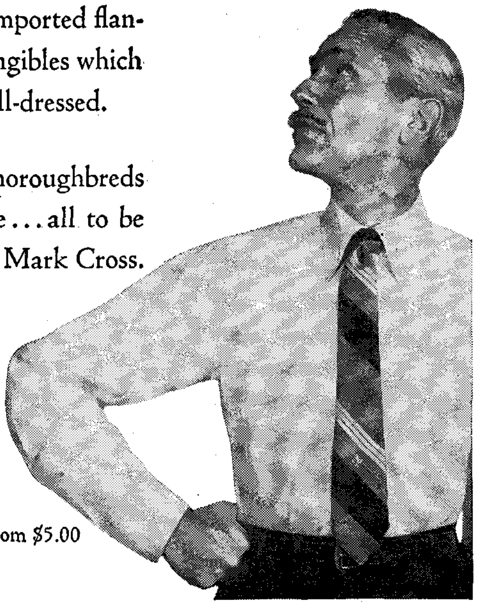
"Man," said the actor, "let's us settle this misery." He glanced down the platform and beckoned to Robin Joachim, a young Russian-speaking New Yorker whom Everyman Opera had hired to go along on the trip as an interpreter.

The two Russians smiled with pleasure when Joachim began to talk to them in their own language; pleasure gave way to astonishment as he explained that the passengers boarding their train were not Germans but *Amerikantsy*, on their way to perform an opera in Leningrad and Moscow.

"Isn't that peculiar?" said Joachim, turning to a group of listeners that included Leonard Lyons. "Nobody told them a thing about us being on the train. They never heard of 'Porgy and Bess.' "

Lyons, the first of the Americans to recover from the shock of this news,





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whipped out a notebook and pencil. "Well, what do they think? What's their reaction?"

"Oh, they couldn't be happier," said Joachim. "They're delirious with joy."

It was true that the Russians were nodding and laughing. The official gave the attendant a hearty slap on the back and shouted an order.

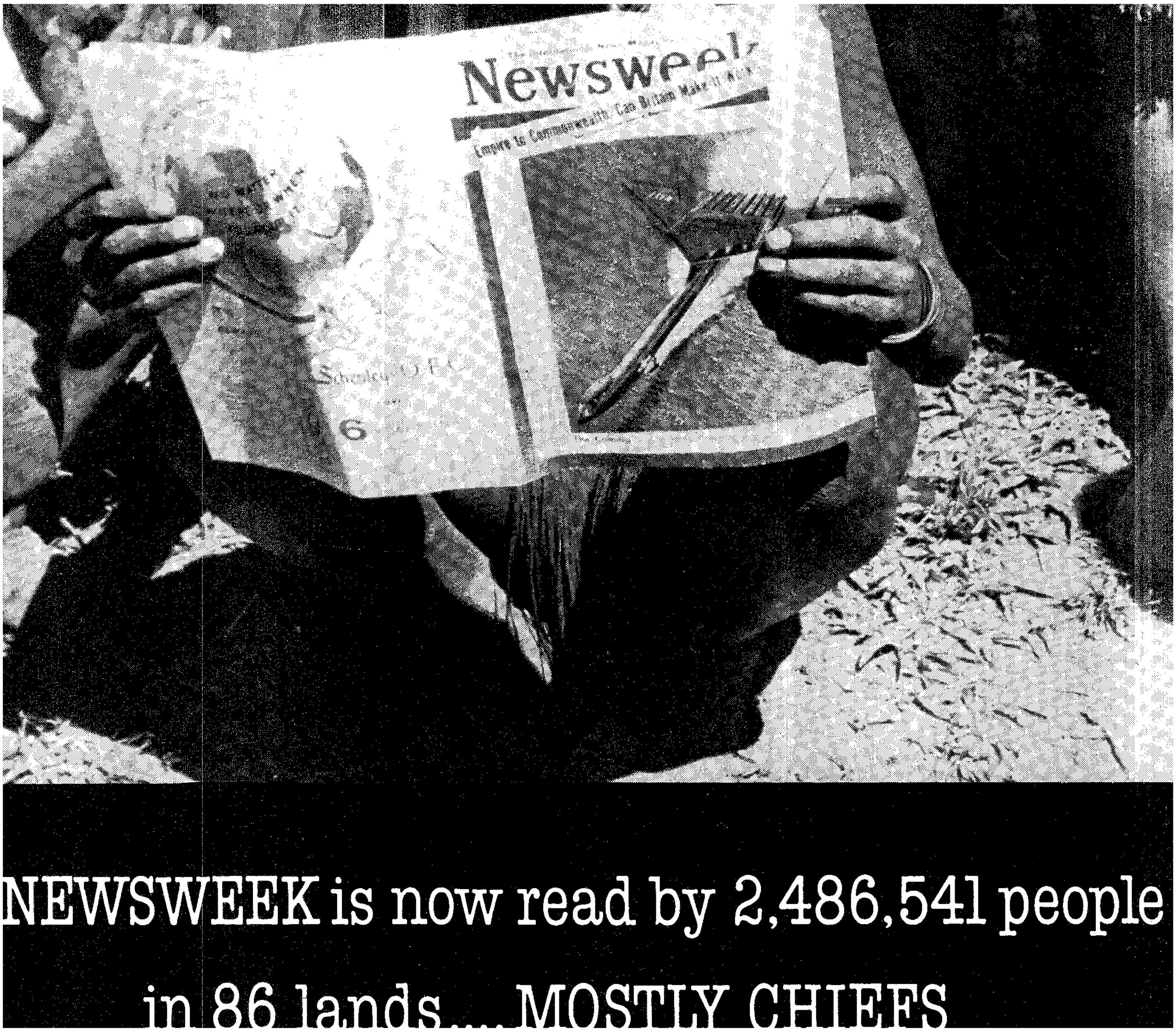
"What did he say?" asked Lyons, pencil poised.

Joachim said, "He told him to go heat up the samovar for tea."

The station clock said six-five, and there were signs of departure. Whistles were blown. Doors clanged. In the corridors of the train, a radio began blaring out martial music, and the company, now all aboard, were hanging out the windows waving at the dispirited East German luggage porters, none of whom had received the "capitalist insult"—as we'd been warned the People's Democracies consider it—of a tip. Suddenly, from every window, cheers went up. They were for the Breens, who were plunging along the platform, followed by a wagonload of food supplies—cardboard cases of apples and oranges, frankfurters, rolls and sweet buns, cold cuts, beer and wine. There was just time to carry the cases onto the train before the military fanfare from the radio reached a crescendo and the Breens, watching with parental smiles, saw their unprecedented project slide away from them into the night.

THE space to which I'd been assigned was Compartment 6, in Car 2. It was larger than an ordinary Wagons-Lits compartment, and had a certain decorativeness, despite the presence of a radio loudspeaker that could not be completely turned off and a blue light bulb burning in the ceiling that could not be extinguished. Inside, the Blue Express *was* blue: the walls and ceiling of the compartment were, and the window was framed in blue plush curtains, which matched the upholstery. There was a small table between the seats, and on it a lamp with a rosy silk shade.

Earl Bruce Jackson and Helen Thigpen were sitting across from each other at the table, and Jackson was peeling an orange, which he had brought along in a paper bag. He is tall and lean, a live wire with slanting eyes and a saturnine face. He affects a chin mustache, and his hands are radiant with rings—diamonds and sapphires and rubies. "Peace, brother, peace," he said as he looked up and noticed me watching him. "That's the word." And he went back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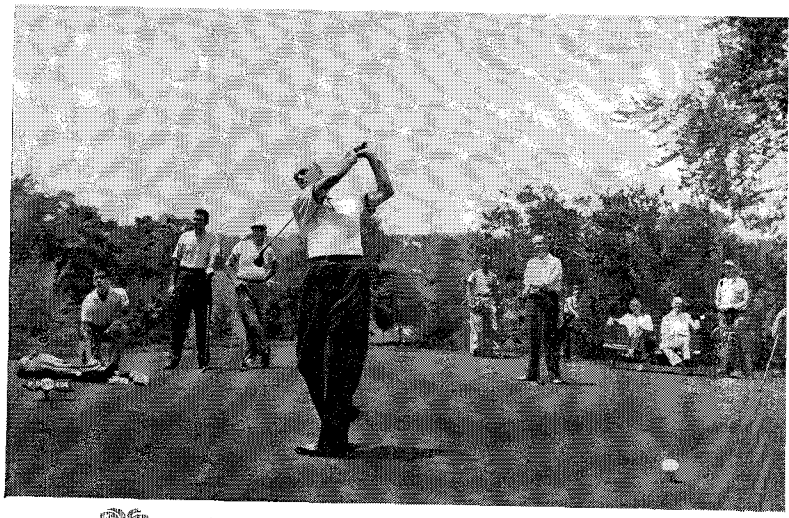

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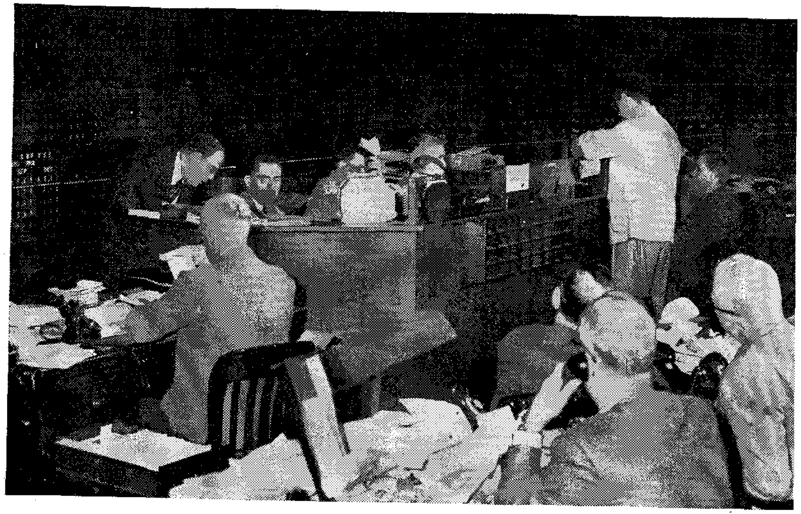

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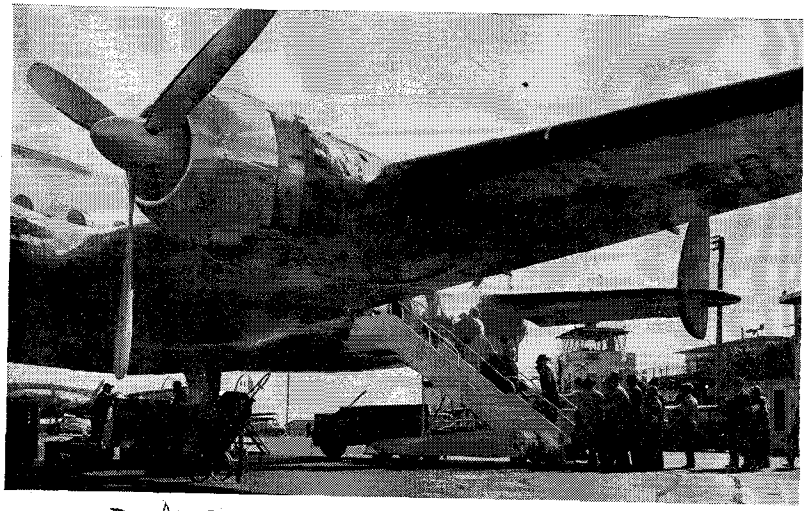

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to peeling the orange, letting the peels drop on the floor.

"No, Earl," said Miss Ryan. "That's *not* the word. The word is keep things tidy. Put your orange peels in the ashtray. After all"—she looked out the window, where the lonely last lights of East Berlin were fading—"this is going to be our home for a hell of a long time."

"That's right, Earl. Our home," said Miss Thigpen.

"Peace, brother, peace. That's the word," said Jackson.

Miss Ryan began to distribute part of the last-minute picnic the Breens had provided. With a sigh, Miss Thigpen refused a bottle of beer and a salami sandwich. "I don't know what I'll eat. There's nothing goes with my diet. Since I met Earl, I went on a diet and lost fifty-six pounds. Five tablespoons of caviar add up to one hundred and fifty calories."

"*This* isn't caviar, for God's sake," said Miss Ryan, her mouth full of salami sandwich.

"I'm thinking of the future," said Miss Thigpen glumly. She yawned. "Anybody object if I slip into my negligee? Might as well make ourselves comfortable."

Miss Thigpen, who was a concert artist before she joined "Porgy and Bess" four years ago, is a small, plump woman, lavishly powdered. She customarily wears the highest heels and the tallest hats she can find, and generous sprinklings of Joy, "The Costliest Perfume in the World."

"Hi there, good-lookin'," said Jackson, admiring his fiancée. "The number to play is seven-seventy-three, and peace is the word. Ooble-ee-do!"

Miss Thigpen ignored these remarks. "Earl," she said, "it *was* São Paulo, wasn't it, honey?"

"Was what?"

"Where we got engaged."

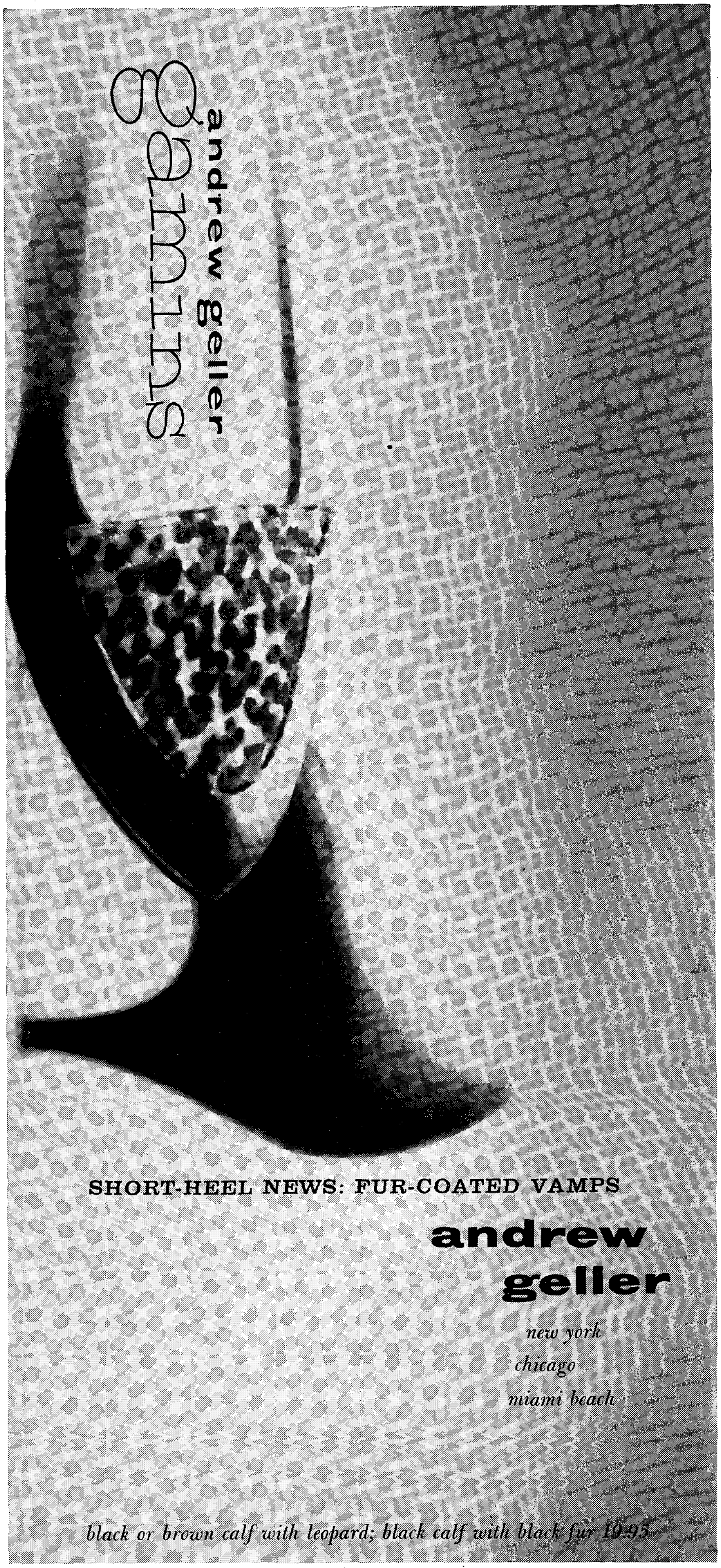
"Yeah. São Paulo, Brazil."

Miss Thigpen seemed relieved. "That's what I told Mr. Lyons. He wanted to know. He's the one writes for the paper. You met him?"

"Yeah," said Jackson. "I rubbed palms with that cat."

"Maybe you heard?" said Miss Thigpen to me. "About us being married in Moscow. It was Earl's idea. I didn't even know we were engaged. I lost fifty-six pounds, but I didn't know we were engaged until Earl had this idea about us being married in Moscow."

"Bound to be a big story," said Jackson, and though he snapped his glitter-



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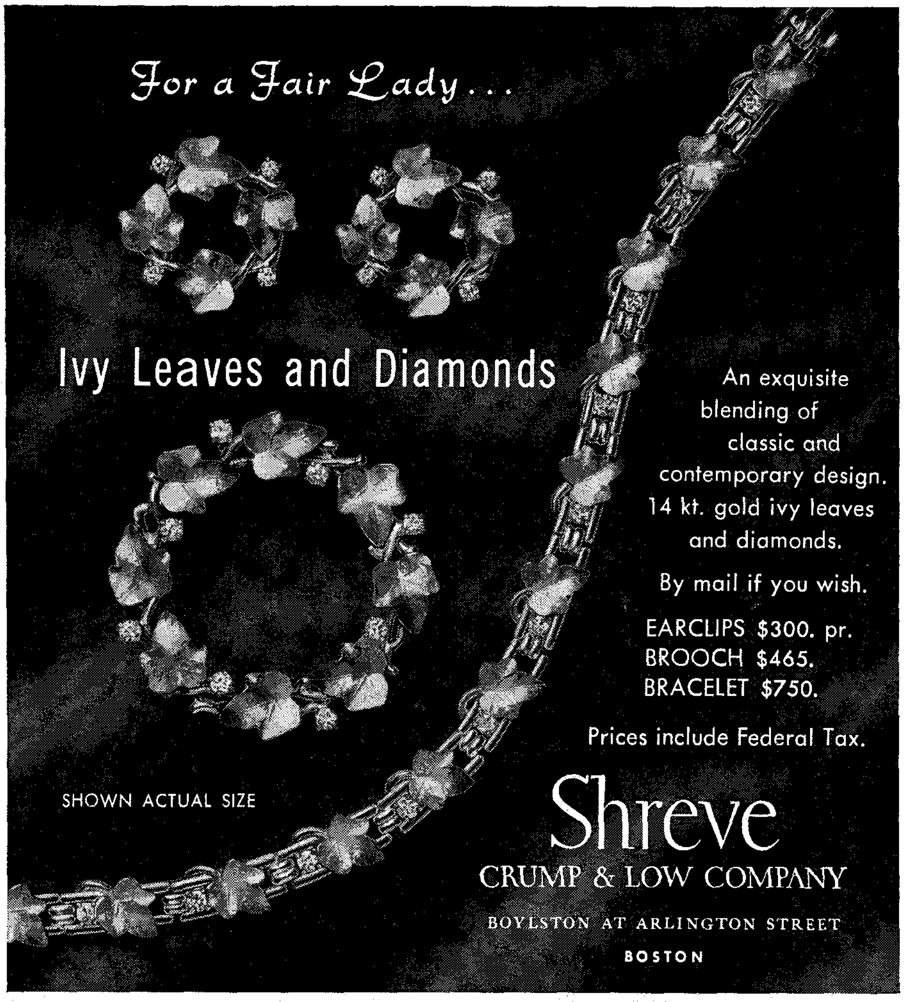
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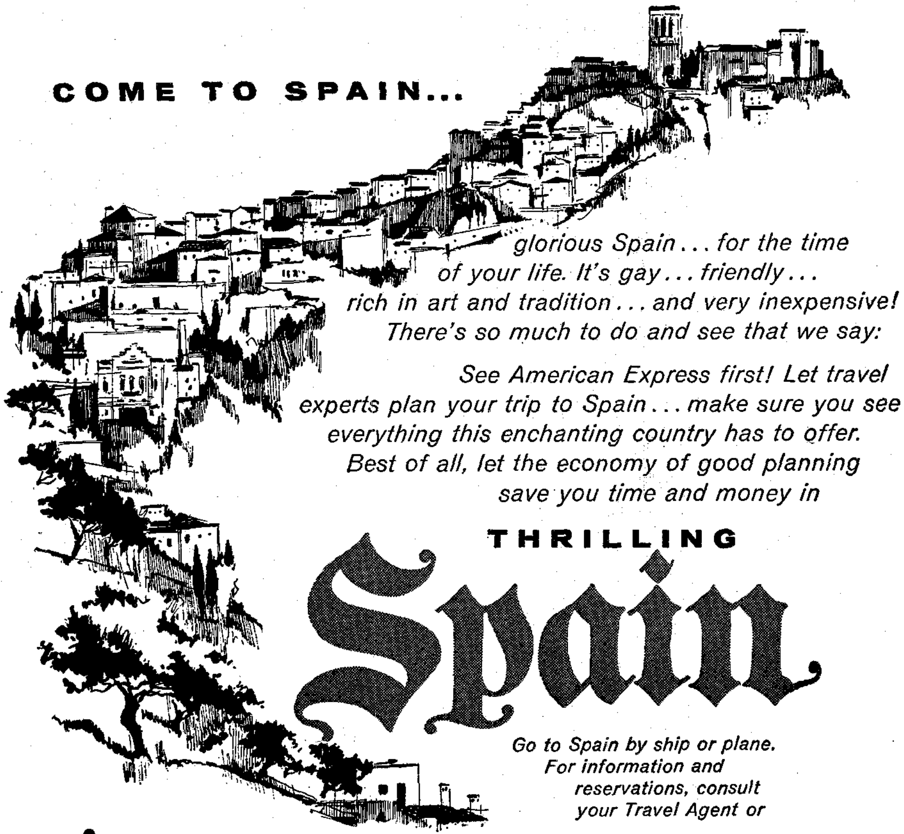
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ing fingers, his tone was serious and slow; he seemed to be thinking long thoughts. "The first couple of Negro Americans married in Moscow since the war. That's front-page. That's TV." He turned to Miss Thigpen. "And I don't want you to go telling that cat Lyons anything about it. Not till we're sure the magnetic vibrations are right. With a big thing like this, you got to feel the right vibrations."

Miss Thigpen said, "You ought to see Earl's wedding suit. He had it made in Munich."

"Crazy, man, crazy," said Jackson. "Brown tails with champagne satin lapels. Shoes to match, natch. But, man, nobody's going to see *none* of it, not till The Day."

I asked when that would be, and Jackson admitted that no exact date had been set. "Mr. Breen's handling all the arrangements. He's talking to the Russians. It'll be a big thing for them, too."

"Sure," said Miss Ryan, retrieving orange peels from the floor. "Put Russia on the map."

Miss Thigpen, in her negligee, settled down in a corner seat, put her feet up, and prepared to study a musical score, but she seemed troubled, unable to concentrate. "What bothers me, it won't be legal. Back home, in several states, they don't consider it legal, people married in Russia."

"*What* states?" said Jackson, as though resuming a tedious argument with her.

Miss Thigpen thought. "Several," she said, finally.

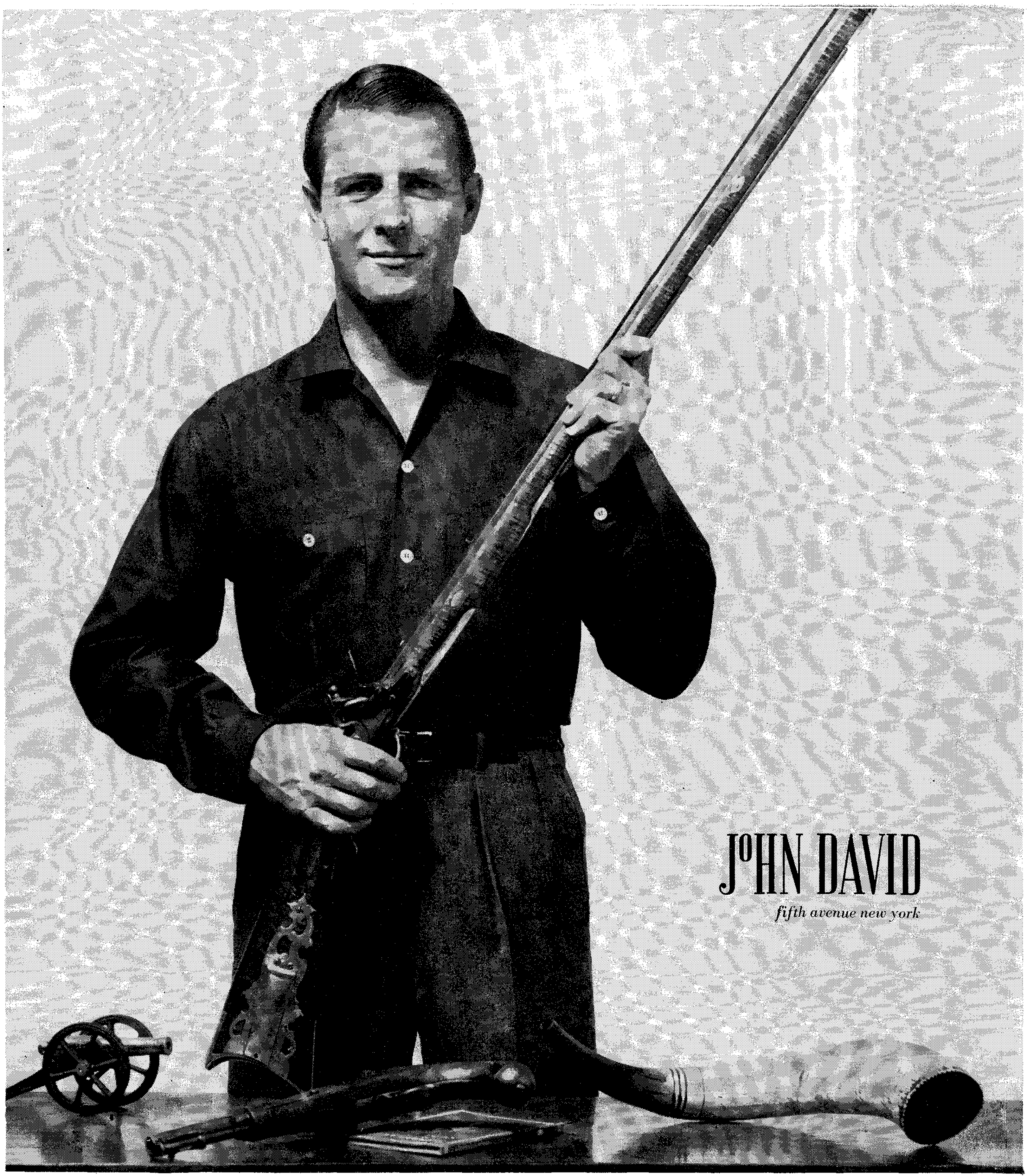
"It's legal in all states," he told her, accurately. "So what have you got to worry about?"

"Earl," said Miss Thigpen wearily, "why don't you go find your friends and have a game of tonk?" Tonk, popular with some members of the cast, is a five-card variation of ordinary rummy.

Jackson complained that it was useless for him to try getting up a game. "There's nowhere for us to play. All the sharps are bunked in with a lot of squares."

The door of our compartment was open. Ducky James, a blond, boyish Englishman, who was then prop man for the production, passed by, announcing, in his Cockney accent, "Anybody wants a drink, we've set up a bar in our place. Martinis . . . Manhattans . . . Scotch . . . ."

"That Ducky!" said Miss Thigpen. "If *he's* not the lucky one! I don't wonder he's handing out drinks. You



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know what happened to him? Just before we got on the train, along comes this telegram. His aunt died and left him ninety thousand pounds."

Jackson whistled. "How much is that in real money?"

"Two hundred and seventy thousand dollars, thereabouts," said Miss Thigpen. Then, as her future husband stood up to leave the compartment, she asked, "Where you going, Earl?"

"Just thought I'd find out if Ducky plays tonk."

PRESENTLY, we had a visit from Twerp, a white boxer puppy, who trotted gaily into the compartment. She belongs to the company's wardrobe mistress, a young woman from Brooklyn named Marilyn Putnam. She soon appeared, calling, "Twerp! Twerp! . . . Oh, *there* you are."

Miss Putnam scooped up her puppy and kissed its forehead. She turned to leave and almost collided in the doorway with a girl who stood there crying. "Why, Delirious, darling!" Miss Putnam said. "What's the matter—are you sick?"

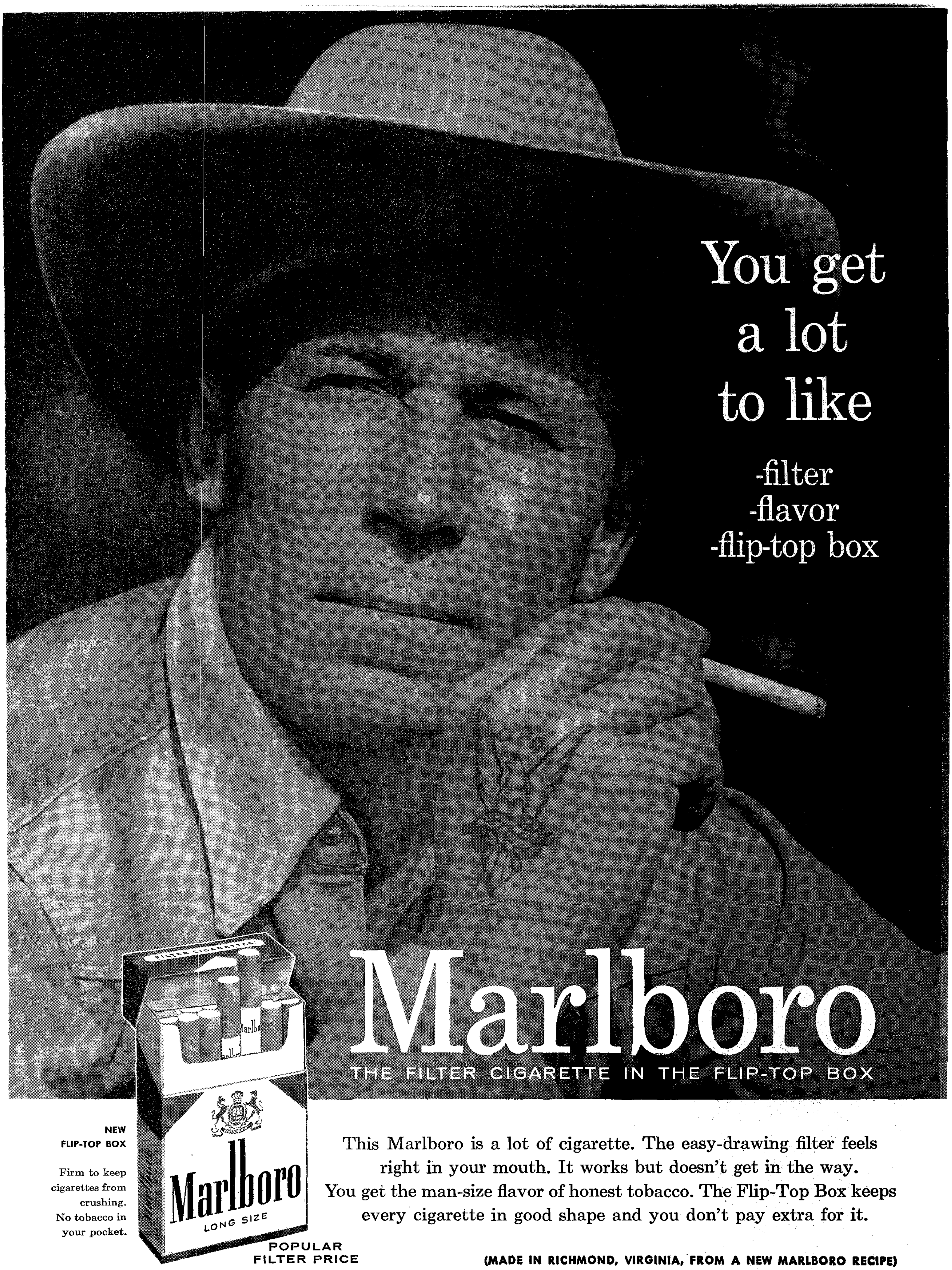
The girl shook her head. Her chin trembled, her large eyes swam with fresh tears.

"Delirious, honey, don't take on so," said Miss Thigpen. "Sit down. Say what's wrong."

The girl sat down. Her name, I knew, was Dolores Swan, but, like many other members of the cast, she had acquired a nickname. A singer in the chorus, she has red poodle-cut hair and round, gray-brown eyes; her pale-gold face is as round as her eyes, giving her an air of showgirl innocence. She swallowed, and wailed, "I lost both my coats. Both of them. My fur coat and the blue one, too. I left them back there in the station. Not insured or anything."

Miss Thigpen made a clucking sound with her tongue. "Only *you* could do a thing like that, Delirious."

"But it wasn't my fault," said Miss Swan. "It's because I was so scared. You see, I got left behind. I missed the bus. And it was terrible, running around trying to find a taxi to take me to the station. Because none of them wanted to go to *East* Berlin. Well, finally this man spoke English and he felt sorry for me and he said he would. Well, it was terrible. Because police kept stopping us and asking questions and wanting to see papers and— Oh, I was sure I was going to be left there in the pitch black with police and Communists and what all. I was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sure I'd never see any of you again."

Reliving her ordeal brought on more tears. Miss Ryan poured her a brandy, and Miss Thigpen squeezed her hand, saying, "It's all right, honey."

"But you can imagine how I felt, and how relieved I was when I got to the station—and there everybody was, and you hadn't left without me. I wanted to hug everybody. I put down my coats to hug Ducky, and I hugged Ducky and forgot about my coats. Until just now."

"Think of it like this, Delirious," said Miss Thigpen, as though searching for a comforting phrase. "Just tell yourself you're the only person who ever went to Russia without a coat."

"I know another claim that we can *all* make," said Miss Ryan. "Not only unique but nuts. I mean here we are, rattling off to Russia without our passports. No passports, no visas, no nothin'."

Half an hour later, when the train stopped at Frankfurt an der Oder, which marks the German-Polish border, a delegation of officials boarded the train and, quite literally, dumped the company's long-absent passports in Warner Watson's lap.

"I don't understand it," said Watson, trailing through the train delivering the passports to their owners. "This very morning, the Russian Embassy told me the passports had gone to Moscow. Now they suddenly turn up at the Polish border."

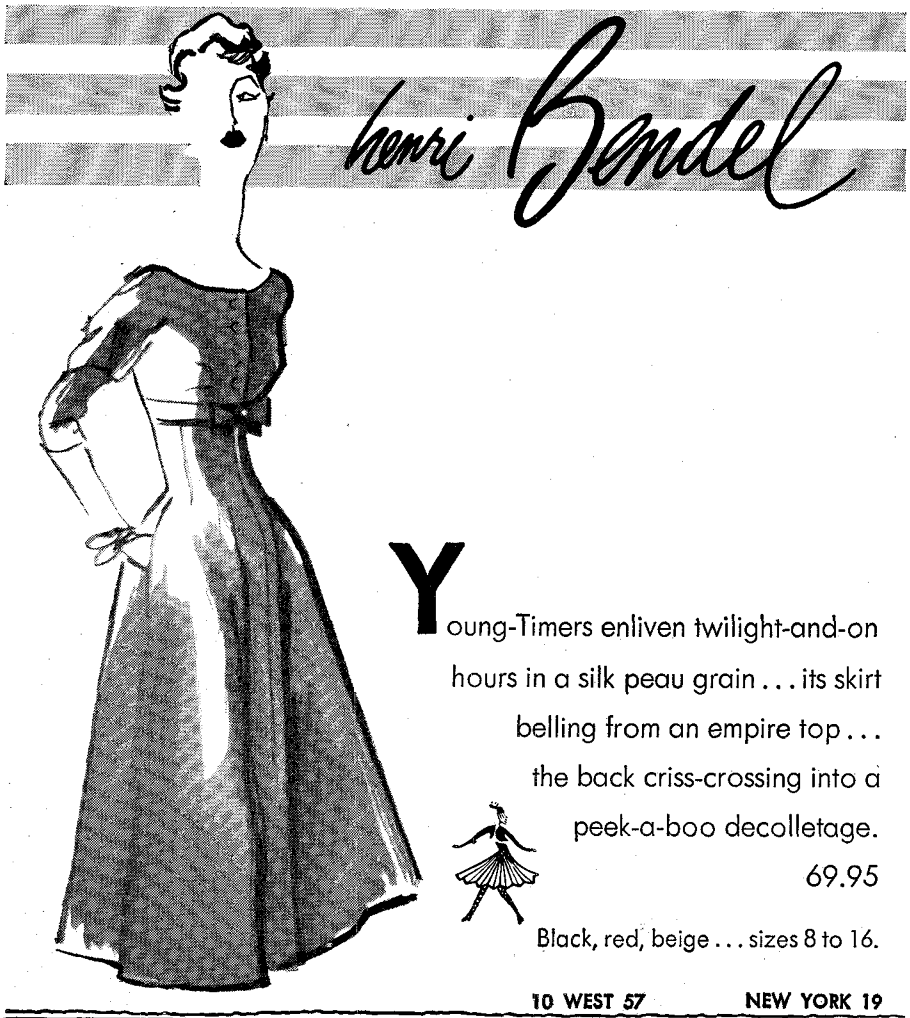
Miss Ryan quickly riffled through her little green book and found only blankness where the Russian visa should have been stamped. "For God's sake, Warner. There's nothing here," she said.

"They've issued a collective visa. They have, or they're going to—don't ask me which," said Watson, his timid, tired voice skidding into a hoarse whisper. His skin was gray, and under his eyes purple bruises of fatigue were as prominent as paint.

"But, Warner . . ."

Watson held up a protesting hand. "I'm not human," he said. "I've got to go to bed. I'm going to go to bed and stay there until we get to Leningrad."

The train was scheduled to stop at the border for forty minutes. I decided to get off and look around. At the end of the car, I found the door open and started down the iron steps leading onto the tracks. Far ahead I could see the lights of a station, and a misty red lantern swinging back and forth, but it was dark where I was, except for the yellow squares of light from the train's



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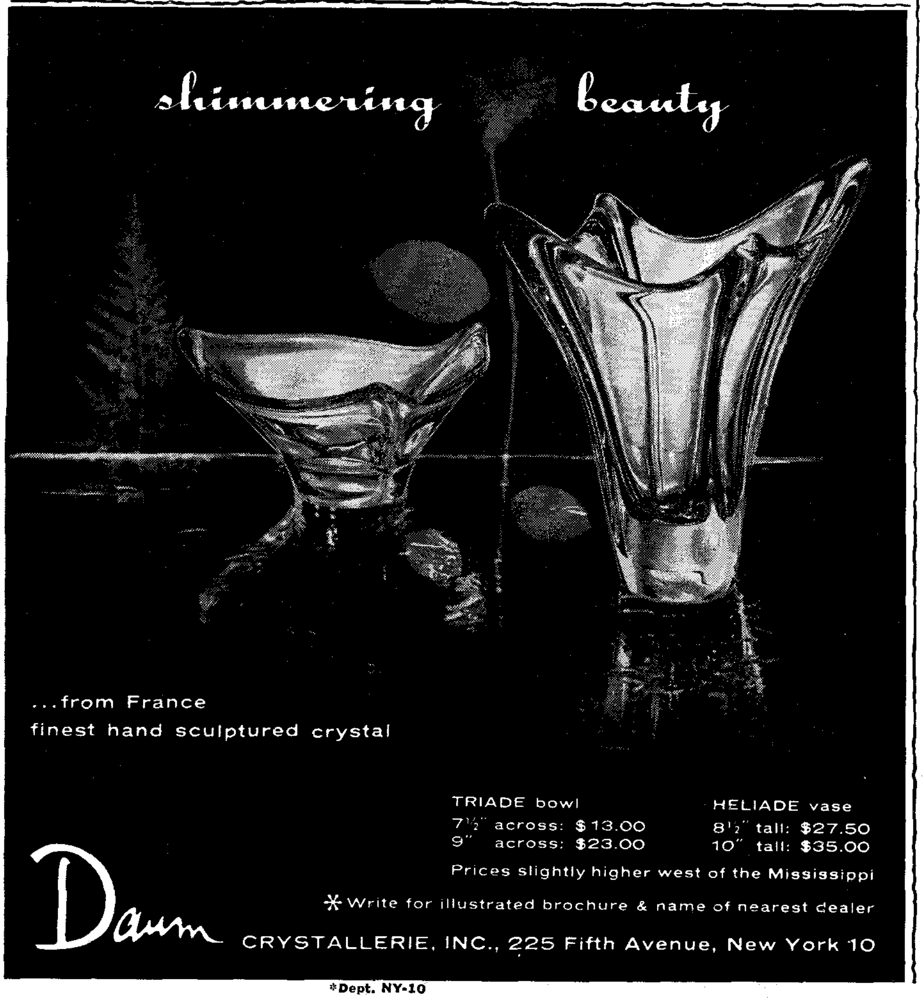

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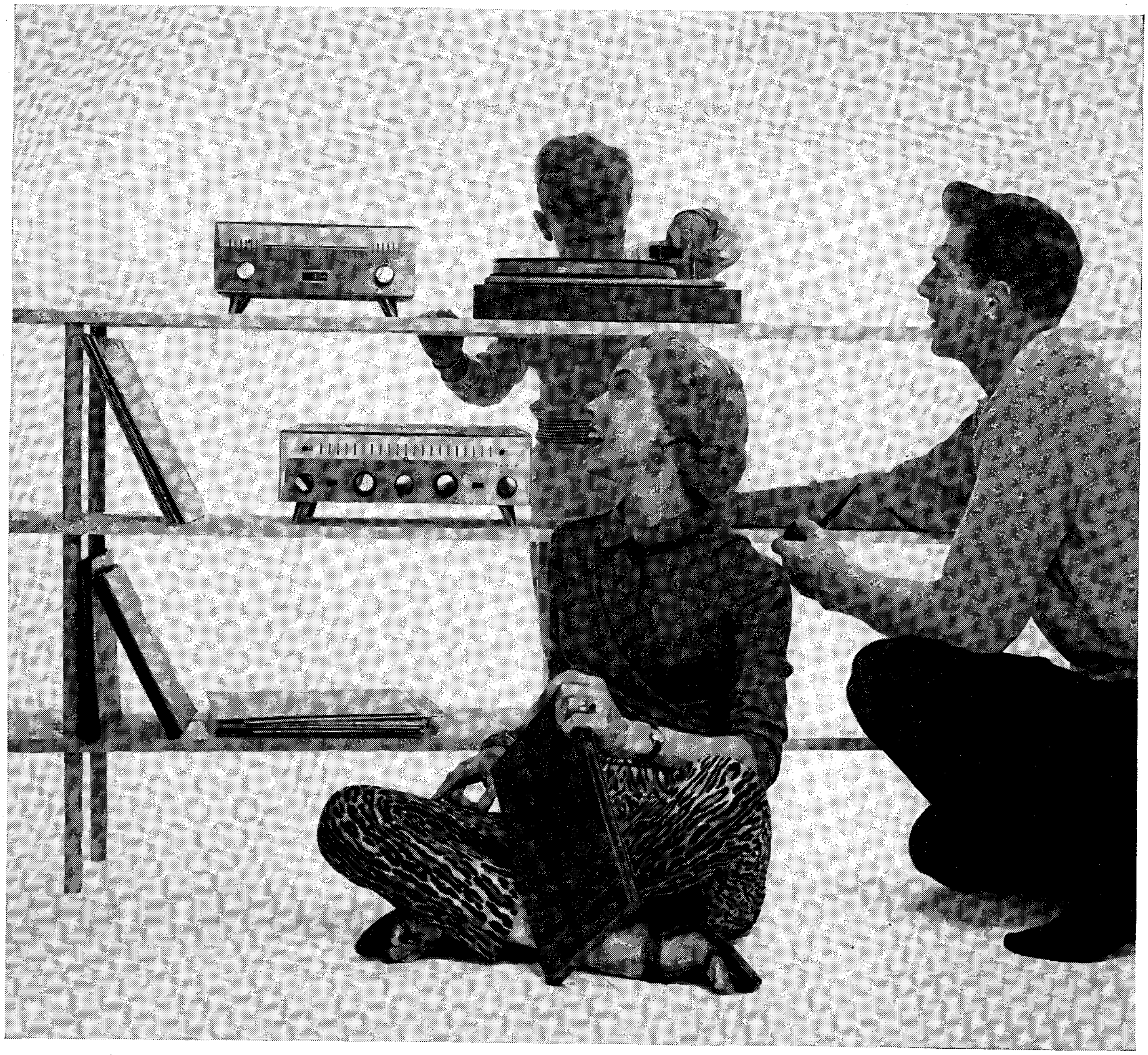

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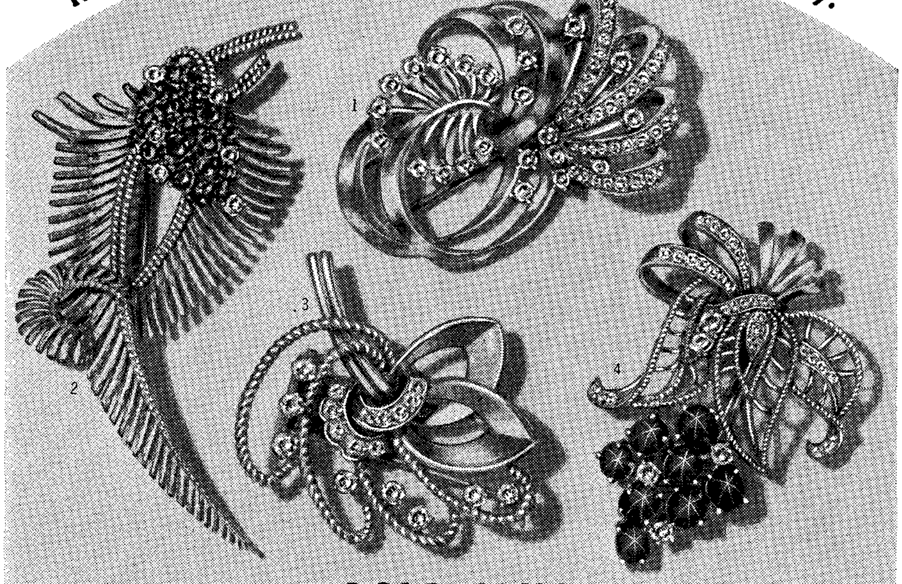

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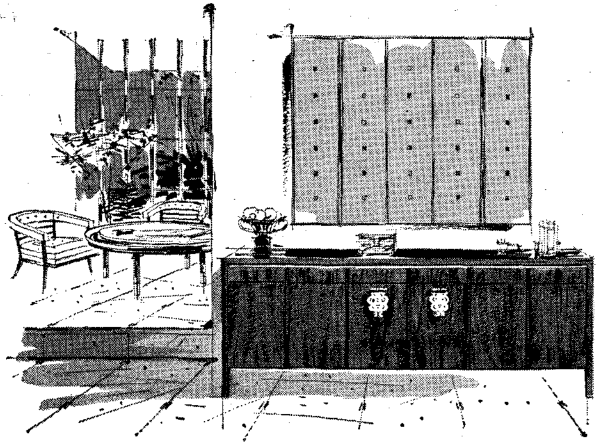

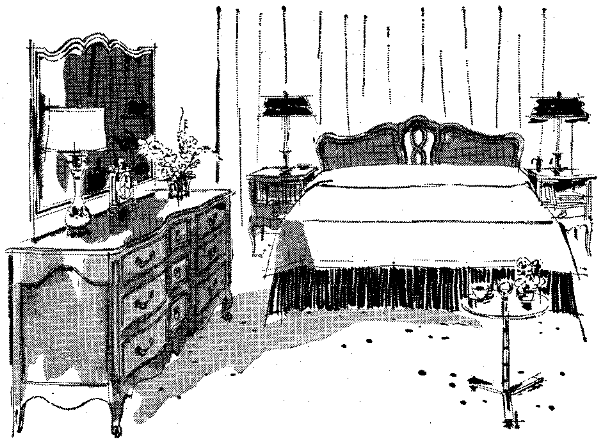

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windows. I walked along the tracks, liking the fresh feel of the cold and wondering whether I was in Germany or Poland. Suddenly, ahead, I saw figures running toward me, a set of shadows that, drawing nearer, turned into three soldiers—pale, flat-faced men in awkward ankle-length coats and with bayoneted rifles strapped to their shoulders. They stared at me in silence. Then one of them pointed to the train; he grunted and motioned for me to get back on it. We marched along together, the four of us, and I said in English that I was sorry, I hadn't realized passengers were not allowed off the train. There was no response—merely another grunt and an urging forward. I climbed the train steps and turned to wave at them. They didn't wave back.

"DARLING, you haven't been *out?*" said Mrs. Gershwin, whose compartment I passed in returning. "Well, *you shouldn't*. It isn't safe." Mrs. Gershwin was one of the two people who had compartments to themselves, the other being Leonard Lyons. She had changed into slacks and a sweater, tied ribbons in her hair, and slippered her feet in bits of fluff. "It must have been freezing out there. I see snow on the ground. You ought to have some hot tea. Mmm, it's lovely," she said, sipping dark, almost black tea from a tall glass set in a silver holder with a silver handle. "That darling little man is brewing it in his samovar."

I went to look for the teamaker, who was the attendant for Car 2, but when I found him, at one end of the corridor, he was contending with more than a bubbling samovar. Twerp was yapping around his legs and snapping at his trouser cuffs. Moreover, he was undergoing an intense interview, with Leonard Lyons asking the questions and Robin Joachim acting as interpreter. Small and haggard, the Russian had a pushed-in face like that of a Pekinese, creased with wrinkles that seemed to indicate nutritional defects rather than age. His jaws were studded with steel teeth, and his eyelids drooped, as though he were on the verge of sleep. Between dispensing tea and fending off Twerp, he answered Lyons' rapid-fire queries. He said he was from Smolensk. He said his feet hurt him, his back hurt him, he always had a headache from overwork. He said he made only two hundred rubles a month (fifty dollars, but much less than that in actual buying power) and considered himself under-

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Ernie Sisto

Jack Randolph gets real worried every once in a while. He has so much fun in his job, he worries what on earth to do on his vacations?

His job is writing the "Wood, Field and Stream" department for The New York Times. If you've ever read it, you'll know what he means. He has as much fun writing it as readers have reading it, and that's a lot.

But that's the kind of guy Jack Randolph is. He has fun at everything he does, or he doesn't do it, and readers have fun right along with him.

John W. Randolph started having fun in 1904 in Crowley, La., a rice town in which his father owned and edited a daily newspaper. As Jack tells it, he didn't own it long, and the family soon found itself in Beaumont, Texas, then in Oklahoma, then in New Orleans, then in Mobile, then in Birmingham, "and then I lost track."

"Meanwhile," he recalls, "I had been half-educated here and there, worked on survey parties, gone to sea, and failed to learn to shoot a good stick of pool. A year at the University of Alabama and one at George Washington University proved of little profit to me and none to the universities."

By 1928, however, Jack had decided to follow his father's calling. He started his newspaper career as a reporter in Washington. It has carried him all over the country. "Editors," he says, "have been pretty fair and patient; they seemed to have been trying to find something I could do."

If, behind Jack's modesty, that's true, they've found it—to the great delight of readers—in Jack's assignment to "Wood, Field and Stream." And if you'd like to have fun in your job, whatever that may be, you can—by joining Jack Randolph in his. It's one of the many reasons you'll enjoy reading The New York Times every day.

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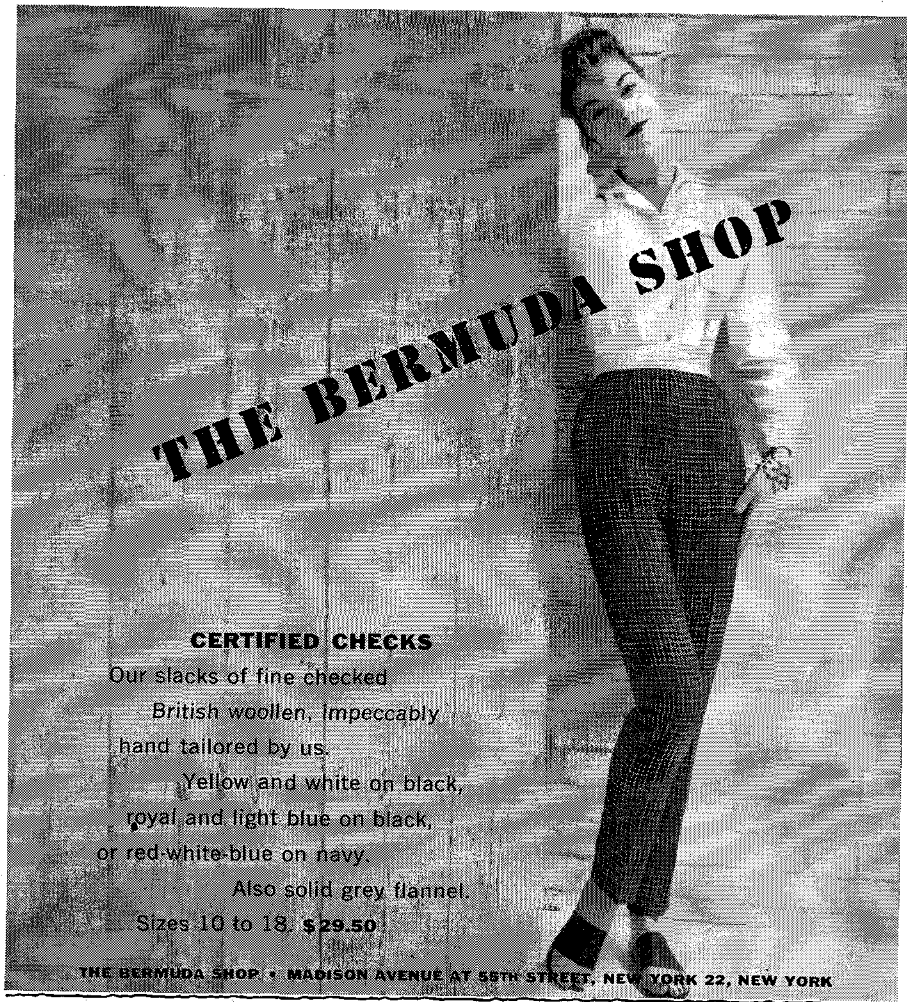
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paid. He said yes, he'd very much appreciate a tip.

Lyons paused in his note-taking and said, "I didn't know they were allowed to complain like this. The way it sounds, I get the impression this guy is a malcontent."

The attendant gave me my tea, and at the same time offered me, from a crumpled pack, one of his cigarettes. It was two-thirds filter and one-third tobacco—good for seven or eight harsh puffs, though I didn't enjoy that many, for as I started back to my compartment, the train lurched forward with an abruptness that sent both tea and cigarette flying.

IN Compartment 6, the berths had been made up for the night—indeed, for the whole journey, since they were left made up from then on—with clean coarse linen, a crunchy pillow that smelled of hay, and a single thin blanket. The two girls were reading in bed, Miss Ryan in the upper berth she had chosen and Miss Thigpen in the lower on the opposite side; they had turned the radio as low as it would go and opened the window a finger's width.

Miss Thigpen yawned, and asked me, "Did you see Earl, honey?"

I had, and told her, "He's teaching Ducky to play tonk."

"Oh," said Miss Thigpen, giggling sleepily, "that means he won't be home till dawn."

I kicked off my shoes, and lay down in the vacant lower berth, thinking I'd finish undressing in a moment. In the berth above me I could hear Miss Ryan muttering to herself, as though she were reading aloud. It developed that she was studying Russian, using an English-Russian phrase book that the United States Army had issued during the war.

"Nancy," said Miss Thigpen, like a child asking to be told a bedtime story, "say us something in Russian."

"Go to sleep," said Miss Ryan, turning off her reading light.

Miss Thigpen yawned again. She pulled the covers up to her chin. "I'm about ready to."

Soon, lying there, I sensed a stillness travelling through the train, seeping through the cars like the wintry color of the blue light bulb. Frost was spreading inward from the corners of the window—a web being woven in reverse. On the muted radio, balalaikas made shivery music; in odd and lonely counterpoint, someone nearby was playing a harmonica.

"Listen," whispered Miss Thigpen,

calling our attention to the harmonica. "That's Junior." She meant Junior Mignott, a member of the cast still in his teens. "Don't you know that boy is lonesome? He's from Panama. He's never seen snow before."

"Go to sleep," said Miss Ryan.

The roar of the wind at the window seemed to echo her command. The train shrieked into a tunnel. For me, fallen asleep fully clothed, the tunnel lasted all night long.

COLDNESS woke me. Snow was blowing through the window's slender opening. Enough had settled at the foot of my berth to scoop into a snowball. I got up, glad I'd gone to bed with my clothes on, and closed the window. It was blurred with ice, and I rubbed at a spot on it until I could peer out. There were hints of sunrise on the rim of the sky, but it was still dark; the traces of morning color were like goldfish swimming in ink. We were entering a city. Lamplighted rural houses gave way to blocks of forlorn, look-alike cement apartment buildings. The train rumbled over a bridge that spanned a street; below, a frail streetcar, jammed with people on their way to work, careened round a curve like a rickety bobsled. Moments later, we pulled into a station, and I realized that we must be in Warsaw. On a dim, snowy platform, gangs of men stood clustered together, stamping their feet and slapping their ears. I saw our car attendant join one of the groups. He waved a hand toward the train and said something that made the others laugh. An explosion of breath vapor filled the air. Still laughing, several of the men approached the train. I slipped back into bed, for it was obvious that they intended to peek in the windows. One

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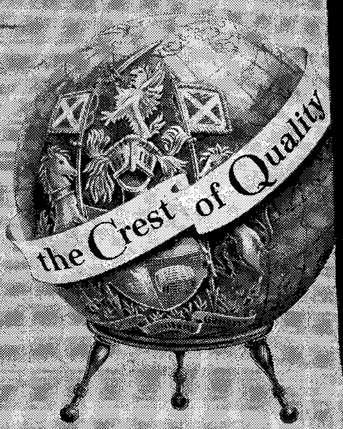
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after another, distorted faces mashed themselves against the glass. Presently, I heard a scream. It came from a compartment up ahead and sounded like Dolores Swan. A scream was understandable if she'd wakened to see, looming at the window, one of those frosty masks. The voyeurs roused none of my own companions, but I waited, expecting a commotion in the car; quietness resumed, however, except for Twerp, who started barking with a regular rhythm that sent me off to sleep again.

At ten, when I reopened my eyes, we were in a wild, crystal world of frozen rivers and snow fields. Here and there, like printing on paper, clusters of fir trees interrupted the whiteness. Flights of crows seemed to skate on a sky as hard and shiny as ice.

"Man," said Jackson, just awake and sleepily scratching himself, in the upper berth across from me, as he stared out the window, "I'm telling you! They don't grow oranges here."

THE men's washroom in Car 2 was a bleak, unheated chamber. There was a rusty washbasin with two faucets. Unfortunately, both of them leaked a frigid trickle. That first morning, a long queue of men waited at the washroom door, toothbrush in one hand, shaving tackle in the other. Ducky James had the notion of asking the attendant, who was busily stoking the little coal fire under his samovar, to part with some of his tea water and "give us blokes a chance at a decent shave." Everyone thought this a splendid idea, but the Russian, when the request was translated for him, looked at his samovar as though it were bubbling with melted diamonds. Then he did a curious thing. He stepped up to the men and brushed his fingertips against their cheeks, feeling their beard stubble. He concluded his researches with a shake of the head. Absolutely no, *nyet*, he would not give away his hot water. The condition of the gentlemen's beards did not justify such a sacrifice, and besides, when travelling, the "realistic" man should expect to go unshaven. "My water is for tea," he said. "Hot and sweet and good for the spirit." A steaming glass of it went with me into the washroom. I used it for brushing my teeth, and then used it to transform my soap into a shaving cream. Rather sticky, but not bad at all.

Afterward, feeling spruce, I commenced a round of visits. The occupant of Compartment 1, Leonard Lyons, was having a professional tête-à-tête with Jackson. Clearly, Jackson had

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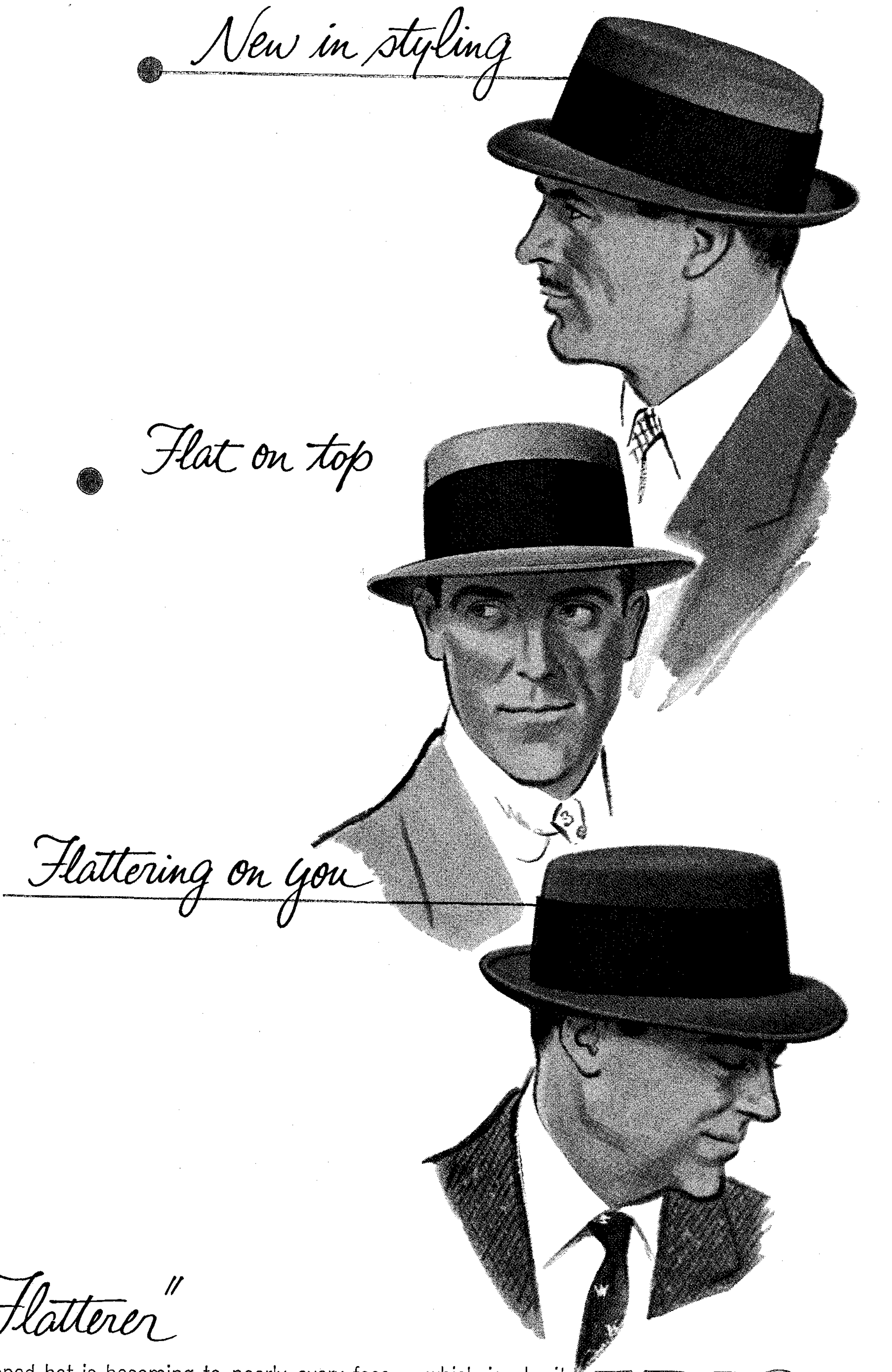

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"That's great. Just great, Earl," said Lyons, scribbling away. "Brown tails. Champagne satin lapels. Now, who's going to be your best man?"

Jackson said he'd asked Warner Watson. Lyons seemed reluctant to approve the choice. "Listen," he said, tapping Jackson on the knee. "Did you ever think of asking somebody— well, important?"

"Like you, you mean?"

"Like *Khrushchev*," said Lyons. "Like *Bulganin*."

Jackson's eyes narrowed, as though he couldn't decide whether Lyons' suggestion was serious or a legpull. "But I already ask Warner. Course maybe, under that kind of circumstance . . ."

"Sure," said Lyons. "Warner would understand."

Still, Jackson had one last vestige of doubt. "You think Mr. Breen can arrange it, to get me one of those cats?"

"He could try," said Lyons. "And just trying, see, that could land you on the front page."

"Say, ooble-ee-do," said Jackson, gazing at Lyons with admiration. "Real crazy, man. Gone."

FARTHER along the corridor, I called on the Wolferts, who were sharing their compartment with Herman Sartorius and Warner Watson. Watson was still asleep, unaware of his impending dismissal as Jackson's best man. Sartorius and Wolfert were sitting with an immense map spread across both their laps, and Mrs. Wolfert, bundled in a fur coat, was hunched over a notebook, writing. I asked if she was keeping a journal.

"I *do*. Only, this is a poem. I've been working on it since last January. I thought I might finish it on the train. But the way I feel!" she said dismally. "I didn't sleep a wink last night. My hands are cold. My head's whirling with impressions. I don't know where I am."

Sartorius placed a fastidious finger on his map. "I'll tell you where you are. We've passed Siedlce. Now we've got about five more hours of Poland before Brest Litovsk."

Brest Litovsk was to be our first stop in Russia. A good deal was scheduled to happen there. The wheels of the train would be changed to fit Russia's wide-gauge tracks; a dining car would be attached; and, most important, representatives of the Ministry of Culture

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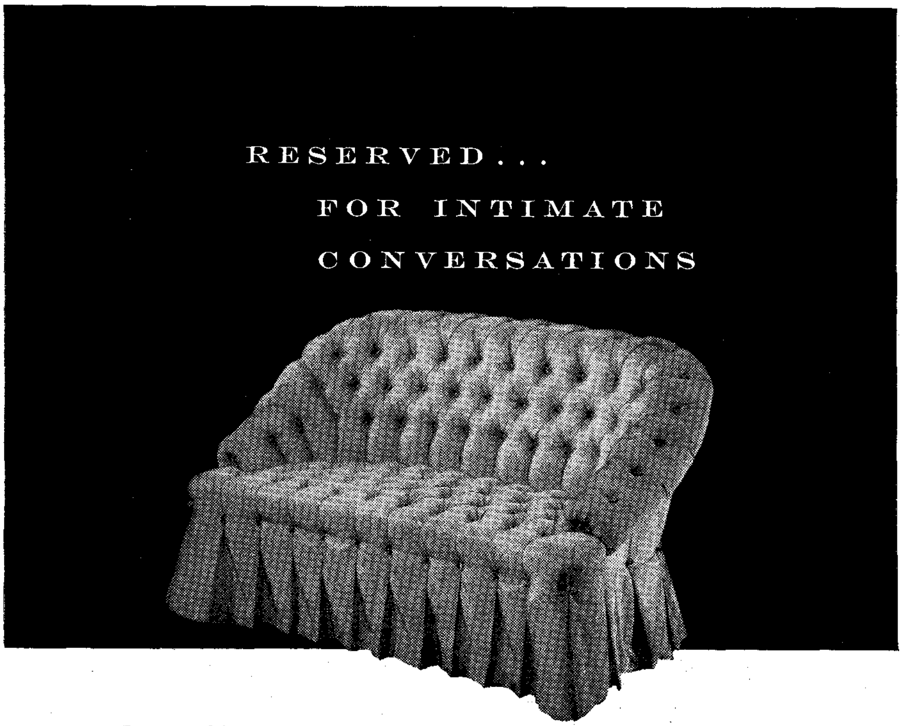

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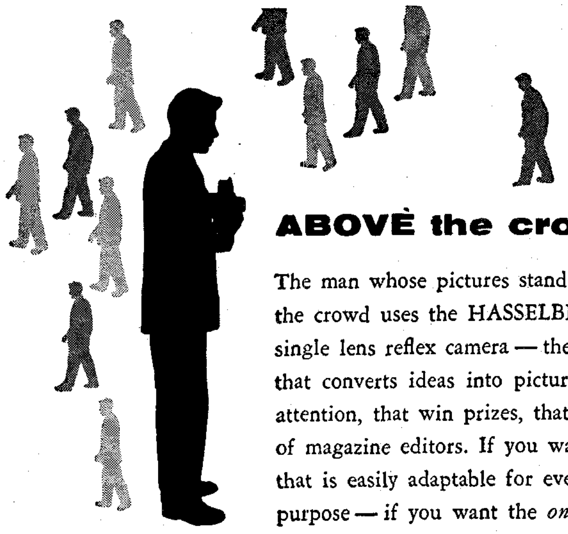

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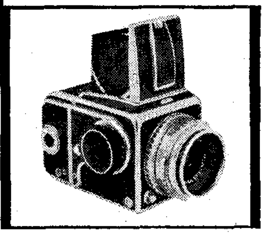

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"Know what this reminds me of?" said Wolfert, pointing his pipe at the severe landscape. "Parts of America. The West."

Sartorius nodded. "Wyoming in the winter."

NEXT, I went to Car 3, where the family groups were installed. School had just let out; that is, the children had finished their morning lessons, and were consequently in a sportive mood. Paper planes sailed through the air. Caricatures were being finger-drawn on the frosted windows. The Russian attendant, who looked even more mournful and harassed than his colleague in Car 2, was kept at such a hop protecting Soviet property that he hadn't noticed what was happening to his samovar. Two little boys had taken it over and were roasting hot dogs over the flame. One of them, Davy Hawthorne, offered me a bite. "Good, huh?" he asked. I told him it was indeed. Well, he said, if I liked it that much, then I could have the rest of it; he'd already, he said, eaten fifteen. "You see the wolves?" he went on.

An older friend, Gail Barnes, reproved him. "Stop making stories, Davy. They weren't wolves. They were plain dogs."

"Was wolves," said Davy, who has a snub nose and a wicked tilt to his eyes. "Everybody saw them. Out the window. They *looked* like dogs. Police dogs, only littler. And what they were up to, they were chasing each other round and round in the snow. Like they were having a grand time. I coulda killed one dead. Woooooolves," he howled, and poked me in the stomach with a cowboy pistol.

Gail said that she hoped I understood. "Davy's only a child," she explained. Gail, whose father, Irving Barnes, alternates in the role of Porgy, is ten, and was the oldest of the six children travelling with the company; like most of the others, she takes a minor part in the show. Because of her seniority, she has developed a big-sister sense of responsibility toward all the other children, and handles them with mature good nature and a firm politeness that could set any governess an example. "Excuse me," she said, glancing down the corridor to where several of her charges, having managed to open a window, were letting in blasts of arctic wind. "I'm afraid I'll have to put a stop to that."

But before she had completed her

mission, Gail herself was swept away into being a child again. "Oh, look," she cried, hanging out the very window she'd gone to close. "Look, kids—*people!*"

The people were two small children ice-skating on a long ribbon of pond at the edge of a white, frozen wood. They skated as fast as they could, trying to keep up with the train, and as it sped on ahead of them, they stretched out their arms, as though to catch the shouted greetings, the blown kisses of Gail and her friends.

THE remnants of a cheese-and-fruit lunch were scattered on the table (and the carpet) of Compartment 6. Midafternoon sunlight sparkled in a glass of Chianti that Miss Ryan was revolving in her hand. "I adore wine," she said fervently. "I began drinking it when I was twelve. Heavily. It's a wonder I'm not a wino." She sipped and sighed with a contentment that reflected the general mood. Miss Thigpen and her fiancé, who had had their share of Chianti, were nestled together in a corner of Miss Thigpen's unmade berth, her head resting on his shoulder. The drowsy, dreaming spell was broken by a knock at the door and someone saying, "This is it. Russia."

"Places, please," said Miss Ryan. "Curtain going up."

The first signs of an approaching frontier came into view—stark wooden guard towers, not unlike those that are put around Southern convict farms. Set at wide intervals, they marched across the wastes like giant telephone poles. In the nearest of them I could see a man looking at us through binoculars. The train slowed going round a curve and then slackened to a stop. We were in a switchyard, surrounded by a maze of tracks and uncoupled freight cars. This was the Soviet border, outside Brest Litovsk.

Along the tracks, herds of women with their heads wrapped in shawls were swinging picks and shovelling snow. Their hands were a raw red. The few who even glanced at the Blue Express risked sharp looks from various militiamen lounging about with their hands stuffed in their coat pockets.

"If that's not a *shame!*" said Miss Thigpen. "Ladies doing all the work while the men just stand around. How disgraceful!"

"That's what it is here, honey," said Jackson, puffing on one of his ruby rings and polishing it against his lapel. "Every man a Sportin' Life."

"I'd like to see somebody treat *me*

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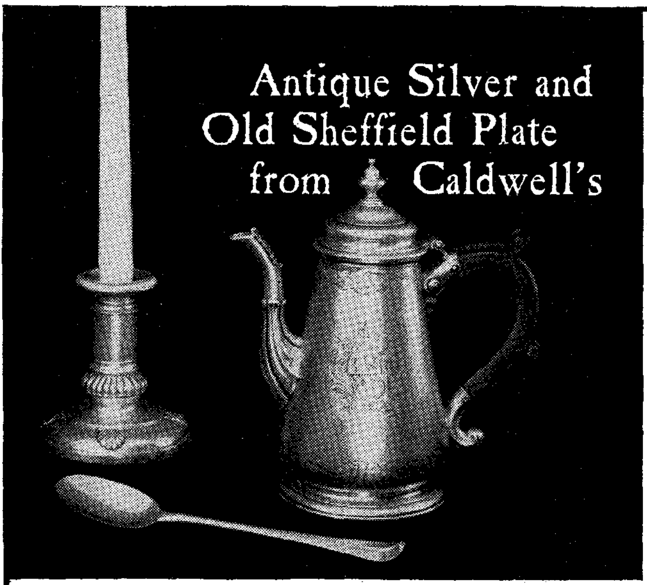
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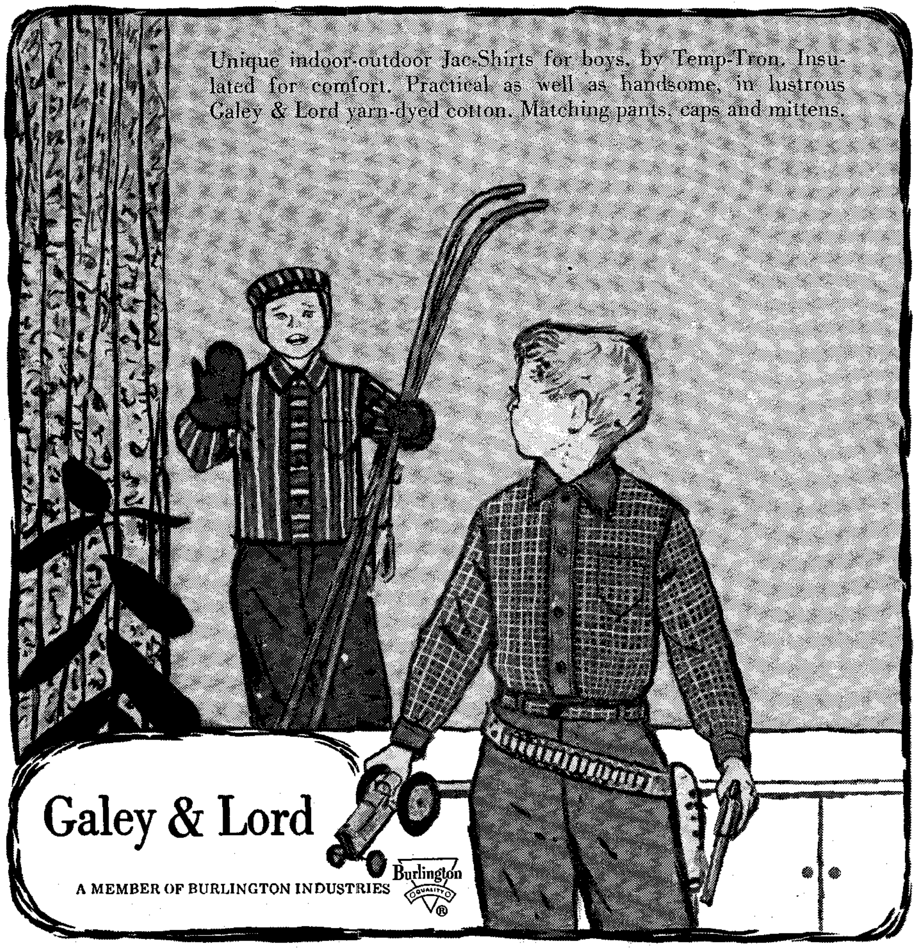
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that way," remarked Miss Thigpen.

"But I must say the men are pretty divine," said Miss Ryan. Her interest was fixed on a pair of officers pacing below the window—tall, strong, silent types with thin lips and rugged, wind-burned faces. One of them looked up and, catching sight of Miss Ryan's blue eyes and long golden hair, fell out of step with his partner. Miss Ryan whimpered, "Oh, wouldn't it be awful!"

"Awful what, honey?" said Miss Thigpen.

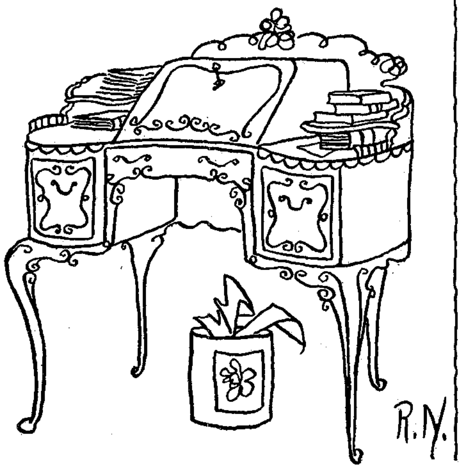
"If I fell in love with a Russian," Miss Ryan said. "Wouldn't that be the absolute *fin*?"

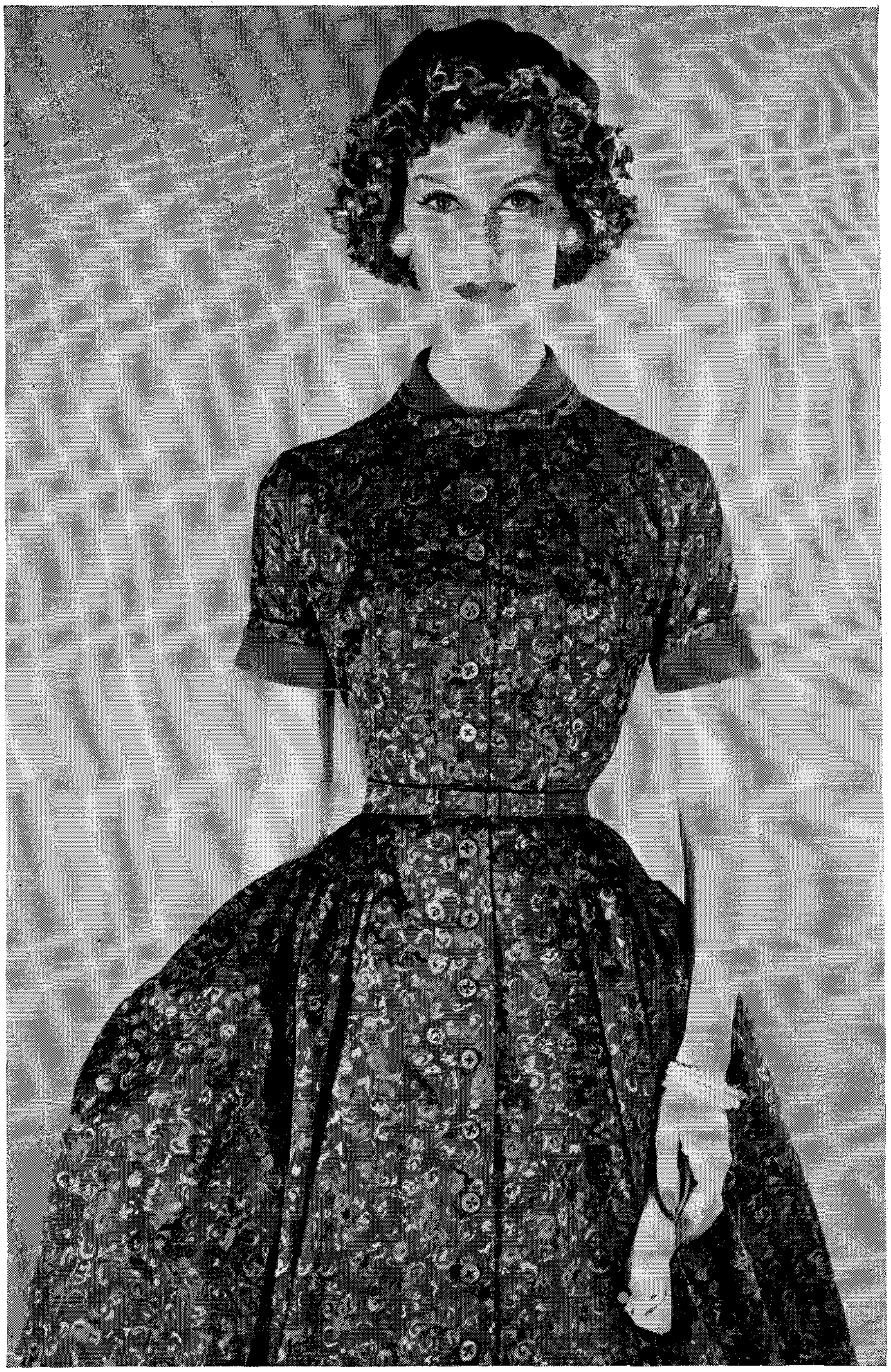
WE reached Brest Litovsk in a luminous twilight. Statues of political heroes, painted cheap silver, like souvenir figures sold at Woolworth's, saluted us along the last mile of track. The station was on high ground that afforded a partial view of the city, dim and blue and dominated far off by an Orthodox cathedral, on whose onion domes and mosaic towers one could still see, in the failing light, the Oriental colors.

It had been rumored among the company that while the wheels were changed and the dining car added, we would be allowed off the train and perhaps permitted to tour the city. Leonard Lyons was most anxious to have this happen. "I can't send a thousand words a day just sitting on a train," he said. "I need action." Lyons had gone so far as to discuss with the cast the kind of action he would like. He wanted them to traipse around Brest Litovsk singing spirituals. "It's a good story and it's good showmanship." When the train stopped, the doors opened, all right, but closed again immediately, after admitting a five-man delegation from Moscow's Ministry of Culture.

One of the emissaries was a middle-aged woman with straying dishwater-blond hair and, except for her eyes, what seemed a kind, motherly face. The eyes, dull gray flecked with dots of milky white, had an embalmed glaze that did not blend with its cheerful contours. She wore a black cloth coat and a rusty-black dress that sagged at the neck from the weight of an ivory rose. In introducing herself and her colleagues, she ran the names together, so that they sounded like a patter song: "You will please to meet SaschaMenashaTiomkinKerenskyIgorIvanovichNikolaiSavchenkoPlisetskayaGrutchenkoRickiSomanenko. . . ." In due time, the Americans were to sort out and simplify the names until their owners became known familiarly as Miss Lydia, Henry, Sascha, and Igor; the three last were young underlings from the Ministry who, like Miss Lydia, had been assigned to the company as interpreters. But the fifth member of the delegation, Nikolai Savchenko, was not the sort of man you could call Nick. Savchenko, an important official in the Ministry, was in charge of the "Porgy and Bess" tour. The victim of a somewhat receding chin, slightly bulging eyes, and a tendency toward fat, he was nevertheless a formidable figure—well over six feet, with a stern, no-nonsense attitude and a handshake like a nutcracker. Beside him, his young assistants looked like sickly children, though two of them, Sascha and Igor, were strapping boys whose shoulders were too broad for their fur-collared coats; as for Henry, a spidery mite with huge ears so red they were purple, he made up in personal vividness for what he lacked in stature.

It seemed natural that Miss Lydia and the young men should react awkwardly to this, their first encounter with Westerners; understandable that they should hesitate to try out their English, so tediously learned at Moscow's State Pedagogical Institute of Foreign Languages but never before practiced on bona-fide foreigners; forgivable that they should, instead, stare at the Americans as though they were pawns in a chess problem. But Savchenko also gave the impression of being ill at ease—in fact, of preferring a stretch in Lubyanka to his present chores. This was excusable, too, but rather odd, since for two years during the war he had served as Counsel of the Soviet Embassy in Washington. At any rate, he now found Americans such a tongue-tying novelty, apparently, that for the moment he affected not to speak English. He delivered a small speech of welcome in gruff Russian, and had it translated by Miss Lydia: "We hope





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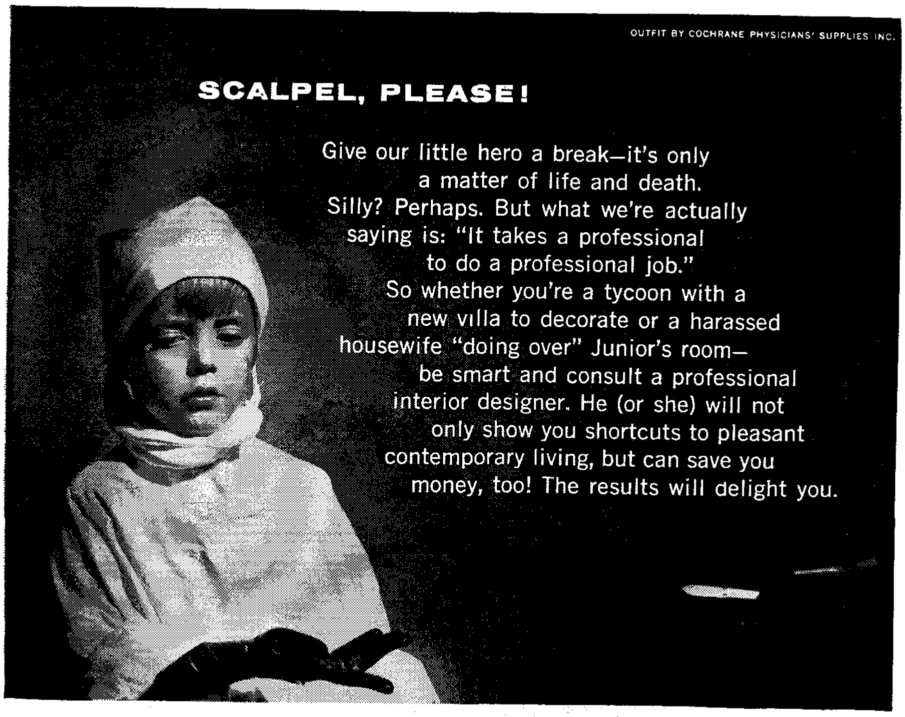
The muse-cannon metaphor, which was to prove a Savchenko favorite, the star sentence in all future speeches, was an instant hit with his listeners ("A beautiful thing," "Just great, Mr. Savchenko," "That's cookin', man"), and Savchenko, warmed by success and beginning to relax, decided that there was perhaps no reason to keep the company cooped up in the train. Why not step out on the platform and watch the changing of the wheels?

OUTSIDE, Lyons canvassed the group, trying to work up a songfest. But the temperature, ten below zero, was not conducive to a musical mood. Moreover, a large proportion of those who had been grateful to escape the Blue Express were, after the briefest exposure, shoving each other to get back in. The hearties who remained watched in the falling night as workers of both sexes uncoupled the cars and jacked them to the height of a man. The old wheels, spraying sparks, were then rolled from under the train, while from the opposite direction the new wide-gauge wheels came gliding into place. Wolfert called the operation "very efficient," Herman Sartorius considered it "most impressive," but Miss Ryan thought it was "a damned bore," and said that if I'd go into the station with her she would buy me a vodka.

No one stopped us. We crossed a hundred yards of track, walked down a dirt lane between some warehouses, and arrived at a large, square area in front of the station which appeared to be a combined parking lot and market place. Brightly lighted kiosks surrounded it like candles burning on a cake. It was puzzling to discover that each of the kiosks sold the same products: cans of Red Star salmon and Red Star sardines, dusty bottles of Kremlin perfume, dusty boxes of Kremlin candy, pickled tomatoes, hairy slabs of raw bacon slapped between thick slices of grime-colored bread, weird-looking liqueurs, hot cross buns (but cold and without the cross) that one somehow felt had been baked last July. And though the kiosks were attracting a brisk trade, the most sought-after item was not on sale at any of them. It was in the hands of a single



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peddler—a small, elderly Chinese, who carried a tray of apples. The apples were as shrivelled and miniature as he was himself, but his waiting line of customers appeared disconsolate when the last of them was gone. At the far end of the area, a flight of steps led to the main entrance to the station, and the Chinese, folding up his empty tray, wandered over to them and sat down next to a friend. The friend was a beggar bundled in an old Red Army coat and with a pair of crutches sprawled on either side of him like the wings of a wounded bird. Every third or fourth person going by dropped a coin into his hand. The Chinese gave him something, too—an apple. He'd saved one for the beggar and one for himself. The two friends gnawed their apples and leaned against each other in the cutting cold.

The constant wailing of a train whistle seemed to fuse the apple eaters and the kiosks and the batlike passings of fur-shrouded figures into a single, smoky image of its woeful sound. "I've never been homesick. Never in my life," Miss Ryan informed me. "But sometimes, for God's sake, sometimes you do feel a long *way* from home."

Since Brest Litovsk is one of the most strategic railroad centers in Russia, its station is quite large. Looking for somewhere to buy a drink, we explored long corridors and a series of lofty waiting rooms, the principal one furnished with handsome oak benches, which were occupied by very many passengers with very few suitcases. Children and paper bundles filled their laps. The stone floors, covered with black slush, made slippery walking, and there was an odor in the air, a saturation that seemed less a smell than a pressure. Travellers often remark on the vivid scents of Venice. The public places of Russia—railway terminals and department stores, restaurants and theatres—also have a reek that is instantly recognizable. And Miss Ryan, taking her first sniff of it, said, "Boy, I wouldn't want a bottle of this!"

In our search for a bar, we began opening doors at random. Miss Ryan sailed through one and out again. It was a men's room. Then, spotting a pair of obvious drunks as they emerged from behind a small red door, she said, "That's the place we're looking for." The red door led into an extraordinary restaurant. The size of a gymnasium, it looked as if it had been done over for a school prom by a decorating committee with Victorian tastes. Crimson plush

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draperies were looped along the walls. Other-era chandeliers distributed a tropical glare that beat down on a jungle of withering rubber plants and borsch-stained tablecloths. The maître d'hôtel seemed appropriate to this atmosphere of grandeur gone to seed. He was at least eighty years old, a white-bearded patriarch with ferocious eyes, who peered at us, through a sailors'-dive haze of cigarette smoke, as though questioning our right to be there.

Miss Ryan smiled at him and said, "*Vodka, pozhaluista.*"

The old man stared at her with more hostility than comprehension.

She tried various pronunciations—"Woedka . . . Wadka . . . Woodka"—and even performed a bottoms-up pantomime. "The poor thing's deaf," she said, and shouted, "Vodka, for God's sake!"

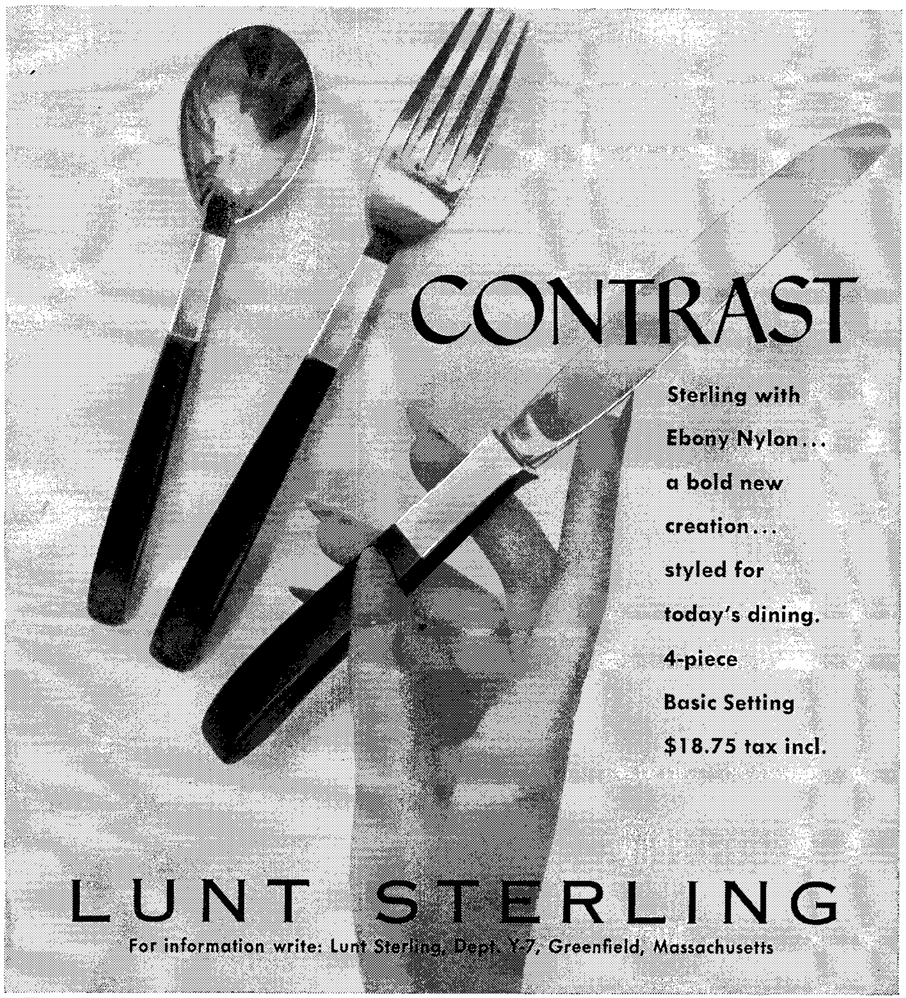
Although his expression remained unenlightened, the old man beckoned us forward and put us at a table with two men. They were both drinking beer, and the old man pointed at it, as if asking whether this was what we wanted. Miss Ryan, resigning herself, nodded.

Our companions at the table were two very different specimens. One, a beefy boy with a shaved head and wearing some sort of faded Army uniform, was well on his way to being drunk, a condition shared by a surprising proportion of the restaurant's clientele, most of which was male; many of the customers were either boisterous or slumped across their tables mumbling to themselves. The second man at our table was an enigma. In appearance, he might have been a Wall Street partner of Herman Sartorius—the kind of person better imagined dining at the Pavillon than sipping beer in Brest Litovsk. His suit was pressed, and one could see that he hadn't made it himself. There were gold links in his shirt cuffs, and he was the only man in the room wearing a tie.

After a moment, the shaven-headed soldier spoke to Miss Ryan.

"I'm afraid I don't speak Russian," she told him. "We're Americans. *Amerikantsy.*"

Her declaration had a somewhat sobering effect. His reddened eyes slowly came into semi-focus. He turned to the well-dressed man and made a long statement, at the end of which the man answered him with several chiselled, cold-sounding sentences. There followed between them some sharp repartee, at the end of which the soldier took his beer and stalked to another table, where he sat glowering. "Well!" said Miss Ryan, glowering back. "Not



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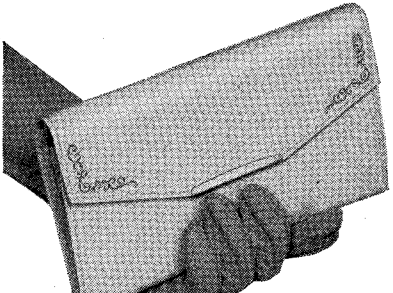

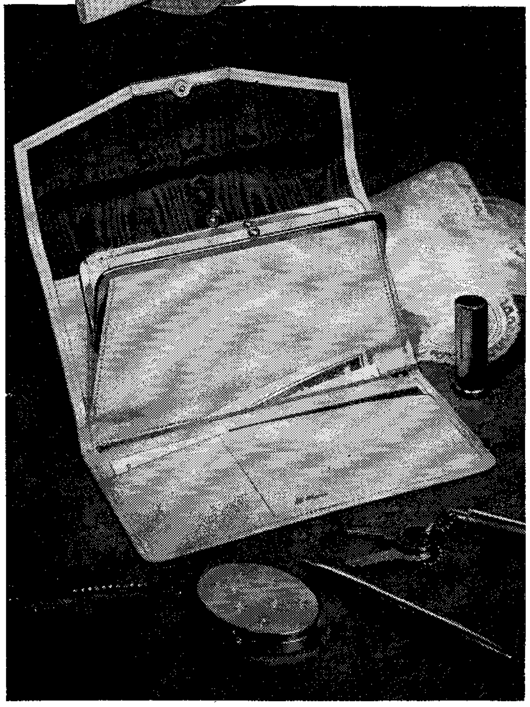

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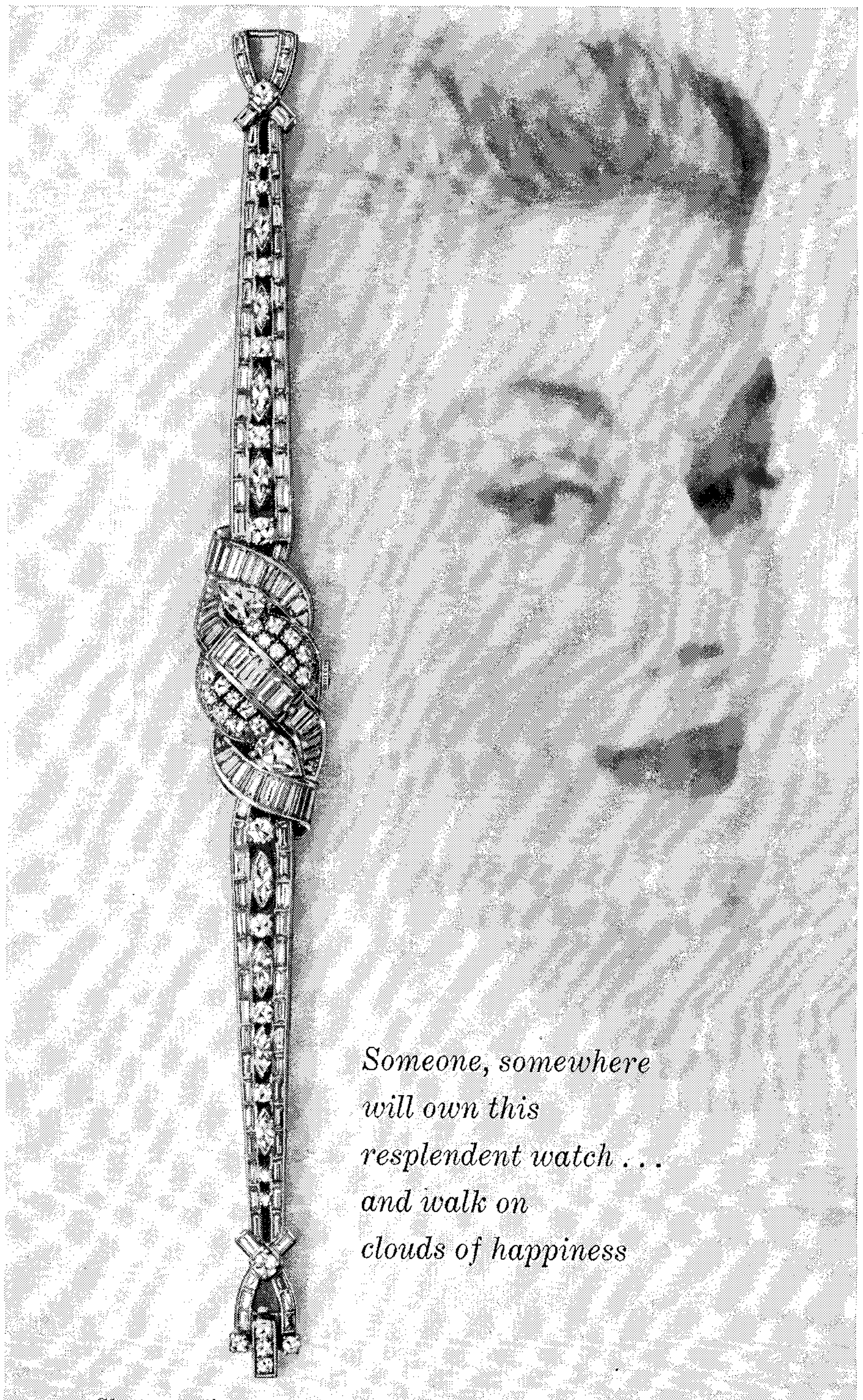
*all* the men are attractive, that's for sure." However, she considered our apparent defender, the well-dressed man, "very attractive—sort of Otto Kruger." Then she called attention to his shirt, his cuff links, and his clean fingernails, and said, "Stop staring. He'll know we're talking about him. Listen. Do you suppose there's such a thing as a Russian millionaire?"

The beer arrived—a quart bottle and two glasses. The maître d'hôtel poured an inch of beer into my glass, then waited expectantly. Miss Ryan saw the point before I did. "He wants you to *taste* it, like wine," she said. Lifting the glass, I wondered if beer-tasting was a Soviet commonplace or if it was a ceremony, born out of some confused champagne memory of Czarist elegance, that the old man had revived to impress us. I sipped and nodded, and the old man proudly filled our glasses with a warm and foamless brew. But Miss Ryan said suddenly, "Don't touch it. This is something dreadful!" I told her I didn't think it was that bad. "I mean we're in dreadful trouble," she said. "I mean, my God, we can't pay for this. I completely forgot. We haven't any rubles."

"Please, won't you be my guests?" inquired a soft voice in beautifully accented English. It was the well-dressed man who had spoken, and though his face was perfectly straight, his eyes, a bright Nordic blue, twinkled with an amusement that took full measure of our discomfort. "I am not a Russian millionaire. They *do* exist—I know quite a few. But it would give me pleasure to pay for your drinks. No, please, there is no cause to apologize," he said, in response to Miss Ryan's stammered efforts, and, openly smiling, "It's been the keenest enjoyment. Very unusual. Very unusual to run across Americans in this part of the world. Are you Communists?"

After disabusing him of that notion, Miss Ryan told him where we were going and why. "You are fortunate that you go to Leningrad first," he said. "A lovely city, very quiet, really European, the one place in Russia I could imagine living—not that I do, but still . . . Yes, I like Leningrad. It's not in the least like Moscow. I'm on my way to Warsaw, but I've just been two weeks in Moscow. That's equal to two months anywhere else." He told us that he was Norwegian, and that his business—lumber—had required him to visit the Soviet Union for several weeks out of every year since 1931, except for a gap during the war. "I speak the language



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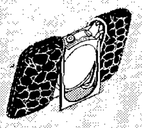

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quite well, and among my friends I don't mind passing as an authority on Russia. But, to be honest, I can't say I understand much more about it now than I did in 1931. Whenever I go to your country—I've been there, oh, I guess a half-dozen times—it always strikes me that Americans are the only people who remind me of Russians. You don't object to my saying that? Americans are so generous. Energetic. And underneath all that brag they have such a wishing to be loved; they want to be petted, like dogs and children, and told that they are just as good as the rest of us, and even better. Well, Europeans are inclined to agree with them. But the Americans simply won't believe it. They go right on feeling inferior and far away. Alone. Like Russians. Precisely."

Miss Ryan wanted to know the substance of his dialogue with the soldier who had left the table. "Oh, silly rot," he said. "Alcoholic bravado. For some foozled reason, he thought you had insulted him. I told him he was being *nyekulturny*. Remember that—'*nyekulturny*.' You'll find it extremely useful, because when these chaps are rude and you feel obliged to tick them off, it means not a whit to call them a bastard, a son of a dog, but to tell him he's uncultured—that really strikes home."

Miss Ryan was growing anxious about the time. We shook hands with the gentleman and thanked him for the beer. "You've been very *kulturny*," she said. "And, by the way, I think you're *more* attractive than Otto Kruger."

"I shall certainly tell my wife," he replied, smiling. "*Dosvidanie*. Good luck."

An hour out of Brest Litovsk, the first call to the dining car was announced. It was an event the company had looked forward to with appetites excited both by genuine hunger and by the conviction that the Soviet hosts were bound to make this, the company's first Russian meal, "a real spread." Or, as another in the cast phrased it, "a bust-gut."

Miss Thigpen's desires were the most modest. "Five tablespoons of caviar and a piece of dry toast," she said. "That's two hundred and thirteen calories."

Calories were Mrs. Gershwin's last concern. "Don't think I'm not going to tear into the cavvy, darling," she said. "It costs thirty-five dollars a pound in Beverly Hills."

The dreams of Leonard Lyons centered on hot borsch and sour cream. Earl Bruce Jackson planned to "stone" himself with vodka and "slay" himself with *shashlik.* Marilyn Putnam hoped that everyone would save tidbits for Twerp.

The first sitting, fifty strong, marched into the dining car and took places at linen-covered tables, each seating four, that ran down both sides of the aisle. The tables were set with white crockery and smooth, worn silver. The diner itself seemed as old as the silver, and the smell of cooking, a half century's worth, hung in the air like a visible steam. Savchenko was absent, but Miss Lydia and the three young men from the Ministry played host at four of the tables. The young men kept gazing around, as though silently calling to one another, each from his own island of exile and misery.

Miss Lydia shared a table with Lyons, Miss Ryan, and me. One sensed that for this woman, who said that her usual work was translating articles and that she lived in a room in Moscow, the unique experience, the one that brought a flush to her cheeks, was not that she was talking to foreigners but that she was sitting in a dining car on a train. Something about the silver and the clean cloth and a little basket of puckered apples, like those the Chinese had sold, made her fuss with her ivory rose and tuck up the straying ends of her hair. "Ah, we eat!" she said, her eyes shifting toward a quartet of chunky waitresses who came waddling down the aisle with trayloads of the first course.

Those whose palates had been primed for iced caviar and carafes of chilled vodka were a bit chagrined to see yoghurt set before them—yoghurt accompanied by bottles of raspberry soda. Miss Thigpen, seated behind me, was the sole voice expressing enthusiasm. "I just could kiss them!" she said. "Lots of protein, and less than a third the calories of steak."

Across the aisle, Mrs. Gershwin warned Miss Putnam not to ruin her appetite by eating it. "Don't, darling. I'm sure the cavvy will come along next."

The next course, however, consisted of stiff noodles lying like sunken logs in a watery broth. The entrée that followed included breaded veal cutlets, boiled potatoes, and peas that rattled on the plate like gunshot. To wash this down, there were more bottles of raspberry soda.

Miss Putnam said to Mrs. Gershwin, "It's not *my* stomach I'm worried about; it's Twerp's."

Mrs. Gershwin, sawing at her cutlet,

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said, "Do you suppose they could be saving the cavvy for dessert? You know—with little pancakes?"

Miss Lydia's cheeks bulged, her eyes popped, her jaws pumped like pistons, a trickle of sweat ran down her neck. "Eat, eat," she urged. "It's good, yes?"

Miss Ryan told her it was wonderful, and Miss Lydia, swabbing her plate with a quarter loaf of black bread, nodded vehemently. "You will not obtain better in Moscow itself," she said.

During the lull between entrée and dessert, Miss Lydia went to work on the basket of apples. As the cores piled up, she paused occasionally to answer questions. Lyons was anxious to learn what hotel the company would be staying at in Leningrad. Miss Lydia was startled that he didn't know. "The Astoria. For weeks the rooms have been reserved," she said, and went on to describe the Astoria as "very old-fashion but exquisite."

"Well," said Lyons, "what about the night life in Leningrad? Any action there?"

Miss Lydia replied by saying that perhaps her English was not all it should be, and proceeded, from her Muscovite point of view, to discuss Leningrad rather as a New Yorker might Philadelphia; it was "old-fashion," it was "provincial," it was "not the same like Moscow."

At the end of this recital, Lyons said glumly, "Sounds like a two-day town to me."

Miss Ryan thought to ask Miss Lydia when she had last visited Leningrad.

Miss Lydia blinked. "The last time? Never. I have never been there. It will be interesting to see, yes?"

Presently, Miss Lydia had a question of her own. "I would appreciate you to explain to me. Why is Paul Robeson not in with the players? *He* is a colored person, yes?"

Yes, said Miss Ryan, and so were fifteen million other Americans. Surely Miss Lydia didn't expect "Porgy and Bess" to employ them all?

Miss Lydia leaned back in her chair with a cunning, you-can't-fool-me expression. "It is because *you*," she said, smiling at Miss Ryan, "do not permit him his passport."

The dessert arrived. It was vanilla ice cream, and it was excellent. Behind me, Miss Thigpen said to her fiancé, "Earl, honey, I wouldn't touch it. Maybe it's not pasteurized."

Across the aisle, Mrs. Gershwin observed to Miss Putnam, "My theory is they send it all to California. It costs

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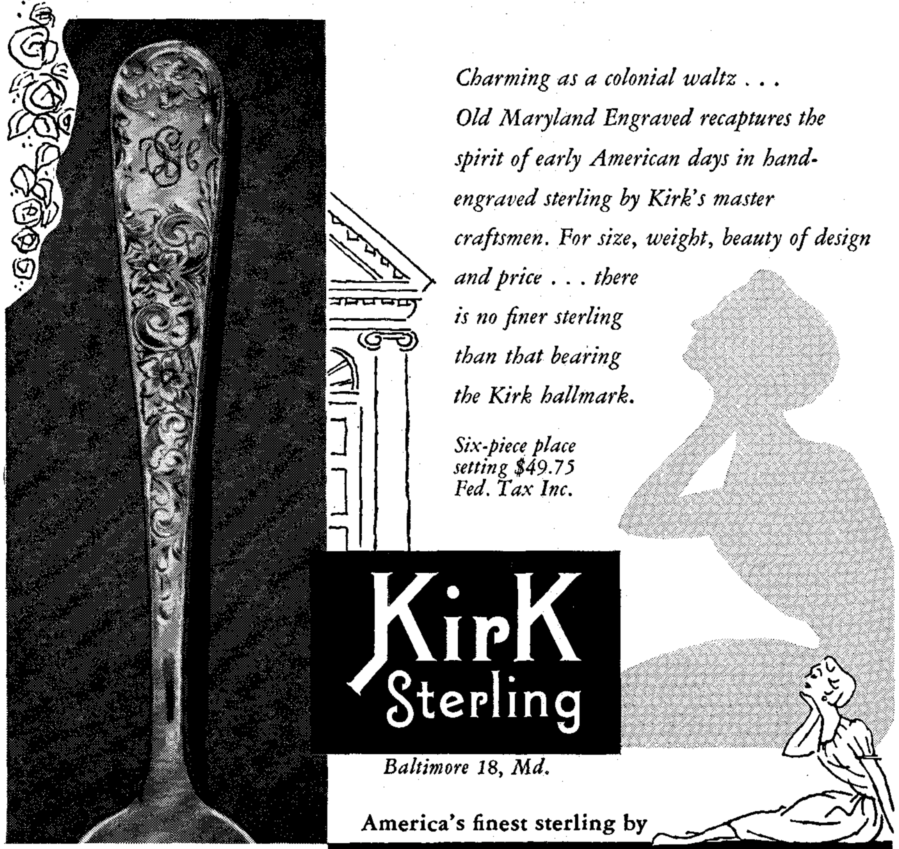

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Coffee followed, and, with it, an altercation. Jackson and several of his friends had taken over a table and were dealing out a game of tonk. The two huskiest of the Ministry's young men, Sascha and Igor, converged on the cardplayers and informed them, their voices struggling to sound firm, that this sort of "gambling" was illegal in the Soviet Union. "Man," said one of the players, "nobody's gambling here. We got to do *something*. We don't have a friendly game, we blow our stacks."

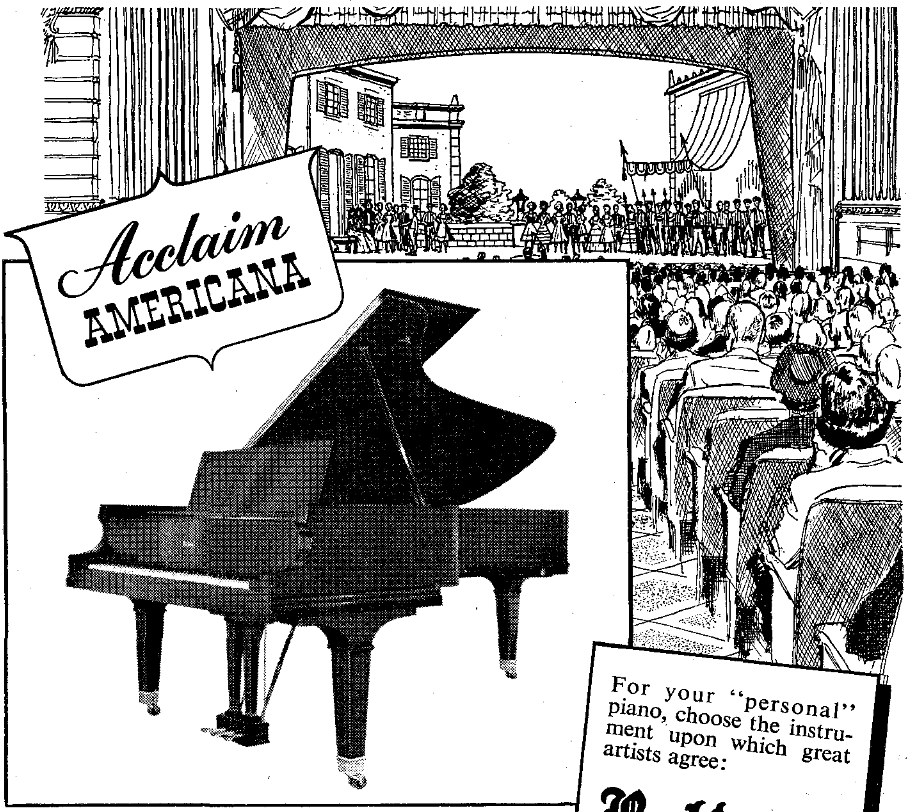
Sascha insisted, "It's illegal. Not allowed."

The men threw down their cards, and Jackson, tucking them into a case, said, "Old Squareville. Home for dead cats. The number to play is zero. Tell the boys back in New York."

"They are unhappy. We regret," said Miss Lydia. "But we must remember our restaurant workers." Her stubby-fingered hand motioned elegantly toward the waitresses, whose bleary-eyed, stolid faces glistened with perspiration as they shambled down the aisle, each balancing about a hundred pounds of dirty dishes. "You understand. It would not look well for them to see the laws disenforced." She gathered the last few apples and stuffed them into a cloth handbag. "Now," she said cheerfully, "we go to dream."

ON the morning of December 21st, the Blue Express was twenty-four hours from Leningrad—another day and another night, though the difference between the two seemed, as the train crawled deeper into Russia, tenuous indeed, so little did the sun, a gray ghost rising at ten and back in its grave by three, help to divide them. The fragile span of daylight continued to reveal winter at its uncrackable hardest: birches, their branches bent to the ground under the weight of snow; a log-cabin village, not a soul in sight and the roofs hung with icicles heavy as elephant tusks; once, a village cemetery, with poor plain wooden crosses, wind-bent and all but buried. But here and there haystacks, standing in deserted fields, were evidence that even this harsh ground could, in the distant spring, grow green again.

Aboard, among the passengers, the emotional pendulum had been stopped at that nirvana point between the strains of departure and the tensions of arrival, an on-and-on timeless nowhere that one accepted as perhaps lasting forever, like



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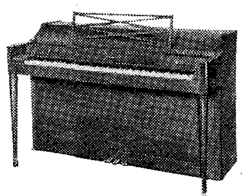

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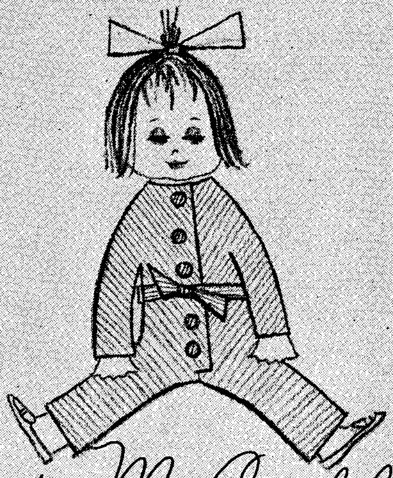

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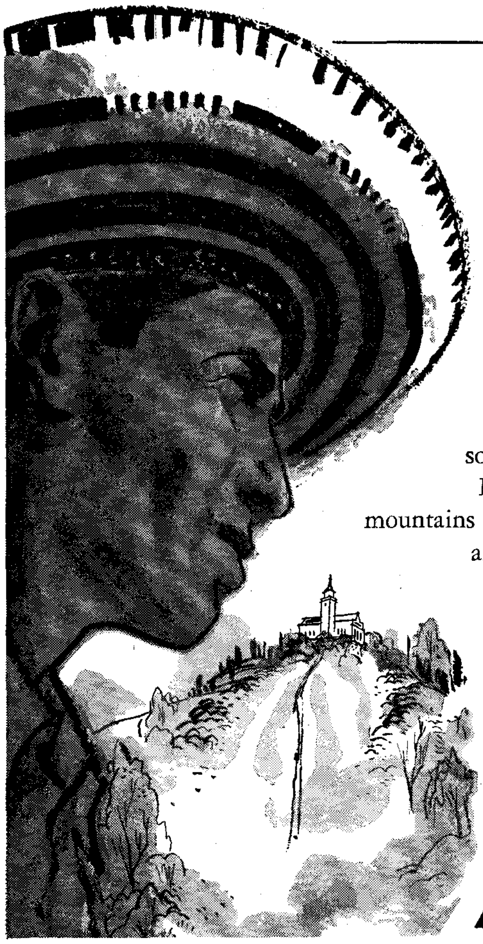

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the wind that swept white caldrons of snow spray against the train. At last, even Warner Watson relaxed. "Well," he said, lighting a cigarette with hands that scarcely trembled, "I think maybe I've got my nerves fenced in." Twerp snoozed in the corridor, pink stomach upturned, paws bent inward. In Compartment 6, by now a welter of unmade berths, orange peelings, spilled face powder, and cigarette butts floating in cold tea, Jackson practiced card-shuffling while his fiancée buffed her nails and Miss Ryan, pursuing her Russian studies, memorized a new phrase out out of the Army textbook—"SLOO-sha‿eess-ya ee-lee ya BOO-doo streel-YAHT'! Obey or I'll fire!" Lyons alone stayed faithful to the pressures of a workaday world. "Nobody gets in my tax bracket looking at scenery," he said, sternly typing the heading for a new column: "Showtrain to Leningrad."

At seven that evening, when the others had gone off to the day's third round of yoghurt and raspberry soda, I stayed in the compartment and dined on a Hershey bar. I thought Twerp and I had the car to ourselves until I saw one of the Ministry's interpreters, Henry—the child-sized young man with the large ears—pass my door, then pass again, each time giving me a glance that quivered with curiosity. It was as though he wanted to speak but caution and timidity prevented him. When, finally, after another reconnoitre, he did come into the compartment, the approach he had designed was official. "Give me your passport," he said, with that bluntness shy people often assume. He sat on Miss Thigpen's berth and studied the passport through a pair of spectacles that kept sliding down to the tip of his nose; like everything he wore, from his loose, shiny black suit, with its bell-bottomed trousers, to his worn-out brown shoes, they were much too big for him. I said if he would tell me what he was looking for, possibly I could help him. "It is necessary," he mumbled, his red ears burning like hot coals. The train must have travelled several miles while he fingered through the passport like a boy poring over a stamp album, and though he carefully examined the mementos left on its pages by immigration authorities, his attention lingered longest on the data that states one's occupation, height, color, and date of birth. "Here is correct?" he said, pointing to my birth date.

I told him it was.

"We are three years apart," he said. "I am youngest—*younger*?—I am younger, thank you. But you have seen much. So. I have seen Moscow."

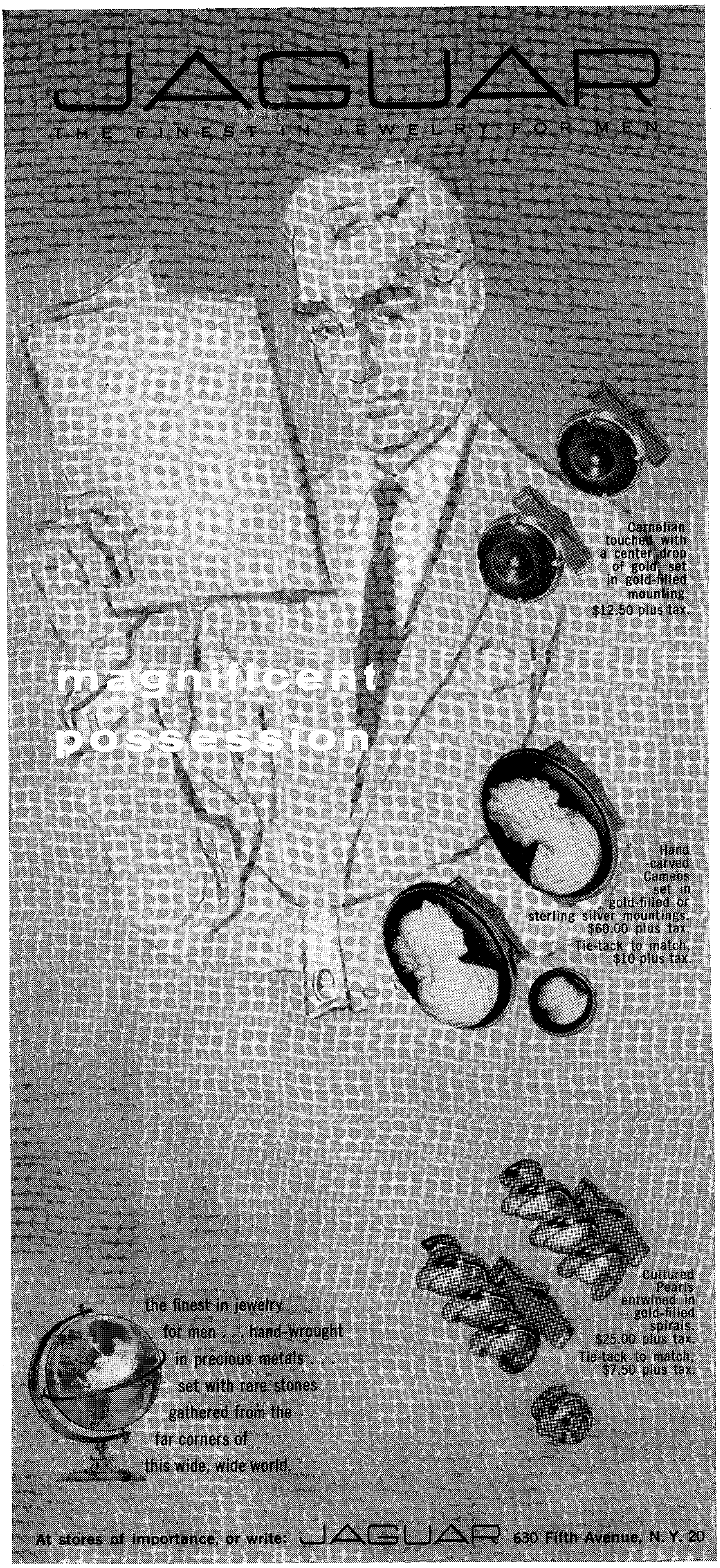
I asked him if he would like to travel.

His answer began as a physical action—a queer sequence of shrugs, flutterings, and shrinkings inside his fatman's suit that seemed to mean yes and no, perhaps. He pushed his spectacles up and said, "I have not the time. I am a worker like him and him. Three years, it could also happen my passport has many imprimaturs. But I am content with the scenic—no, *scenery*—scenery of the mind. The world is the same, but here"—he tapped his forehead, struck it, really—"*here*"—he spread a hand over his heart—"are changefuls. Which is correct—chang*ings* or change*fuls*?"

I said either one; as used, they both made sense.

The effort of shaping these sentences, and the access of feeling behind them, had left him breathless. He leaned on his elbow and rested a spell before suddenly mentioning the name of David Oistrakh, the great Soviet violinist, who had recently given concerts in the United States. He listened to my report of Oistrakh's American triumphs as if I were praising him, Henry. His hunched shoulders straightened; all at once he seemed to fill out his flapping suit, and the heels of his shoes, dangling over the side of the berth, swung together and clicked, as though he were dancing a jig. I asked him if he thought "Porgy and Bess" would have a success in Russia comparable to Oistrakh's American reception. "It is not my ability to say," he said. "But we at the Ministry hope more than you hope. A real man's job for us, that 'Porgy-Bess.' " He told me that although he'd worked at the Ministry for five years, this was the first time his job had taken him outside of Moscow. Usually, he said, he spent six days a week at a desk in the Ministry ("I have my own telephone"), and on Sundays he stayed home reading ("Among your writers, the powerful one is A. J. Cronin. But Sholokhov is more powerful, yes?"). Home was an apartment on the outskirts of Moscow, where he lived with his family and, since he was unmarried ("My stipend is not yet equal to the aspiration"), shared a bedroom with his brother.

The conversation moved with increasing ease. He ate a piece of Hershey bar, he laughed, his heels clicked. Then I offered him some books. They were stacked on the table, and his eyes continually strayed toward them—a gaudy collection of twenty-five-cent thrillers mixed in with Edmund Wilson's "To the Finland Station" and Nancy Mit-



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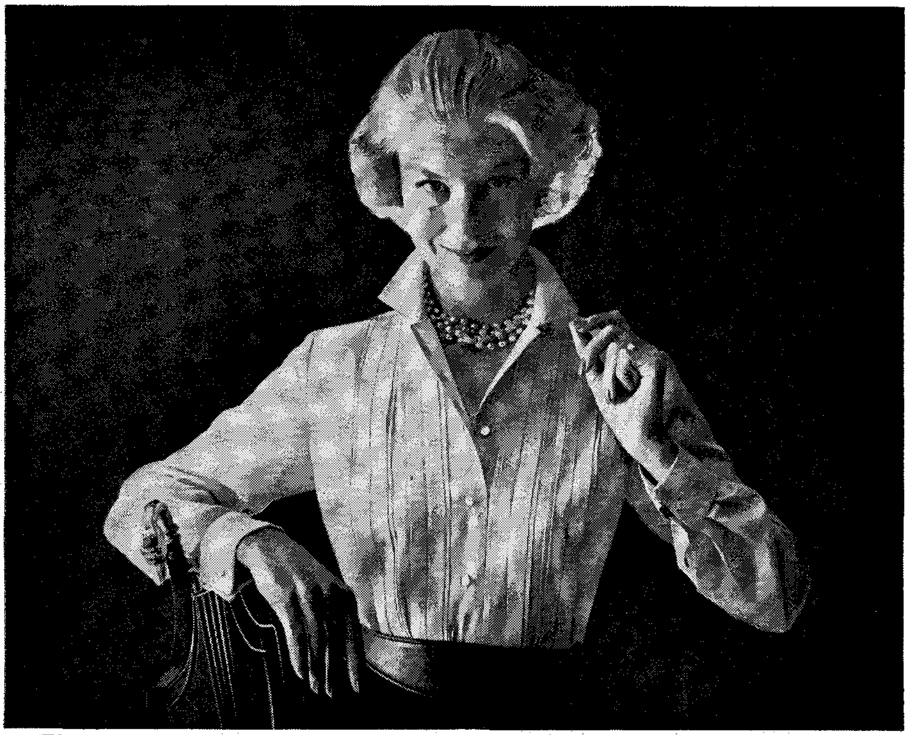

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ford's biography "Madame de Pompadour." I told him he could have them all, if he liked. At first, he was pleased. Then, as he reached for the books, his hands hesitated and withdrew, and his personal tic started—more shrugs, shrinkings, until he was swallowed again in the looseness of his clothes. "I have not the time," he said regretfully. Afterward, there seemed nothing left to say. He informed me that my passport was in order, and left.

BETWEEN midnight and two in the morning, the Blue Express stood on a railroad siding near Moscow. The exterior cold had stolen into the cars, forming lenses of ice on the inside surface of the windowpanes; looking out, one saw merely spectral diffusions, as if one's vision were deformed by cataracts. As soon as the train left Moscow, a restless mood rippled through the compartments; those who had been asleep wakened, and began to flutter about like chickens tricked by a false dawn. The stay-ups poured another drink and got their second wind. Already the pendulum was swinging toward the tensions of arrival.

Miss Thigpen woke up, calling "Earl! Earl!" as though she had had a bad dream.

"Gone," said Miss Ryan, who was curled in her berth nursing a brandy and reading Mickey Spillane. "He's out defying the law. Somebody's running a bootleg tonk in the next car."

"That's no way to do. Earl ought to be getting his rest," said Miss Thigpen grouchily.

"Give him hell," Miss Ryan advised her.

"Nancy, *quelle heure est-il?*" Miss Thigpen asked.

"Twenty to four."

At four, Miss Thigpen again inquired the time, and again at ten past. "For God's sake, Helen," Miss Ryan said, "either get a watch or take a Sleepwell."

Miss Thigpen kicked back her covers. "No sense trying. I'm better off dressed." It took her an hour and twenty-five minutes to select her costume, get into it, and apply suitable amounts of cosmetics and perfume. At five-thirty-five, she put on a feathered hat with a veil and sat down on her berth, completely clothed except for shoes and stockings. "I'm worried sick what to wear on my legs. I don't want to be poisoned," she said. Her fear was founded on a memo the Russians had issued to the ladies of the company on the subject of nylon hosiery. In conditions of severe cold, they announced, nylon has a tendency to disintegrate, and may cause nylon poisoning. Miss Thigpen rubbed her bare legs and groaned. "What kind of place *is* this we're going?" she said. "Where a lady's stockings fall to pieces on the street and maybe kill her?"

"Forget it," said Miss Ryan.

"But the Russians—"

"How the hell would they know? They don't have any nylons. That's why they say it."

It was eight in the morning before Jackson returned from his tonk game.

"Earl," said Miss Thigpen, "is this how you're going to do after we're married?"

"Sweet-girl," he said, wearily climbing into his berth, "this cat has howled his last. He zero-point-zero. Ooble-ee-dood out."

Miss Thigpen was unsympathetic. "Earl, don't you dare go to sleep now. We're almost there. Go to sleep for such a little bit and you'll wake up an ugly mess."

Jackson muttered, and drew a blanket over his head.

"Earl," said Miss Ryan softly, "I suppose you know they're going to make newsreels at the station?"

Very shortly afterward, Jackson had shaved, changed his shirt, and arrayed himself in a coat of some ambiguous caramel-colored fur. He owned a hat of the same fur, which he had had custom-made, fedora style. While working his fingers into a pair of gloves that had holes over the knuckles to reveal his rings, he gave his fiancée instructions on how to deal with the expected cameramen. He scratched at the window with his jewelled fist and squinted out; it was nine-five, and still pitch black. But half an hour later the darkness had turned to a steel-gray mist and one could see the blue of lightly falling snow. Sascha passed through the car knocking at compartment doors. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "in twenty minutes we are arriving Leningrad."

I finished dressing and squeezed my way into the crowded corridor, where excitement was accelerating moment by moment, like the wheels of the train. Even Twerp, shawl-wrapped and hugged in Miss Putnam's arms, was prepared to disembark. Mrs. Gershwin was more prepared than Twerp. She bristled with mink and was frosted with diamonds. "*Darling*," she said, an abrupt silence adding carrying power to her voice, "we're *there!*"

An instant of stunned disbelief, then a collective pushing toward the vestibule. The sad-eyed car attendant, stationed

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there to receive his tips, found himself not only ignored but crushed against the wall. By the exit, alert as horses at the starting gate, Jackson and John McCurry jockeyed for position. McCurry is the heftier of the two, and when the door opened, he was the first man out. He stepped straight into a gray throng, and a flash bulb's pop. "Bless you," said McCurry as women vied to thrust bouquets into his hands. "Bless your little pointed heads."

"AS we arrived, there were many birds flying about—black and white," Warner Watson later wrote in his diary. "The white ones are SAKAROS. I write it down for my bird-watching friends. We were greeted by many friendly Russians. The women and men [of the company] were given bouquets of flowers. I wonder where they got them this time of year. Pathetic little bouquets—like those made by a child."

Miss Ryan, also the keeper of a diary, wrote, "Official welcoming party of giant men and shabby ladies dressed more to meet a coffin than a theatrical company (black clothes, gray faces) but perhaps that's what they *were* doing. My useless plastic galoshes kept falling off, making it impossible to elbow efficiently through the press of microphones, cameras, and those battling to get at them. The Breens were on hand, Robert still half asleep but Wilva smile-smiling. At the head of the quai, dull brass letters spelled out LENINGRAD—and then I knew it was true."

Helen Wolfert, the poet, recorded a lengthy description in her journal. Here is an excerpt: "As we advanced along the platform to the exit, two columns of people stood on either side applauding. When we reached the street, a press of spectators closed in on us. Policemen pushed them away to let us pass, but the people in return pushed them with equal vigor. The actors responded to the warmth and bustle and welcome with grace, graciousness, expansiveness, and flair. If the Russian people fell in love with them, they weren't alone. I fell in love with them myself."

Perhaps a few footnotes should be added to these entries. The persons Miss Ryan referred to as "giant men and shabby ladies" were a hundred or more of Leningrad's leading theatrical artists, who had been organized to meet the train. Remarkably, none of them had known in advance that "Porgy and Bess" had a Negro cast, and before the committee could rearrange their bewildered faces into expressions of positive welcome, the company was halfway

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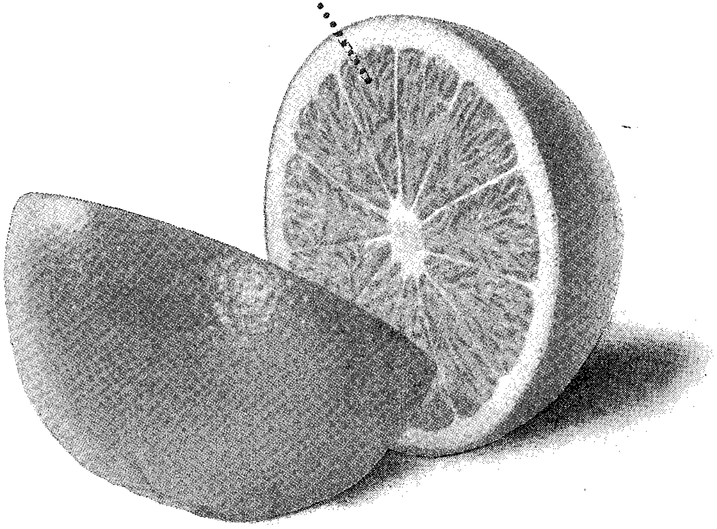

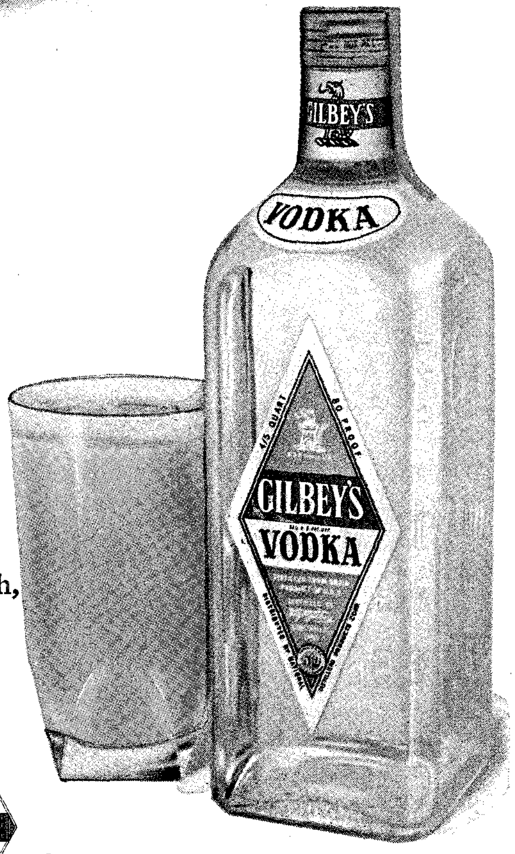
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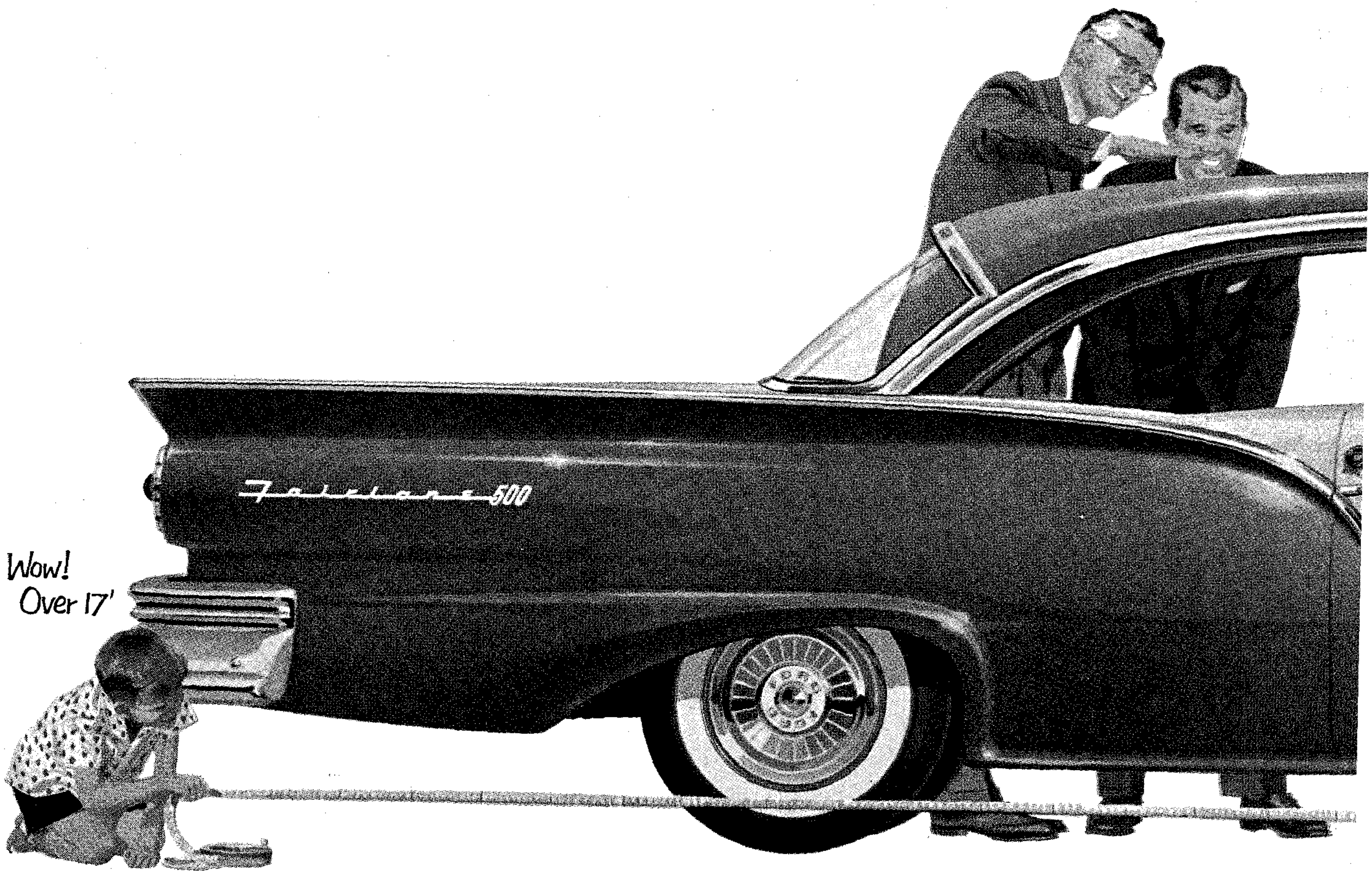

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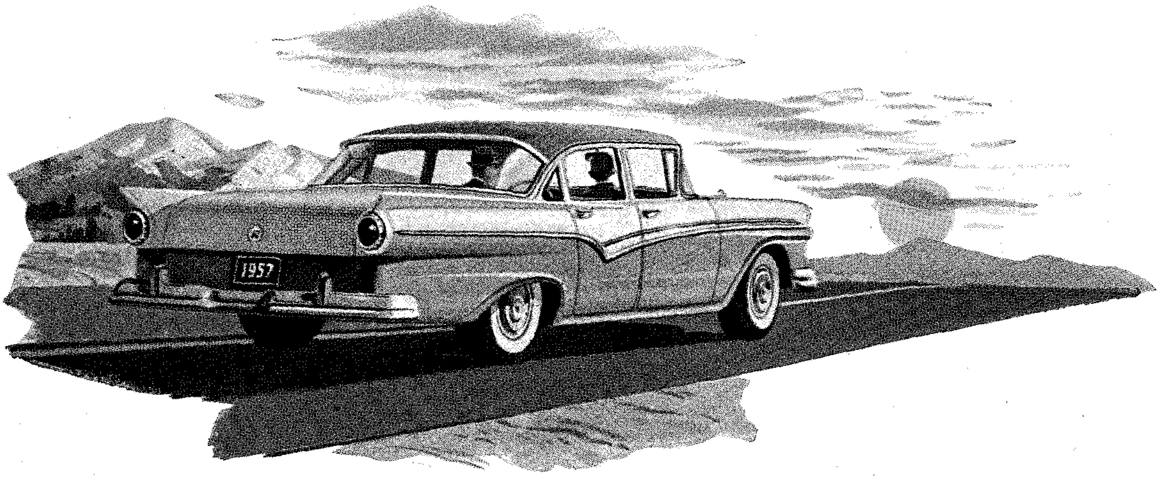

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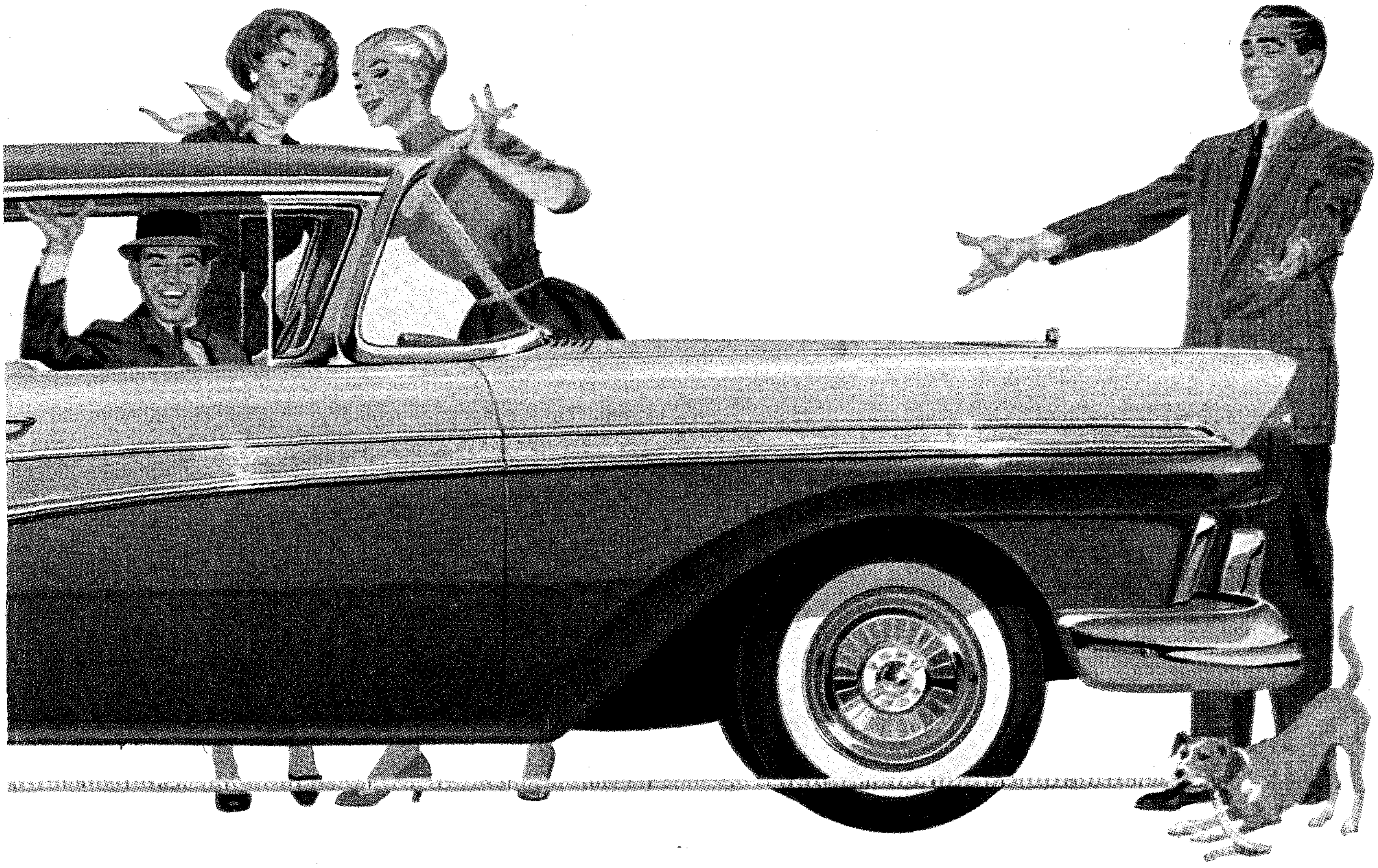

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out of the station. The "press of spectators" noted by Mrs. Wolfert consisted of ordinary citizens, whose presence was the result of an item printed in the local edition of the previous day's *Izvestia:* "A touring American opera company will arrive by train tomorrow morning in Leningrad. It is expected they will perform here." These two lines, by the way, were the first publicity the Soviet press had given the venture, but despite its meagre detail, the announcement had proved sufficiently provocative to attract at least a thousand Leningraders, who formed a line that ran the length of the station, cascaded down a flight of steps, and spilled into the street. I was less aware of a quality of "warmth and bustle" than Mrs. Wolfert. Except for light sprinklings of applause, the crowd, it seemed to me, watched the progress of the cast with immense silence, an almost catatonic demeanor that provided few clues to what they thought of the American parade: Mrs. Gershwin, loaded with bouquets; small Davy Hawthorne, dancing an impromptu Suzy-Q; John McCurry, walking with his hands clenched above his head like a prizefighter; and Jackson, dispensing royal waves.

While the Russian reaction may have been inscrutable, the official Company Historian, Leonard Lyons, had a very definite opinion of his own. Taking in the scene with a professional eye, he shook his head. "It hasn't been handled right. No showmanship," he said, passing through the door of the station. "Why, we should have come out singing!" —TRUMAN CAPOTE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

Alec Waugh in *Brideshead Revisited* spares no detail that will reveal the decadent charm of Sebastian Flyte or the passions of his sister Julia. He shows the variety of the family's religious struggles tenderly and mercilessly, and his conclusion that in the end they are obedient and dependent on religion is all the better proved.—*Margaret Culkin Banning in the Writer.*

Clever of him, too, to write it under the pseudonym of Evelyn Waugh.

•

Texas, he said, because of its vast agriculture, petrochemical, oil and gas industries, should be the natural leader in the Southwest. He called upon the business leaders of the Lone Star State to build a scientific center for this purpose, which he said would cost between $5 and $10.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

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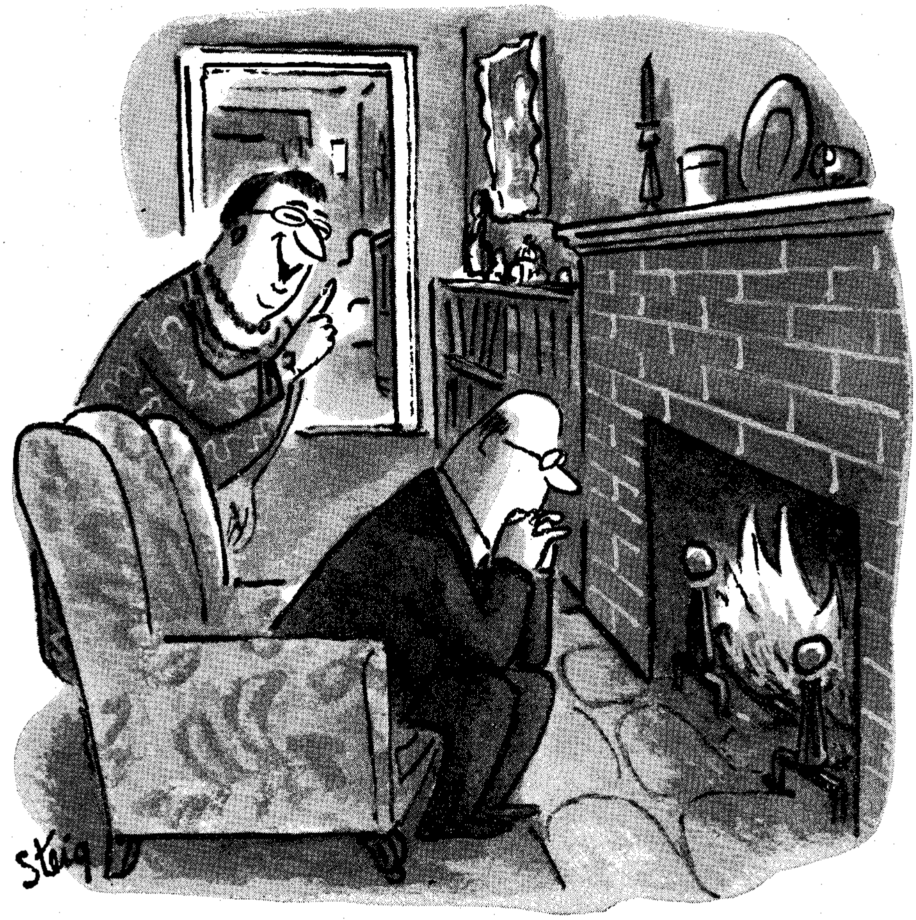
# THE THEATRE

## DARK CONTINENT

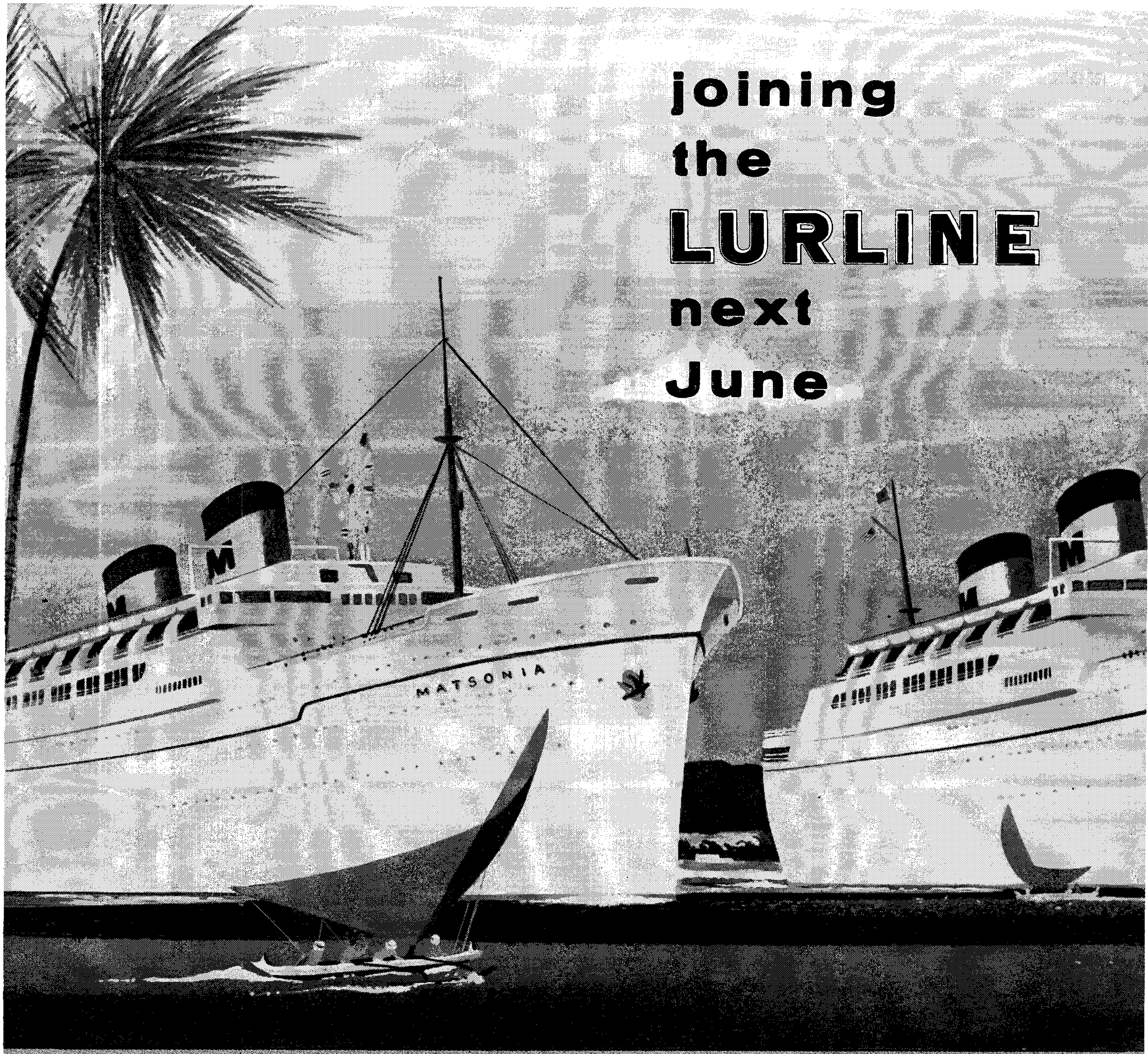
"Too Late the Phalarope," Robert Yale Libott's adaptation of Alan Paton's novel, which opened last week at the Belasco, has the faults that may be inevitable in any attempt to say too much in microcosm—to reduce, that is, the tragic social problem of a nation to the tragedy of an individual, and to adjust it, furthermore, to the arbitrary demands of the theatre. For all these faults, which we will get to presently, I think it is a work of considerable stature and eloquence, scenically almost flawless and acted for the most part with extraordinary distinction. The action takes place in and around a white settlement, composed about equally of Englishmen and Boers, in the southeastern Transvaal, in the Union of South Africa, and the specific dilemma involved arises from the Immorality Act of 1927, which, crystallizing all the ancient fears of racial contamination and extinction, makes it a criminal offense for a white to have sexual relations with a native. The protagonist is a young police lieutenant, a Boer, who has, however, been so "corrupted" by his wartime experiences in the outside world that he has drifted somewhat away from the implacable code of his ancestors. On the surface he appears to accept the wisdom of this law, and has, indeed, caused the arrest and, ultimately, the suicide of a neighbor who violated it, but in his heart he is without that peculiar mixture of terror and arrogance that was responsible for its enactment. In the absence of unusual pressures, it is conceivable that this man might have escaped the consequences of the deep division in his character, but all the circumstances are against him. His wife, though anxious to preserve their marriage, is somehow incapable of giving him the love he needs, and she shares all the bitter intolerance of her countrymen, while his father, who talks and behaves like a malignant Old Testament prophet, is another fanatic on the subject of racial purity, and resents, as well, his son's professional association with the English, whom he regards as conquering aliens. It is an oppressive household, but it seems possible that some measure of peace and understanding can still be reached when the wife takes their infant son away for a vacation in the hills. The catastrophe then is almost instantaneous.

At the outset of the play, the lieutenant has brusquely reprimanded but forgiven a young subordinate for pursuing a Negress in the jungle. He himself, however, is strongly attracted to the girl, and on a subsequent night, a bit drunk and profoundly unhappy, he meets her, and the result is inevitable. From then on, his life is a nightmare. An anonymous note tells him that he has been seen, and although this is only a friend's half-witted joke, he accepts it without question, and soon he comes to imagine that every white man in the settlement knows his secret. In the end, for reasons too complex to go into here, the girl betrays him, he confesses, and his ruin is complete. In the final scene, he goes home, only to find that his father and his wife have nailed the door against him. It has been suggested earlier that there is only one end for a man who has been cast out by his own people for this offense, but the actual fact of suicide is immaterial. Even if he goes on living, his life is over.

The faults of the play are the consequence mainly, I think, of Mr. Libott's attempt to get too much of the book on the stage. He has put in events and characters that undoubtedly contributed to the atmosphere of the novel but that seem rather irrelevant and distracting in the dramatic form. These inclusions also have the unfortunate effect of forcing him to treat really vital portions of his narrative much too hastily and elliptically. As it is played, for instance, the hero's seduction is almost unbelievably abrupt. The reasons are hinted at, but they are hardly sufficient to convince an audience that a man of character and intelligence would take the first possible opportunity to contract what all his experience must have taught him could only be a disastrous alliance. This, I guess, bothered me most, but the same defect is visible in sequences dealing with the conspiracy leading to his downfall, which is handled so rapidly and in such melo-



*"Dreaming again?"*



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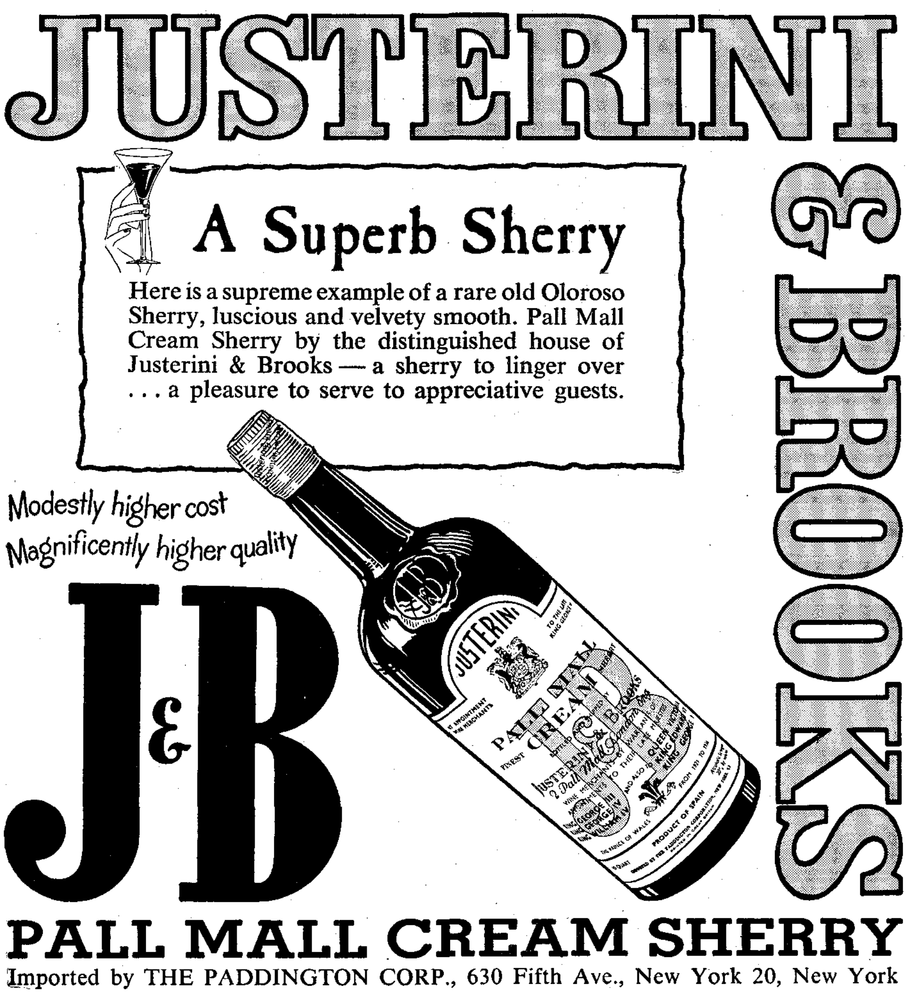
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dramatic terms that I found it not only hard to follow but, intermittently, somewhat comic. There is also a kind of oversimplification in the matter of character delineation, except in the central role, and this occasionally gives the play a curiously dated air, the old father, in particular, being a direct descendant of the patriarchs who in earlier drama used to push their erring daughters out into snowstorms. My final complaint is that the significance of the title (a phalarope is a small aquatic bird, presumably lost away from the sea) is explained at numbing length but still seems little more than pretentious nonsense to me. In spite of all its errors in dramatization, though, "Too Late the Phalarope" is a worthwhile and moving play, certainly the first this season deserving as much as your passing attention.

As the lieutenant, Barry Sullivan gives an impressive and beautifully restrained performance, remaining completely believable even when he is called on for such sorry old rituals of the theatre as tearing off his shirt and attempting to wash his guilt away with soap and water. He is especially effective in the scenes after the adultery, when, knowing that everything is lost, he forces himself to go through the accustomed routines of his life, even to the extent of planning for football games that he can hardly hope to play in. Altogether, it is as sensitive a portrayal as we are apt to see this year. The other members of the cast are handicapped to some degree by roles that are either standard fixtures in the theatre or so sketchily drawn that it is nearly impossible to round them out, but I still admired the obvious ability of Finlay Currie, as the fanatical old Boer; Laurinda Barrett, as the wife (though the motives guiding her behavior were fairly mysterious to me); Alan Napier, as a British captain of police who has little confidence in the principles of Apartheid; Paul Mann, as the play's only reluctant approach to comedy; and Ellen Holly, as a strikingly lovely and totally amoral seductress. George Jenkins' settings combine and contrast the menacing splendor of the African landscape and the bleak severity of the European settlement with commendable effect, and John Stix's direction clearly makes the most of the material at hand.

IN the matter of drawing-room comedy, it appears at the moment to be the British Commonwealth versus me. This bleak reflection is occasioned by the arrival at the Henry Miller of

William Douglas Home's work called "The Reluctant Debutante," a specimen that ran for more than a year in London to gathering hosannas but that struck me as no more than a mildly distressing little bore. I really haven't much more to say about this play, which I would classify as one of my least memorable experiences as a critic, but in view of the fact that productions sponsored by Gilbert Miller are generally regarded as important social, if not necessarily intellectual, events in the theatre, I imagine that some amplification is advisable. The plot, then—something about a matron's campaign to arrange a suitable marriage for her seventeen-year-old daughter—is a thin, predictable business, based primarily on a mixup of two suitors' names and involving more frantic telephoning, popping in and out of doors, drinking of improperly iced cocktails, and amorous grapplings on a centrally located couch than I have seen in many a year. The dialogue is "smart" in the sense that it contains a great many references to titled persons and fashionable places, and that, when the adult members of the cast are speaking, it deals with sex in a detached and superior manner. The humor, however, is not impressive. Unlike Noel Coward, who, when he was operating within the strict limits of his talent, had a precision and a gift for comic invention that produced some of the funniest lines known to the modern stage, Mr. Home relies on an extremely simple system of primitive insult, heavy-handed double-entendre, and wan little passages of nonsense. I'm afraid I wasn't attentive enough to bring many samples of this wit home with me, but a more or less cryptic memorandum on the margin of my program reads:

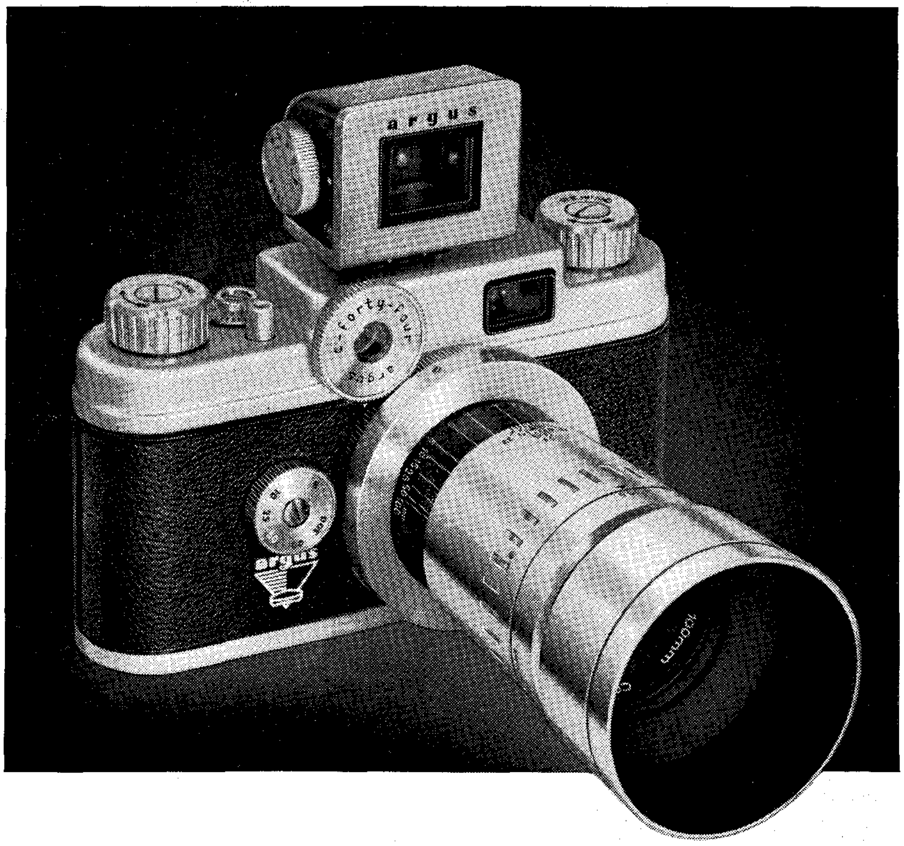
"She's almost clean-shaven."

"Well, she's only seventeen."

"She must take after her father."

I have lost the context of this fragment, but I have a suspicion that I recorded what I did as an example of the best that Mr. Home could do, rather

THOMAS TRA
DEPAUW



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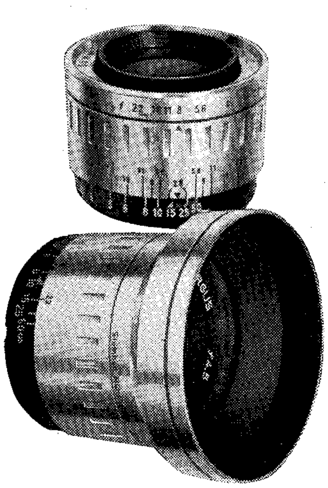

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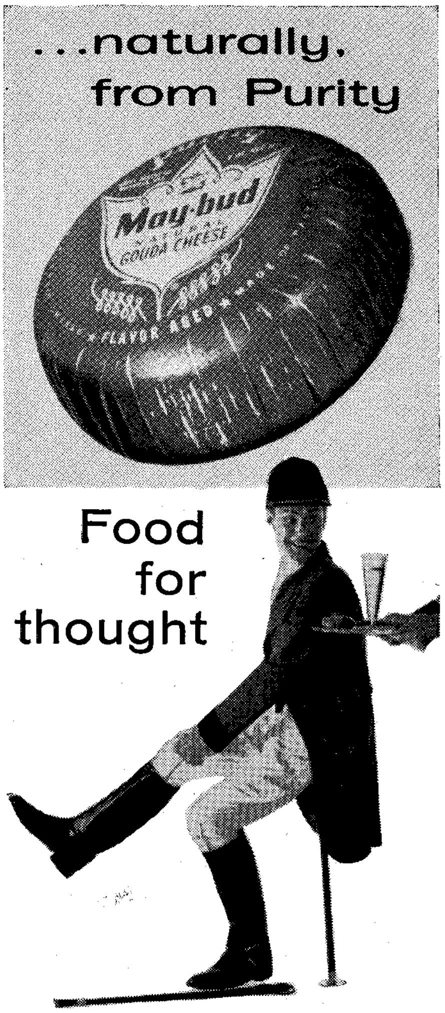

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than the worst. Altogether, the pleasure I derived from "The Reluctant Debutante" wasn't, I'm afraid, exactly the kind intended by the management. It just seemed vaguely entertaining to me to see a troupe of actors resolutely applying the techniques of sophisticated comedy to a work of almost absolute naïveté. What this play needs is Nancy Walker, I thought as the high-toned ladies and gentlemen kept chattering away.

The acting, as I've suggested, is somewhat more elevated than its surroundings. The principal members of the company are Wilfrid Hyde White, as the débutante's father; Adrianne Allen, as her mother; Anna Massey, as the girl herself; Brenda Forbes, as the mother of a rival candidate for matrimony; and John Merivale and David Cole, as the two young men whose possession of the same Christian name causes most of the excitement, such as it is. Of them all, I thought that only Mr. Hyde White, a small, neat man who spent the evening chuckling amiably at his own jokes, seemed reasonably happy with his assignment.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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## ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

[*From the Tampa Tribune*]

DEAR MARY HAWORTH:

My husband and I attend a few parties at homes of friends, and it seems to me that my husband takes charge unduly, as though he were giving the party.

For example, on a recent evening we were in the home of friends, playing cards in their recreation room. And my husband said to the hostess, who wasn't playing, "Why don't you fix us a drink?" She said she would—and she did.

Later we went upstairs for cake and coffee, and when we had finished, again my husband said: "Let's all go downstairs and have another drink."

At another party, a table was set out with crackers, cheese, etc., and immediately my husband was spreading cheese on crackers and asking each guest: "Would you like this? Or that?" and "How about another drink?"

Am I wrong in feeling that he takes over too much? E. S.

You are completely wrong. This sporty little husband of yours is not "taking over" too much, he is simply "drinking" too much. And it is easy to see why. Get rid of those stuffy, pinchpenny "friends" and you will soon find out what stuff your husband is made of. In different surroundings, where whiskey flows like water, you will hardly recognize him as the same fellow who used to go around saying, "How about another drink?" The chances are he won't even remember he's *had* a drink.

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# FOOTBALL

## *Are You Feeling All Right?*

UP to the day he ran the last race of his reasonably illustrious career, it was impossible to be sure whether Nashua, the most renowned race horse of the past few years, was going to put on a good show when his trainer sent him to the post or was going to be uncoöperative because he was mad at his stable pony. A horse is a noble animal but a dumb one, being unable to communicate his state of mind to his audience, and football teams, constructed largely of physically perfect but inarticulate young men, are a fair enough equivalent. Just what ails squads that ought to be doing better than they are, and just what is propelling squads that are playing smarter football than could be expected of them, isn't easy to say. Restrictions on practice time can explain the prevalence of butterfingers and lacklustre performances in certain Ivy League groups, but it cannot explain why other Ivy League teams show no symptoms of these troublesome diseases.

A clique of observers, pooling their findings in self-defense as much as for any other reason, came to some conclusions on this matter (subject, naturally, to change without notice) at a meeting held shortly after the results of last Saturday's football matches were posted. These are the conclusions: A couple of teams—let's call them nameless ones—may be mad at their stable pony or their coach, or both. These teams are not doing very well this fall. Harvard is in the best possible state of mind—nothing to lose (especially after being beaten, 19–13, by minuscule Tufts), everything to win. It should be added that Harvard has a veteran backfield, which on Saturday just ran around the ends of the solid, and perhaps stolid, Cornell line, to win by the score of 32–7. Cornell is in a depressed state of mind—three surprising defeats in a row, and a backfield (also veteran) that is already showing physical as well as psychological damage. Colgate is in excellent spirits—big, tough, facile, confident, as witness Saturday's score: Colgate 48, Rutgers 6. Rutgers is confused—a new coach teaching an entirely new concept of play. Princeton is one big, happy family, even though it is mostly a young one—a great many j.g. players, a lot of whom were until lately

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considered too small for their own or anyone else's good. The team is possibly playing way over its not-as-yet-swelled head—Princeton 34, Pennsylvania 0, on Saturday. Pennsylvania, which was waiting for this year to show what it had, may have to wait until next year, partly because it is just about as short-handed as Columbia, which up to now was presumed to be the record-holder. Tiley, Princeton's plunging back, is not the world's fastest runner, but he looked fast going through the Penn line; Penn threw only five passes, and the two that were caught were caught by Princetonians. Princeton didn't throw many, either, but then it hasn't been a passing team since Flippin, its hero for the three years preceding this one, suffered a series of injuries, beginning in 1954. As a matter of fact, Princeton's lightweight backs ran the ball more than three hundred yards against Penn. Yale is full of beans—well manned, adroit enough to make mistakes and get away with them, adroit enough to profit by others' mistakes. Yale 33, Columbia 19, Saturday's score, would have been Yale 20, Columbia 0, if no one had made any errors; if Yale had played the football it should be able to play, the score might have been Yale 59, Columbia 0.

THERE are two reports from more distant observers. It is the opinion of a man who watched Tulane beat Navy, 21–6, that Tulane's line had the jump on the Navy line all the way through. Navy, the happy possessor of two teams of such skill that the coaching staff said it was hard to tell them apart, didn't have one team that was good enough to beat Tulane. It is the opinion of a man who watched Michigan beat Army, 48–14, that Army's bagful of fumbles put it in a hole and a state of catalepsy right at the start. He points out that Army was merely following in its own footsteps, for it fumbled the ball almost as often last year against Michigan, and lost that game almost as easily. —J. W. L.

•

Tomorrow the President will receive the Prince and Princess of Monaco. The Princess is the former Grace Kelly of Hollywood.—*The Times.*

Well, sure. But what's the President's name?

•

Add one onion peeled and two sprigs of parsley, one bay leaf, two whole cloves and two tablespoons of vinegar, tied together in a cheesecloth bag.—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

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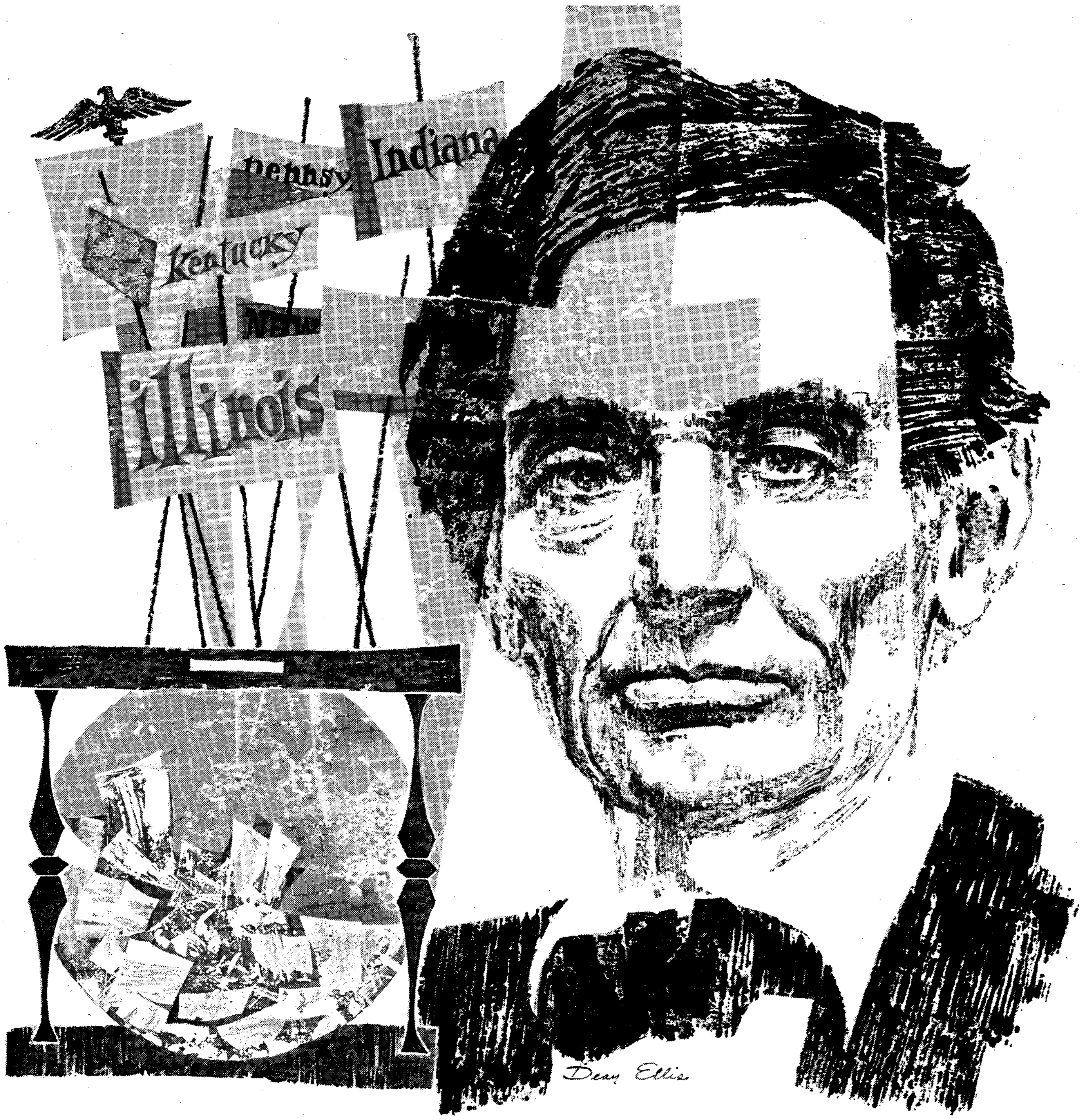

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That year, too, there was another, less noticeable, beginning when William H. Rand opened a printing shop in Chicago. It was the beginning of Rand McNally.

Today, one hundred years later, we can remember the voice of the country lawyer from Illinois: "*I think we have an ever growing interest in maintaining the free institutions of our country.*" That is the eternal crisis of democracy. And in 1956, as in 1856, free men still struggle to maintain their democratic institutions.

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# MR. CONSIDINE'S WAKE

Mr. Considine liked children, so he may have been pleased to think that I enjoyed myself at his wake, and, except for one brief, harrowing interlude, I did enjoy myself. I was nine when I helped keep that last vigil for him, on a winter night just after the beginning of this century.

Mr. and Mrs. Considine and my mother and father were old friends and neighbors. The two men were inseparable at races, cockfights, and other lively events in and around Saratoga, and Mrs. Considine had been with my mother when each of us children was born. The friendship went back to the late eighteen-seventies, when the two couples, both recently married, made a foursome on the sleigh rides and at the square dances and parties that helped pass the Saratoga winters of those days—and from my mother's accounts they were passed gaily, in spite of the absence of such blessings as television, automobiles, movies, and bebop.

Mr. Considine and my father were alike in temperament. Both were easy-going, good-hearted, convivial men, not much given to worry; in truth, each was touched with a bit of the philosophy and charm of Mr. Micawber. Mr. Considine had, among other agreeable qualities, a kind of clairvoyance that told him when a boy was in the mood for a nickel's worth of candy. This did not require too much clairvoyance; we boys were fairly constantly in that mood. He and my father had a small but dependable repertoire of jokes designed to amuse the young. If I happened to be around when Mr. Considine lit a cigar, like as not he would gravely offer me one, and I would grin and decline it. I did not get to smoke my first—and last—cigar until a few years later. My father called all little girls Aunty, and when he met one, he would usually ask her where she was going the Fourth of July. He never saw any reason for abandoning this durable pleasantry, and it seemed to wear well with the little girls; they always giggled coyly when Mr. Sullivan, no matter what time of year it was, asked them where they planned to spend the Fourth.

The jokes did not sparkle, but they were genial, and I liked Mr. Considine, with his deadpan offer of a cigar, better than I liked the bluff old nuisance who used to make my visits to the barbershop an ordeal by rumpling my hair and asking me if I had come to get a shave.

When Mr. Considine died, I felt as sorry as I suppose a small boy knows how to feel in the unfamiliar presence of death. I wanted to go to his wake, but my motive there was not as lofty as it might have been. I had my eye on the funeral baked meats. I had never been allowed to go to a wake, but I had heard a good deal of talk about these occasions, and they sounded interesting. They seemed to have an almost festive, party quality. I gathered that if you stayed late enough at a wake, refreshments were served. Indeed, I was very soon in agreeable contact with the baked meats for Mr. Considine's wake; the day after his death our house was filled with the aroma of a boiling ham I knew my mother intended to take to the Considine home. The custom was that when death visited a family, the neighbor women rallied round with home-made delicacies, as practical expressions of sympathy and to save the family the bother of doing any cooking during that time of affliction. I still live in Saratoga, and though funerals have otherwise changed, this kindly custom still persists. In those antique days, old friends stayed the whole night through at least once during the two or three nights of the wake. It was not considered too much to sit up for a night with a friend in trouble. This is rarely done nowadays, for the funeral parlor has supplanted the home as the place for the final watch, and the old-fashioned wake is seldom seen.

I knew my mother would elect to keep the all-night vigil with her old friend Mrs. Considine, and besides the lure of refreshments, I had a second reason for wanting to go with her. I thought it would be a splendid adventure to stay up all night. In all my nine years, I had never done that—not even on Christmas Eve—though I had always wanted to. Now luck was with me. It happened that all the family except my mother and me were away from home, and since she did not want to leave me alone at home all night, she had no choice but to take me to the

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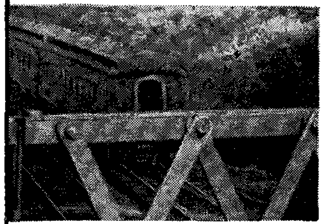

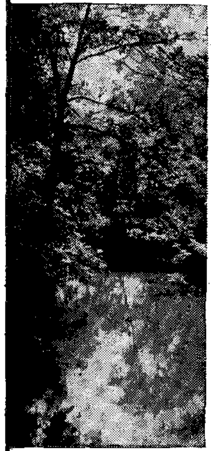

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wake. Making a virtue of necessity, she told me I could come along if I promised not to be a bother. I promised gladly, without knowing what you could do at a wake to be a bother.

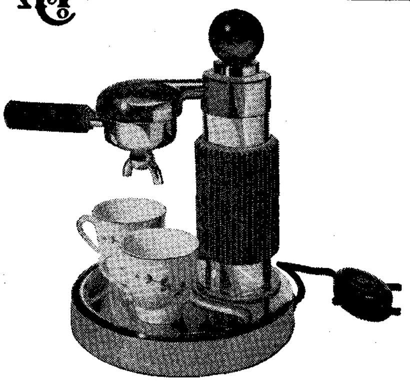
THAT night, bearing the boiled ham, we walked the few blocks to the Considine home. The front parlor, where Mr. Considine lay, and the rooms adjoining it were filled with friends paying their respects. Callers were coming and going constantly. My mother and Mrs. Considine embraced and shed tears, and Mrs. Considine embraced me, too, and said that Mr. Considine had been fond of me, and at this recollection she shed a few more tears. I was made uneasy by so much emotion. My mother and I knelt at the bier and said an "Our Father" for the repose of Mr. Considine's soul. I heard a woman tell Mrs. Considine, consolingly, that he looked "lovely." I did not think so. He did not even look like Mr. Considine to me. The lurking smile that had always been faintly visible in Mr. Considine's eyes and around the corners of his mouth was not present. My mother took a seat with Mrs. Considine and the other women, and, to my relief, she told me to run along to the kitchen and be a good boy. I had no plans to be otherwise.

At wakes, the kitchen was reserved for the men, and the Considine kitchen was crowded that night. You could scarcely see through the fragrant fog of tobacco smoke. At least, it seemed fragrant to me, but whenever one of the women came into the kitchen, she would give a snort of distaste, say "You can *cut* the smoke in here," and throw open a window. As soon as she left, one of the men would shut the window. Boxes of cigars lay available on the table, with bowls of tobacco for the pipe smokers, but there probably wasn't a cigarette in view. Older men rarely smoked cigarettes in those days.

I found a seat in the corner and settled back to listen to the talk, feeling big and important to be there in the kitchen, accepted, though not yet a smoker, as one of the menfolk. An old man with a pipe asked someone who I was, and when told I was Dennis Sullivan's boy, he responded like an actor to a cue. "Did you ever hear about your father and the chicken?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir," I said honestly, being too young to be familiar with the convention of the tactful lie.

This did not stop the old gentleman. He told the story anyhow. It concerned an episode that had happened years be-



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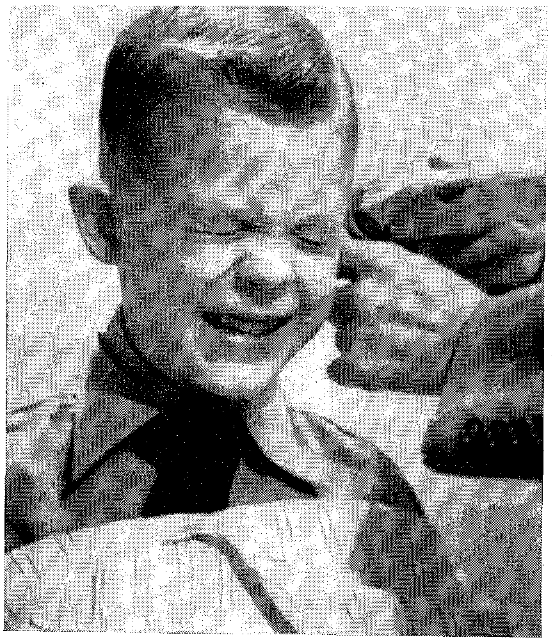

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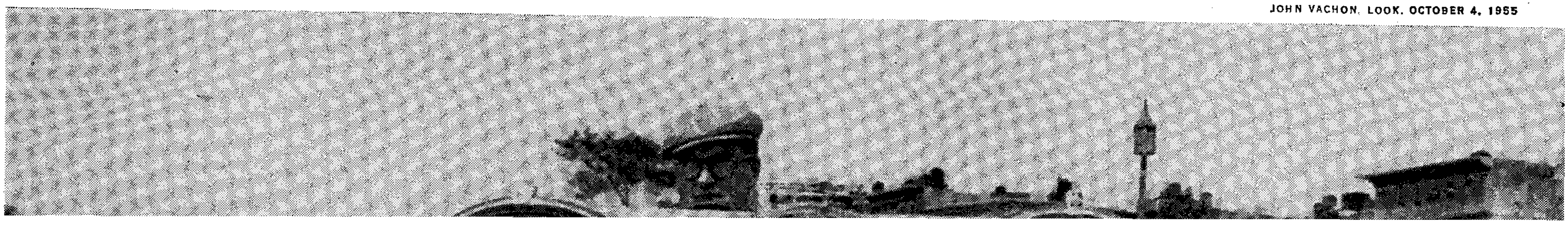

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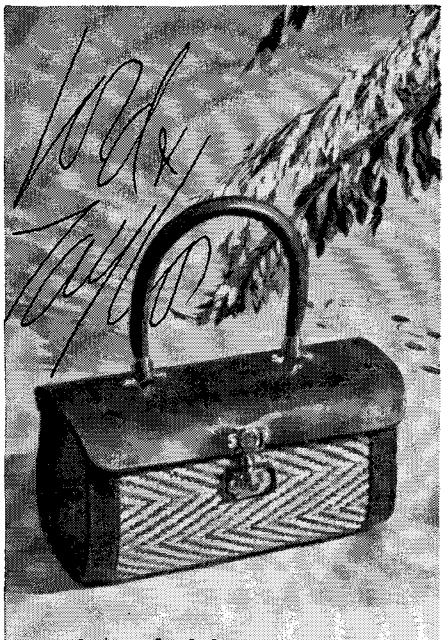
fore, on a snowy winter night, when a group of cronies were gathered in my father's saloon and grocery store and were casting about for a means of livening up the dull evening. Someone at length came up with a piquant suggestion: Why not borrow a fat hen from some neighbor's henhouse and have a chicken dinner? The suggestion found instant favor, and the fact that Phil Dowling was the only crony not present automatically qualified him as the unwitting host. A hanger-on—an accomplished sinner known to have a flawless and squawkless technique of extracting hens from roosts—was sent out to borrow Mr. Dowling's hen. But the night was bitter and the snow deep, and Dowling's henhouse was a long block's walk up the alley, so the expert simplified his job by stepping into my father's henhouse, behind the store, and kidnapping the fattest hen there. The feast was held, and everyone, my father included, thought it a grand joke on Phil Dowling. But the next morning, when my father went out to feed his hens, he found that he, and not Phil Dowling, *had* been host the night before. This was an old story my father's friends liked to tell on him and it had got quite a patina from frequent polishing. The old man gave it a lively revival.

TOWARD midnight, the bustle and movement in the front rooms of the Considine house quieted as the flow of callers dwindled. Soon the house was emptied of all save the watchers who intended to stay the night, numbering perhaps a dozen old friends. The women drifted out to the kitchen one by one, and Mr. Considine was left alone in the parlor. I wondered if this was a polite thing to do to him, but I supposed the grownups knew what was correct. I thought maybe Mr. Considine did not mind, he was such a quiet, good-natured man—and anyhow he was now in Heaven (or at least Purgatory), no doubt gravely asking cherubs if they would have a cigar or giving a nickel to some apprentice angel with a sweet tooth.

One of the women put the coffeepot on the stove, and before long the perfume of boiling coffee mingled with the tobacco fragrance. The other women set about getting ready the feast that was to fortify the watchers against their long vigil. They bore in cakes, salads, sandwiches, and other viands from the pantry, which the neighbors had stocked with enough victuals to feed a regiment for a week. Everyone brightened at the prospect of the refreshments, none more



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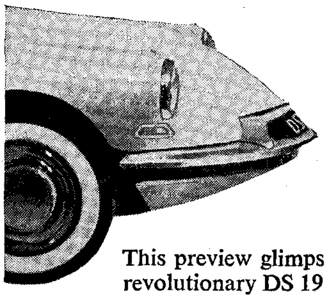
than the junior watcher present. How right I had been to come to the wake!

The widow Considine attempted to help set the table but was made to sit down and take it easy, as though she were a guest, by her old friends Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Leary, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. Sullivan, and Mrs. Horowitz, a stout, jolly neighbor who was Jewish and who thought Irish wakes the most sociable and comforting occasions she had ever attended. She rarely missed one, and she lamented that she could not have such a sendoff when her own time came.

There was nothing mournful about this phase of the wake. The conversation was lively and cheerful. Wakes were great clearing houses for reminiscence and for old stories of famous or comical exploits, especially if they concerned the departed. One of the men remembered the time, many years back, when Father John, the parish priest, came upon him and the then young Considine playing penny ante with some other boys in a back street near the church, and dealt out some telling whacks with his cane before he dispersed the gamesters and confiscated the kitty for the poor box. Mrs. Considine remembered hearing about that episode, and she laughed. Others were reminded of other tales, and soon Mrs. Considine was moved to tell about the time she nearly broke up her Uncle Jimmy's wake.

He was the black sheep of the family, and he had passed on after a sinful but gay long life. On one of the evenings during his wake, Mrs. Considine was representing the family at the bier as callers came in to offer their sympathy. Among them was an old lady, a longtime neighbor, who gave Mrs. Considine her condolences, said her prayer at the bier, and then passed an appraising eye over the floral tributes. They were profuse, because Uncle Jimmy had been popular with saint and sinner alike. An immense circular wreath, sent by a fraternal order, held the central place behind and above the coffin, but about a quarter of it, at the bottom, was hidden from view by other floral pieces. This confused the old lady and caused her to mistake the wreath for another kind of offering, more commonly associated with the openings of restaurants and cafés than with funerals, and she said to Mrs. Considine, "Ah, the flowers are lovely. Tell me, Annie, who sent the horseshoe." This suggestion that Uncle Jimmy, the sinner, might find some good luck useful on his last journey had been too much



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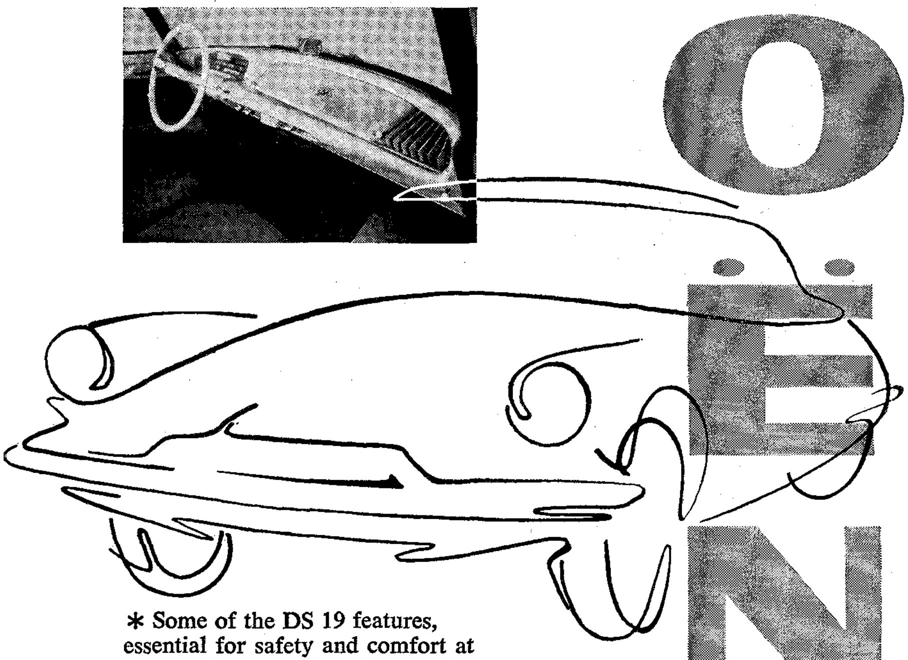

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for Mrs. Considine. She had lost her composure and let out a whoop of laughter that startled the company and gave the old lady a severe fright. No harm was done. Nobody was scandalized or shocked. It was instantly assumed that Mrs. Considine had broken momentarily under the strain of grief and was having mild hysterics. Friends led her tenderly from the room and plied her with spirits of ammonia.

Other colorful stories about Uncle Jimmy must have come up then, but I didn't hear them, because the preparations for supper were claiming my attention. I watched, bug-eyed, while the women tried to decide which of the array of cakes they would serve up for the midnight repast. I had my eye on a certain orange layer cake, and I heard one of the helpers say, "My, who made this orange layer cake? It looks so good it seems a shame to cut it." My heart sank at these words. Oh, let her not harbor such dangerous and foolish scruples! But before I had time to get too agitated about the orange layer cake, I had something more pressing to worry about. The widow Considine grew concerned about the candles that had been left burning at Mr. Considine's coffin. Were they all right? Someone ought to go in and check on them.

"Make yourself useful, Frank," I heard my mother say. "Run in and see if the candles are all right."

I had felt uneasy in the parlor earlier, even when the room was filled with neighbors. The prospect of now visiting that room alone filled me with lively apprehension. The Considine home was a rambling place; successive owners had tacked on a series of additions, until it was half again as long as any other house in the neighborhood. Between the kitchen and the front parlor lay a stretch of five rooms, no two on the same level, and all connected by a long, crooked hallway. Quite a trip, under the present circumstances.

I cast about earnestly for an excuse to escape this distasteful chore, but none came to mind. If I put up a show of reluctance, the men would think I was scared—and they would be right. There was no way out. I had promised not to be a bother, so I had better do what I was asked to do. I rose and started for the front parlor, and never in the fifty-odd years since that winter night have I left a room with more reluctance than I felt when I quit that cheerful kitchen for the lonely parlor where the mortal shell of Mr. Considine lay.

The hallway suddenly seemed as

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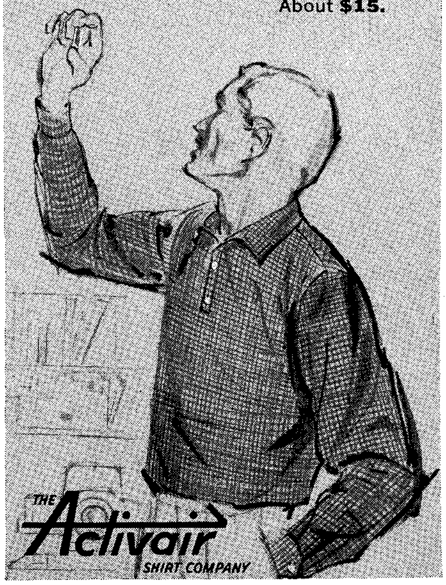

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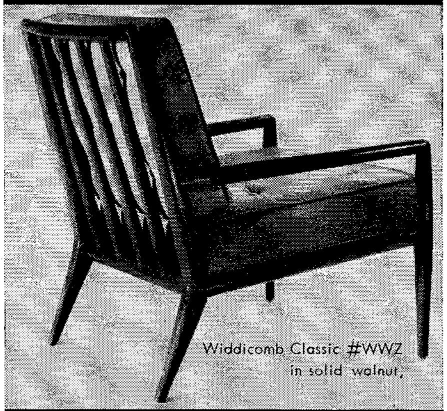

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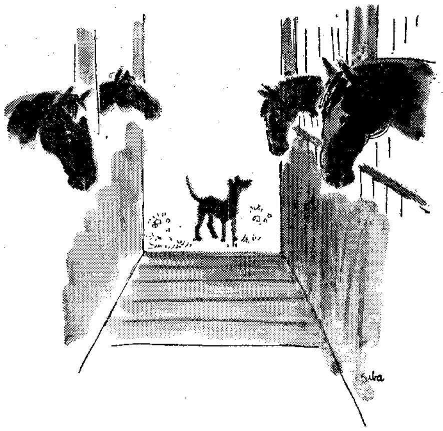
long as one of the vast corridors in the Grand Union Hotel, nearby. When I got to the first room from the kitchen, I toyed with a plan to pause there for a moment and then go back and report that the candles were all right. But suppose they were *not* all right? Suppose one of them had toppled over and at that moment flames were licking at the lace window curtains? If I proved faithless and disaster resulted, I would be marked for life as the boy who had lied about the candles at Mr. Considine's wake. It was no use. Chicanery wouldn't work. I had to go on.

In the neighborhood, not far from the Considine home, was the haunted block where—as we kids knew, for the older boys assured us it was so—a lady in white flitted in and out of the shadows in the evening. My friends and I would no more walk through that block after dark than we would walk past Greenridge Cemetery after dark, although by day the block held no terrors for us and we boldly used the cemetery as a playground. (Very good for hide-and-seek, but you had to be careful never to enter a tomb if its door chanced to stand open, because a boy had done that once and he was never seen again; the big boys said so.)

My imagination was now working overtime, and it suggested to me that the lady in white might at that moment be in the front parlor, paying her ghostly respects to Mr. Considine. Why not? She was a neighbor, too, in a way. What more natural, if that is the word, than that she should come to visit him, perhaps to welcome him to her world of shadows? And what more likely moment for her to choose than this, when all the intruding mortals had retreated to the kitchen—all except one? I had the feeling that the lady in white, or somebody, or something, was just behind me, about to show resentment of my intrusion in some dread manner. My back went all gooseflesh, and when my arm brushed an empty chair and set it



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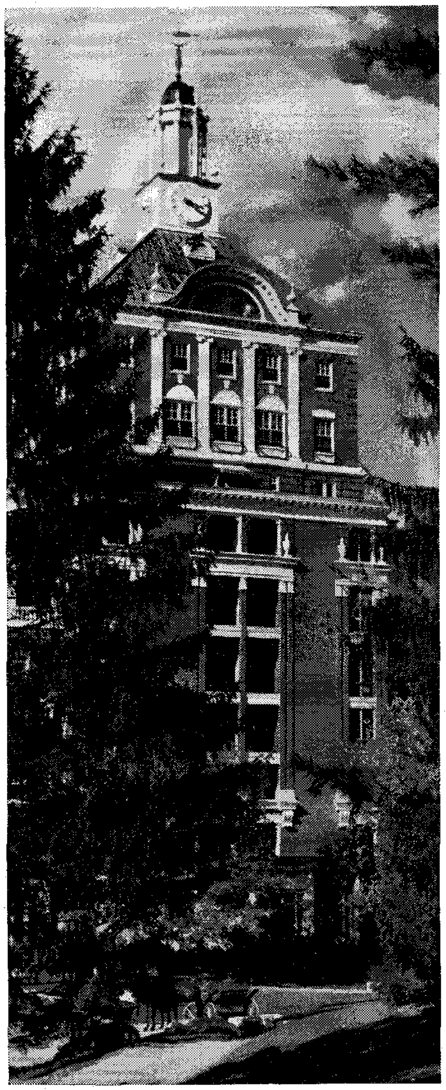

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rocking, my heart gave a mighty leap and stopped beating for a moment. There were those angles and bends in the hallway to consider, too. Anything might be lurking around one of them. I thought of all these things, but it never occurred to me to think what a pleasant man Mr. Considine had been and how remote was the chance that he would now, or ever, wish to do me harm.

I got to the parlor—at any rate, to the door of the parlor. It was chilly there, and gloomy in the flicker of the candles. Instead of the wholesome aromas of the midnight supper, there was the heavy, cloying scent of flowers. The distant sound of talk from the kitchen only accentuated the stillness in the parlor. I did not go into the room. I paused at the door and gave the candles the briefest inspection compatible with fidelity to my trust. Then I caught a glimpse of Mr. Considine's profile, just visible above the folds of white satin. It was the flickering shadows cast by the candles, conspiring with my overwrought imagination, that did it, but in that second I thought he moved. I did not wait to verify this. I turned and ran back down the hall as fast as I could go, and as I came galloping out of the hallway into the kitchen, I thought a couple of the men grinned sympathetically at me.

"The candles are all right!" I cried breathlessly and triumphantly.

"That's a good boy," Mrs. Considine said, but nobody else complimented me; nobody seemed to think I had done anything heroic, except myself. It did not matter. I waived acclaim in the surge of relief that the ordeal was over. I had acquitted myself with honor and had not been a bother.

NOW that I was back in the cheerful kitchen, surrounded by the living, the morbid fancies that had plagued my trip to the parlor were exorcised, and to complete my relief I saw that the quixotic notion of making a museum piece out of the orange layer cake had been squelched. That cake went the way all good cakes should go, and I accounted for a substantial share of its ruin. I damaged a fair amount of other victuals, too, and I think I was even allowed coffee, to keep me awake.

Full of good food and the satisfaction of having done my duty nobly, I took a comfortable spot on a couch in a corner of the room and settled there, ready and eager to be entertained by my elders for the remainder of the night

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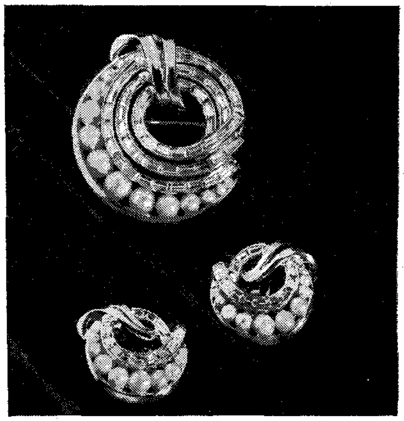

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with reminiscence, gossip, and tall tales. Presently, someone laughed and said something in a low tone. Then my mother laughed and said, "Let him alone. I knew he'd fall asleep."

The baseless charge stung me. I roused myself to refute it. "I am *not* asleep!" I cried indignantly. That brought another laugh. Having set them straight on the matter, I settled back and relaxed again.

The next thing I knew, my mother was standing over me, removing an afghan that had covered me. "Wake up, Frank," she said. "It's morning. Time to go home."

We went home through the winter dawn, and I tumbled groggily into bed and took up my sleep where I had left off. It was noon when I came to, and I had a holiday from school that day, all the sweeter because it was my own private holiday, not shared by my schoolmates. That holiday I owed, in effect, to Mr. Considine. It was the last of the many kindnesses he did me, and I was glad I had sat up with him and had seen to his candles.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

•

### THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From an editorial in Life, January 10, 1955*]

PROGRESS IN THE MIDDLE EAST. The Middle Eastern situation moved from desperate to merely bad in 1954: in 1955 it promises great returns to great diplomacy. Already the rigid alignments of past years are shifting. Britain, long the classic villain for Israelis, is seeking to bring the Arab world into negotiating peace with Israel. Egypt, long the leader of the Arab world's anti-Israel agitation, is now ruled by dedicated young men who realize that their true *jehad* is against their own nation's poverty. Israel itself is beginning to talk less truculently. The raw material of violence is still strewn throughout the Middle East, but so are opportunities for pacification. Western diplomacy can show the Arabs how to make their deserts blossom as greenly as Israel's (as in the U.S. offer to harness the Jordan River); it can press for mutual Arab-Israel concessions and trade; it can isolate the fanatics and encourage the progressives like Nasser; it can make great strides toward liquidating the Arab-Israel war this year.

•

Mr. and Mrs. George Ackley of Argilla road returned Tuesday from Woodstock, Vt., where Mrs. Ackley competed in the 100-mile Endurance Ride which ended on Saturday. Her Morgan mare, Lippitt Gayety, placed tenth against stiff competition. 50 horses started and 55 finished, an unusually high percentage.—*Lawrence (Mass.) Eagle.*

Even for Vermont.

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

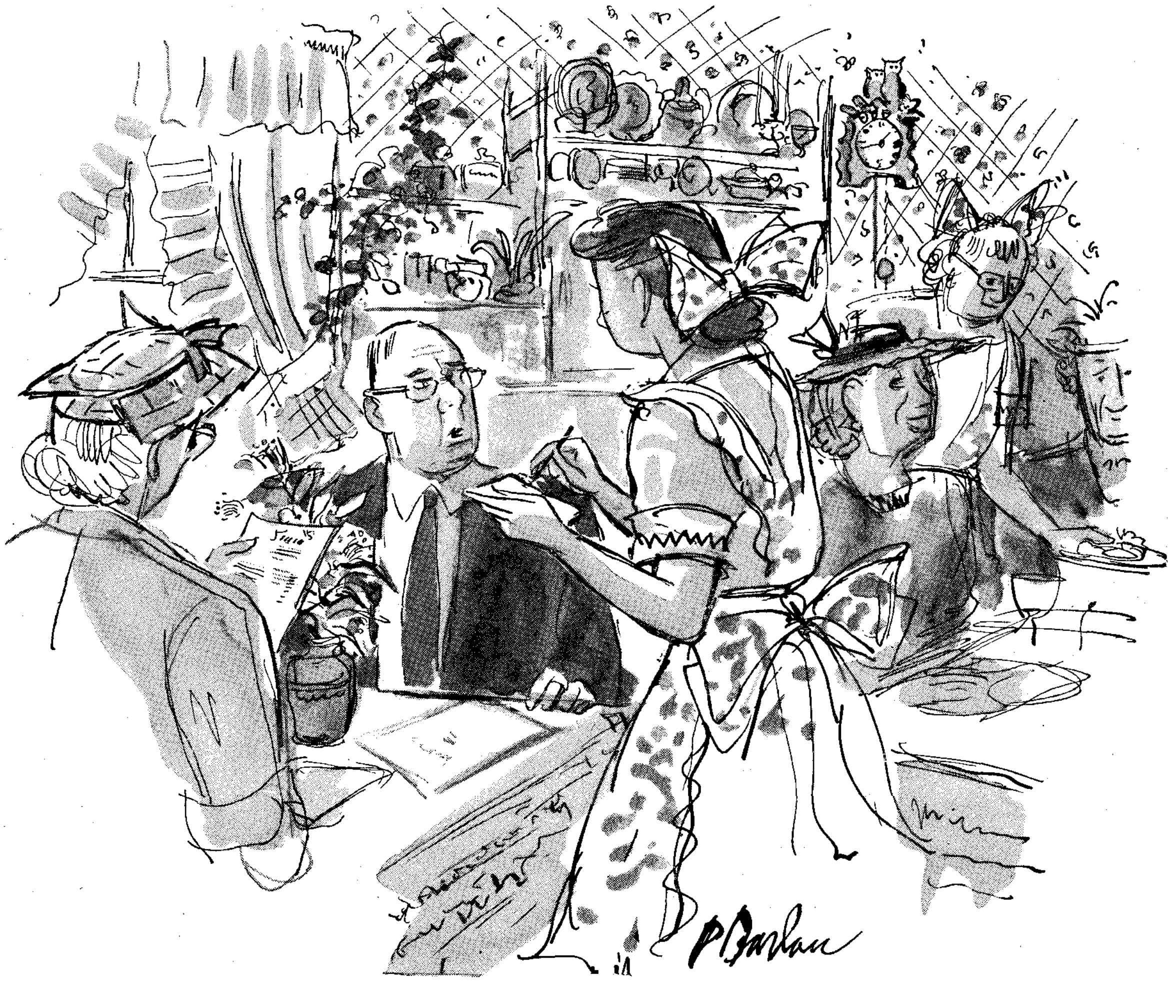
## THIS AND THAT

THE good little side-street French restaurants and the good little side-street French dressmakers that people were always discovering are few and far between today—if, indeed, they exist at all—but once in a while you stumble across their equivalent. At the moment, let us think about Fred Gwinn, who is in the business of making very nice custom clothes on the second floor of a most unpretentious walkup building at 948 Second Avenue, near Fiftieth Street. Cape-and-dress combinations involve swashbuckling capes of gray worsted and dresses of ribbed beige wool crêpe with sleek bodices and swirling skirts. Strips of the worsted, ending in points behind the shoulders, are inserted at the sides of the bodices; other inserts of the stuff show up on the hips. A fitted coat of cinnamon tweed has a kerchief collar and a closing bordered with red, white, and blue wool. A wraparound job of lightweight geranium-pink tweed with a broad shadow stripe woven in can double as coat and coat-dress. Then, Gwinn combines a high-waisted skirt, bias in front and straight in back, with a short, fitted jacket. Both are of cherry Lesur tweed. To this he adds a remarkably handsome surplice blouse, draped high at the neck, of the pale-blue cotton that lines the jacket. Gwinn can mix other colors, too, which he does in an outfit consisting of a top of forest-green wool crêpe, a skirt of post-man-blue flannel, and a bellboy jacket of the flannel lined with flame silk crêpe. For later in the day, he'll make a dinner suit of red duvetyn with flashes of strawberry shantung taffeta at the armholes of the décolleté sheath, which looks much less bare under the accompanying bolero, whose three-quarter sleeves and medieval collar are a big help. Gwinn's prices run from $125 to $425, and he operates only by appointment.

LÉRON, at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), has added a made-to-measure dress department, whose output is mostly tailored and costs from $150 to $295. A dress of navy French wool crêpe is trimmed at the turnover collar, the bracelet-length cuffs, and the wide fly front with blue Beauvais-embroidery polka dots. White Swiss challis shirtwaist dresses are sprinkled with little cocoa, chartreuse, and gray flowers; their skirts are gathered or pleated, and the bodices fasten with double tabs of the challis. Their cocoa cashmere cardigans are also piped with the challis. Blond satin dinner blouses banded at the high, round neck and short sleeves with beige-to-brown Beauvais-embroidery flowers and wreaths are sometimes teamed up with long skirts of blond satin or black wool crêpe.

AN arresting collection of jackets, suits, and dresses by Desgranges of Paris reposes in Macy's Little Shop. A two-piece dress of black-and-taupe striped wool jersey has pipings of black leather on the collar, which is notched on one side and rolled on the other. There are scrolls of the leather below the waist of the box-pleated skirt. The wide turnover collar and the fake hip pockets of another two-piece, of pale-blue wool jersey, are strewn with tiny brass knockers. More black leather edges the inverted pleat down the back of a box jacket of camel wool coating. All this runs between $74.95 and $155, whether the clothes (size 8 to 20) are on hand or are made to measure in France in about three weeks.

THE Tapemeasure, which is one flight up at 717 Lexington Avenue (58th), is just right for women



*"Do you have anything for me to eat?"*

SHOES BY I. MILLER

back to back: the fashion, the *Merry Widow* by WARNER'S®

THE BEAUTIFUL bare back is back: —newest way to absorb the beneficial rays of the moon. It's the mark of the season's wonderful new dresses and, therefore, of the newest Merry Widow.®

HAVE YOU EVER seen such perfect examples of born-to-be-worn-together ideas? The gown—shell-pink Chantilly over satin, with a new (so naturally low) V-back; crushed satin midriff. By Harvey Berin.

THE BASIS of it all—our new low, low back Merry Widow, dipping to meet the most extreme of the season's newest fashion requirements.

BRAS • GIRDLES • CORSELETTES

#1344. Nylon lace, elastic marquisette sides and back. White or black. $16.50.

**Don't miss Warner's television FASHION SHOW—a 60-minute preview of the new season's outstanding fashions. NBC-TV in color and black-and-white, Saturday, Dec. 8th.**

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*FLOWN FROM ROME FOR COCKTAIL TIME "COLOMBINA" IN LUSTROUS HEAVY SATIN. AVAILABLE IN PASTELS, RUBY RED AND BLACK.*

*SIZES 10-16.*
*$225.*

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who like to have a hand in designing their clothes but don't want full responsibility. It works like this: After picking a model from samples and a fabric from an assortment of swatches, you borrow (if you like) a sleeve from one dress, a neckline from another, and a pocket from a third. Among the exhibits is a straight coat, outlined in hand stitching and fastening from the standing collar to below the knees with tan leather buttons. The patch pockets are a foot high. Suits of herringbone wool jersey, silk-and-wool tweed jersey, or nubbly wool tweed are equipped with above-waist-length collarless box jackets. Combinations of Empire sheaths and drawstring boleros ending below the bosom are of red basket-weave wool. For after five, there are décolleté sheaths of Bianchini's black crêpe, with detachable back panels that float free from high or natural waistlines. Bare-top dresses with trumpet skirts are of black broadcloth. Prices start at $15, for a skirt or bolero, and go up to slightly over a hundred dollars for a coat if the customer does not supply her own material. Sizes are 7 to 16, and orders take a week to ten days.

ROBERT LEADER, who has just set himself up in new quarters at 146 East 54th Street, across from his old place, has something for almost everyone. Among his wares are a softly tailored blouse of black-and-white wool in a court-jester pattern and a black duvetyn skirt faced with the print; $55 for the package. A sheath of sheer wool in muted multicolored stripes and a snug jacket of brown Italian silk come to $45. Hooded jackets of black alpaca pile, with drawstring waists and kimono sleeves, are lined with red or blue wool jersey; $69.95. Theatre time is the hour for a cardigan coat of make-believe black broadtail, with push-up melon sleeves and inverted pleats low at the sides; it's $110, and the fur should fool any audience. Button-down-the-front skirts of the same fur and lined with black Pellon (they're too full to go under that cardigan coat) are topped by black duvetyn surplice blouses; $55 and $22.95, respectively.

PECK & PECK's newest classic coats and suits, all of British tweed, are warm in color as well as in weight. Plaid topcoats in a mixture of heather, sky blue, and green go with fitted suits in a smaller plaid; $185 a set. Cornflower tweed flecked with white mohair makes a suit with a jacket that is gen-

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Wraps you up—
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Perfect for
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Small (8-10),
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FLORENTINE $65
HAND EMBROIDERED ANTELOPE

THE NEW HOME FOR THESE ORIGINAL HAND-MADE SHOES AND HAND-SEWN CASUALS—OF A QUALITY BEYOND COMPARE

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**60 EAST 56TH STREET**

*month after month...*

# 15½ million* men and women "live by the book" ...and the book is Better Homes and Gardens

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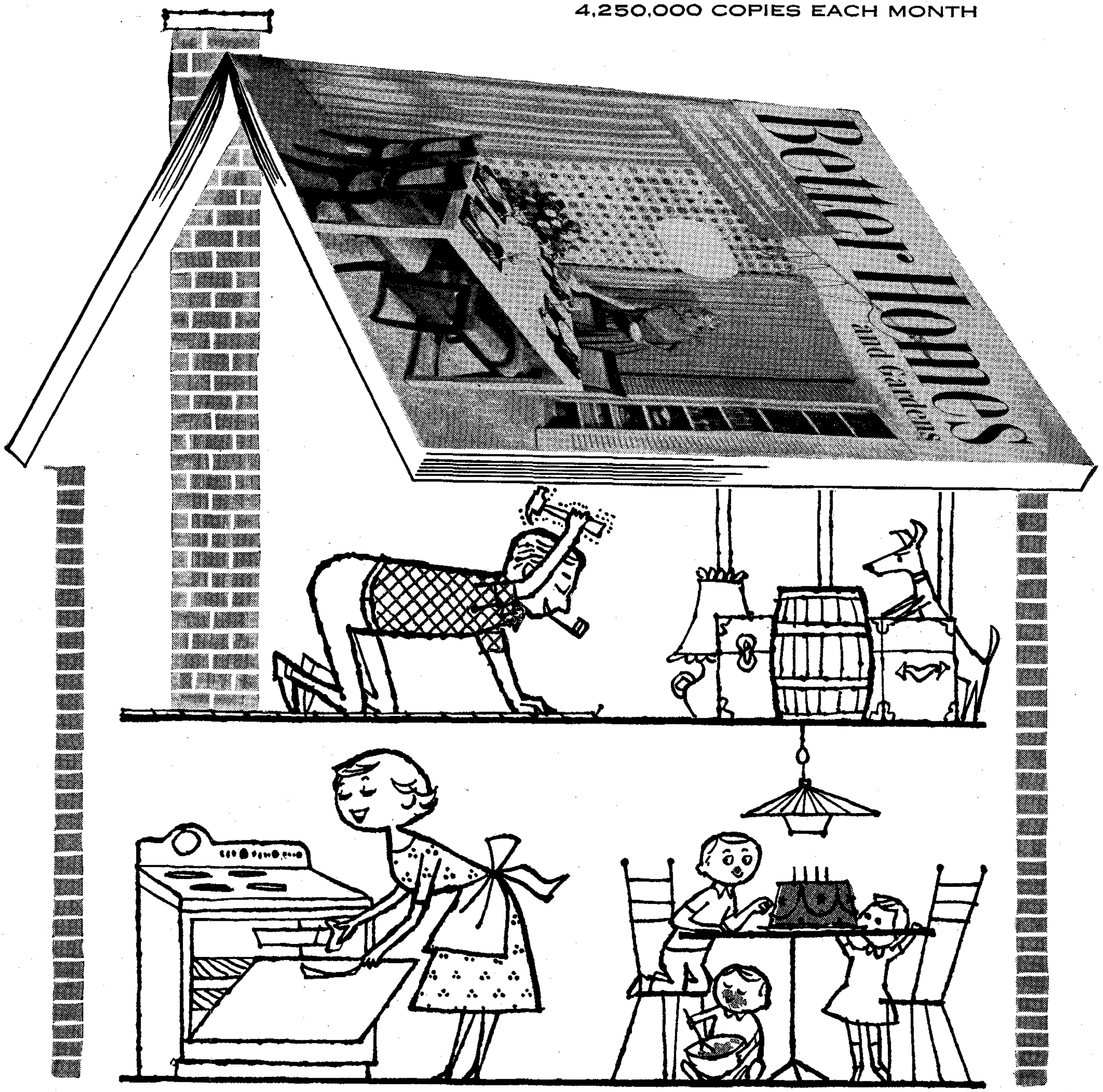


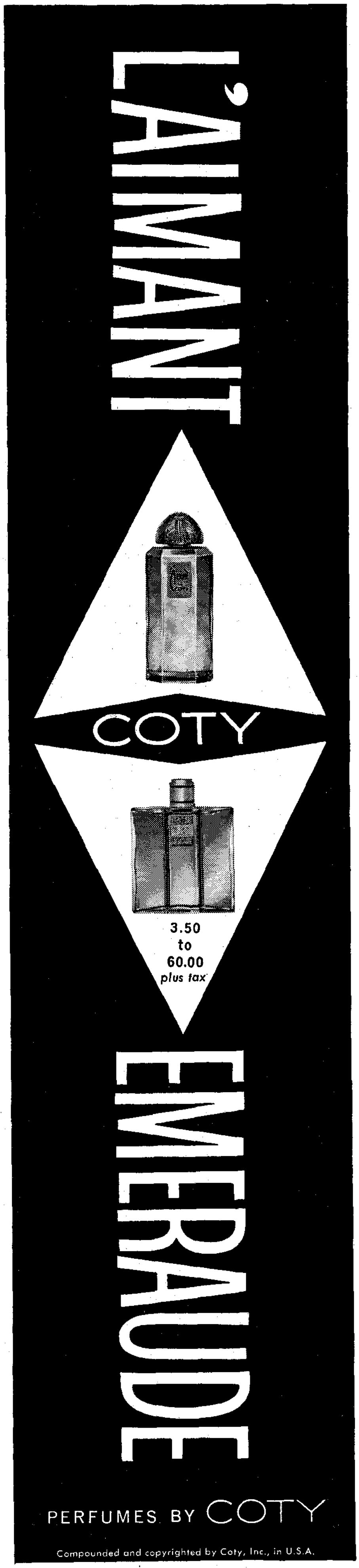
The pages of BH&G are so rich with "how-to-do-it" that 5,750,000 readers clip articles and ads from "the book." Are the clippings used? *Are they!* 5,300,000 say they referred to clippings within the past few weeks . . . to help them live better, eat better, buy better. 15,500,000 people read an average issue of BH&G. One third of the 123,800,000 people 10 years of age and older in the U.S. read one or more of every 12 issues. That's 44,150,000 people—and over 40% of them are men! Meredith Publishing Company, Des Moines 3, Iowa.

*during the year...*

## 1/3 of America

*reads* **Better Homes & Gardens!**

**A 12 Months' Study of BH&G Readers, Alfred Politz Research, Inc., 1956*



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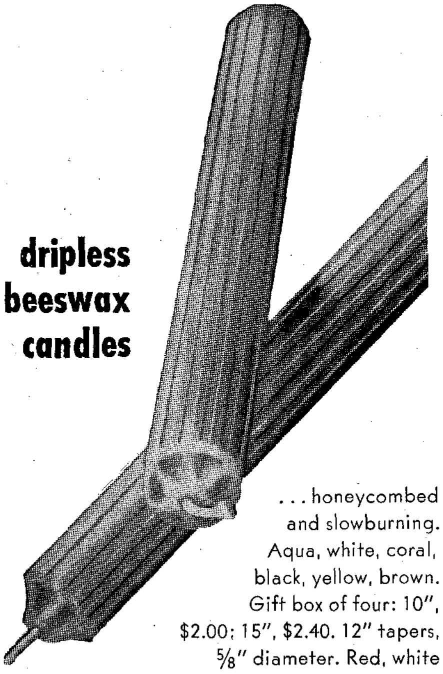
tly darted in at the waist and has high, notched lapels; $79.95. A coat of the same stuff is the same price. Suits of green tweed spattered with white silk flecks are decorated with black leather buttons and narrow black leather belts. Tweed suits with shorter jackets and chestnut velvet collars are in autumn-leaf shades. Russet suède jackets that are elasticized through the middle have fringed suède sashes. Their shawl collars and their turnback cuffs are of the hound's-tooth checked tweed (aquamarine, beige, brown, and white) that makes the accompanying skirts. There are tweed hats to match.

KATHLEEN, who's at 118 East 60th Street, is well supplied with cheerful sweater-and-skirt sets. Taupe cashmere cardigans bound with taupe wool and piped with red, gold, jade, tan, and royal-blue striped silk are mated with matching wool skirts and silk shirts; black cashmere cardigans bear five red and gray appliquéd felt leaves when the slender skirt is of black-and-white tweed. Any of these combinations is $89.95. Red weathervanes are embroidered on skirts of gray flannel, which is used to bind their red cashmere cardigans; $59.95 a set. Blue, brown, and salmon confetti embroidery is splashed all over a pumpkin wool skirt but merely trickles across the chest of the matching cashmere sweater. These sets come in sizes 12 to 16.

THE Penthouse Gallery's fashion department, now at 110 East 55th Street, has Oriental lounging clothes from Hawaii. The flowing sleeves and the slashed hem of semi-fitted robes of sky-blue cotton with gold ornamentation are faced with strawberry cotton. The same strawberry cotton, dotted with big gold stars and white palm trees, makes short robes that could be worn outdoors at Southern resorts; $12.95. Hostess gowns of gray cotton on which white flowers bloom are slit from hem to hipbone. Robes of brown silk striped in black and printed with lanterns, lamps, and fans are nothing more, below the waist, than two front panels and a single back one. The entire rear of a mandarin jacket made of natural pongee is covered by an enormous print bouquet of pink, green, and fuchsia hibiscus. Pink cotton poplin jackets are tied between the shoulder blades with black cords in the Kyoto tribal fashion. Oriental trousers of varying lengths match these robes and jackets. Beguiling scuffs, flat-soled or wedge-soled of braided or



dripless
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candles

. . . honeycombed and slowburning. Aqua, white, coral, black, yellow, brown. Gift box of four: 10", $2.00; 15", $2.40. 12" tapers, ⅝" diameter. Red, white or green. $2.40 box of four. Mail orders add 35¢.

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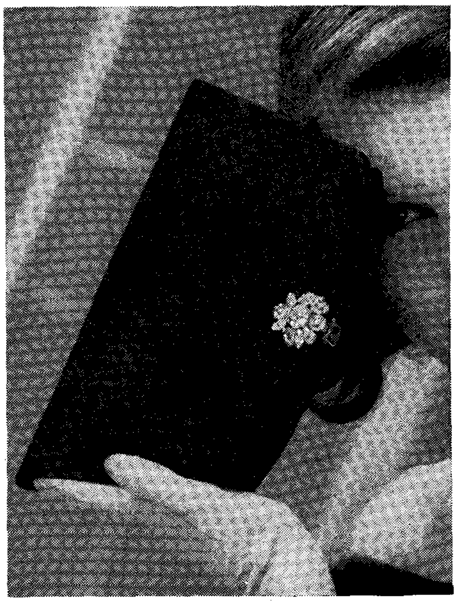

**brilliant catch**—our clutch MM designs to carry the makings of a gala evening. Slimly contained in rayon satin flashed with an irisee clasp. Black, brown, navy, red, green, champagne; 18.50. Price plus tax. Handbags, Street Floor. Mail, phone. No C.O.D's. Available at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER AND WHITE PLAINS

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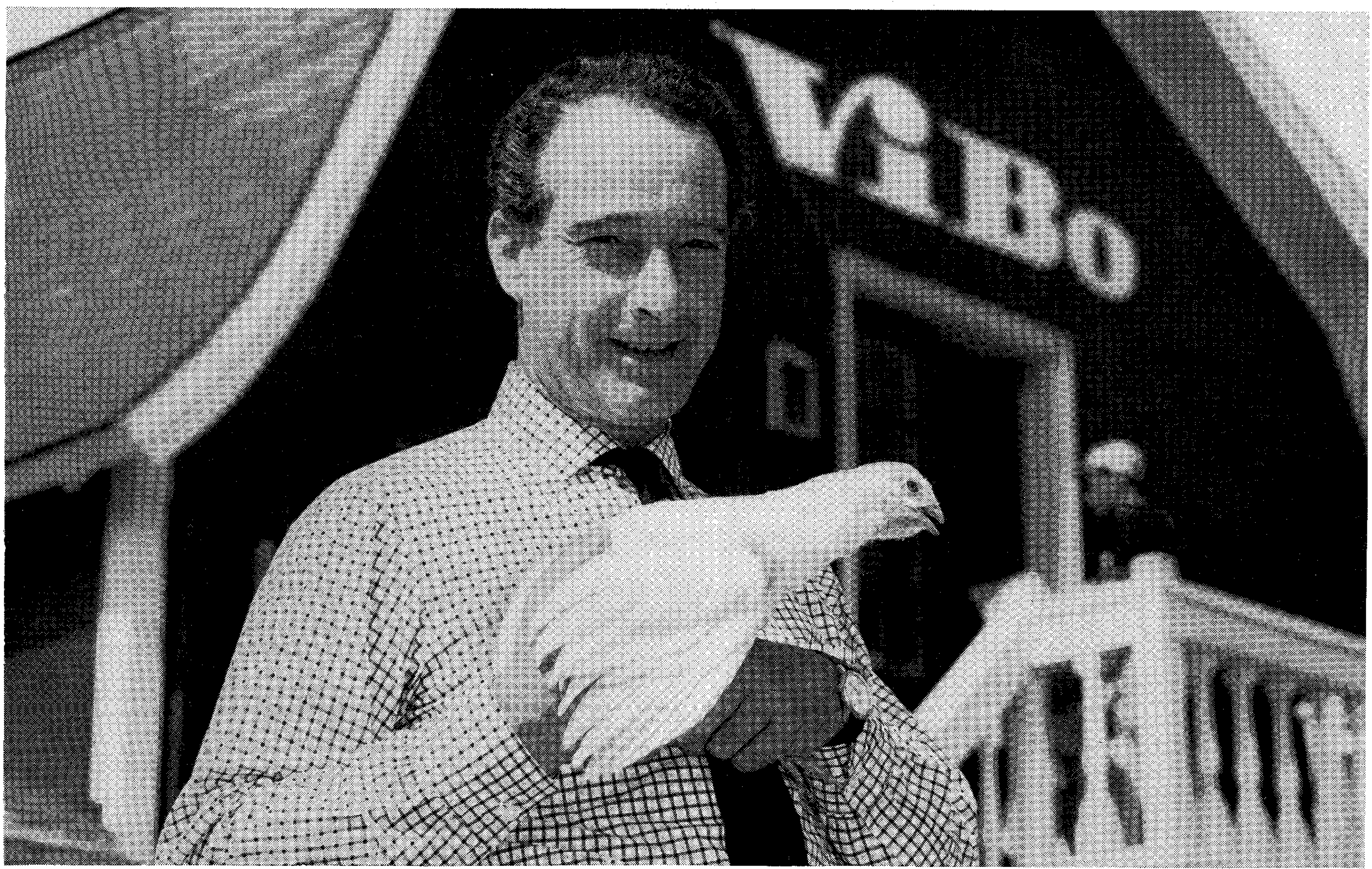
says VICTOR BORGE



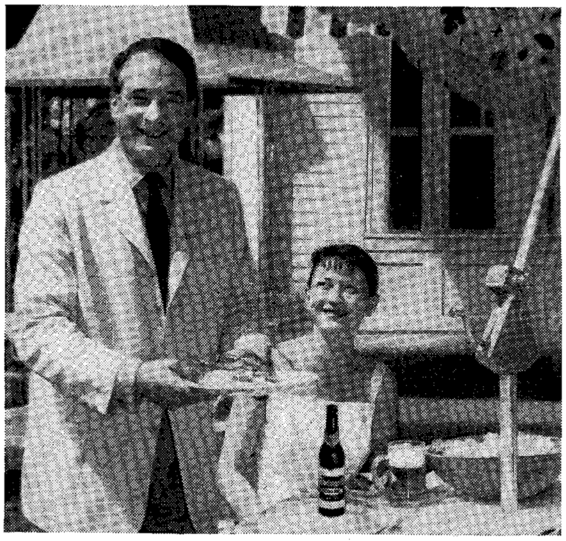
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATSTON-HESSE

**"Meet my prize Rock Cornish hen,"** says farmer-comedian Victor Borge. "She and I have lots in common, they say, because I'm 'cornish,' too. But I also have something in common with *people* – a liking for Rheingold. Its unique Extra Dry taste – never bitter, never sweet – can't be equaled. No wonder it's New York's largest-selling beer!"

**Rheingold**
**EXTRA DRY**
*Lager Beer*

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY

It's beer
as beer
should taste!



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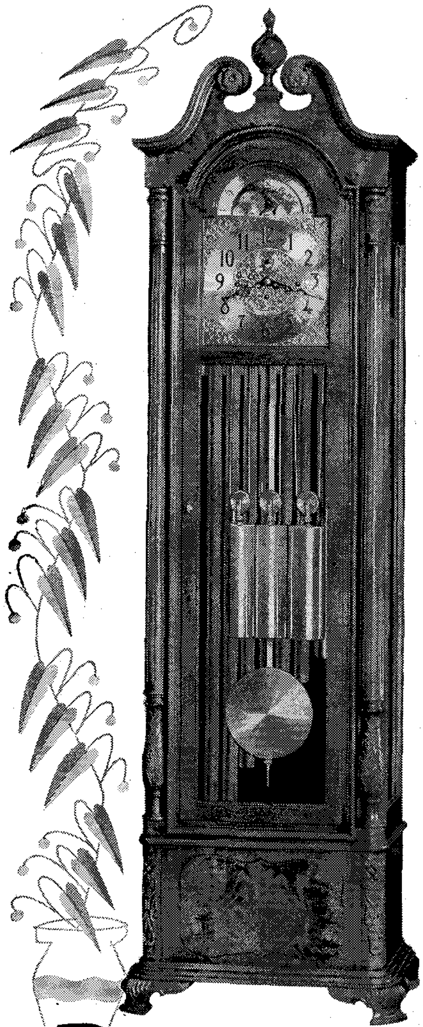

**Distinguished Beauty**

A magnificent floor clock, equally appropriate for the spacious rooms of yesterday or the most modern homes of today. Only the rarest woods and the most skilled artistry are used in this supreme example of the clockmaker's art; bringing a lifetime of beauty and distinction to your home. The most modern advances in the science of fine timing mechanisms, combined with the inherited skills of generations of master craftsmen, result in faultless accuracy and exceptionally long life.

**BETTER DEALERS everywhere invite your inspection of the No. 294. Solid Honduras mahogany, crotch mahogany overlay, hand carved ornamentation. Nine tubular bells reproduce any of three chime melodies — Westminster, Canterbury or Whittington. 86½" high, 25¾" wide.**

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**THE HERSCHEDE HALL CLOCK CO.**
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crocheted hemp and made in the Philippines come in a choice of colors and are festooned with sequins and pearl beads. They would make splendid Christmas presents.

JAX OF BEVERLY HILLS, whom one would rightly surmise to be of Californian background, has hung up a shingle at 146 East 57th Street, where he is cranking out ready-to-wear clothes of his own design. They are of Californian flavor, as one might also surmise; the tailoring is first-rate; and the trousers (when he gets to trousers) are all stovepipes. This indicates a haven for willowy women, sizes 8 to 12. Slack suits of bright-blue wool jersey have middy blouses; others, of black-and-white tweed, have shirt jackets. They run around $50. Long trousers of black-and-white striped mohair are $35. Calf-length trousers of a combination of mink and wool—as soft as cashmere, and why not?—come in moss green, ivory, or black, as well as in green-and-black stripes; $39.95. These may be paired with black turtleneck cashmere pullovers ($29.95), red velvet smoking jackets ($49.95), or above-knee-length coats ($39.95) in the blue cotton that Levis are made of. The coats are lined with pink-and-white checked gingham. Similar coats, of black or charcoal flannel, are lined with wool jersey, but they take two weeks.

ENOUGH of California, and off to India. That's where the cotton jackets and full, calf-length skirts shown by Temptations, at 107 East 60th Street, come from. The outfits are as gay as butterflies, or gypsies, or gypsy moths. Full black skirts on drawstring waists are woven with little red leaves or are vertically striped with small red vines; all are finished off at the hem with broad bands of red and yellow cotton. The short-sleeved jackets, which tie at the round, collarless neck, chest, and waist, are of all-over prints; the linings and pipings are bright red, green, or blue cotton. The jackets are $5.75 and the skirts are $16.50.

NEXT stop, Belgium. De Busschere's shoes, all of them well mannered and made by hand in that country, are now, for the first time, on view at a headquarters (or footquarters) of their own, which is Belgian Shoes, 60 East 56th Street. Lizard or baby-alligator pumps—all one skin, seamed at the back of the medium heel—show up in ten colors. Black calf walking

*A royal gift for the young*

**BUNNYKINS WARE**

A small domestic world,
entirely peopled by rabbits,
is the attraction on this
sturdy English earthenware
that youngsters love. Bunnykins Ware,
3-pc. set—mug, plate, cereal bowl *$4.75*

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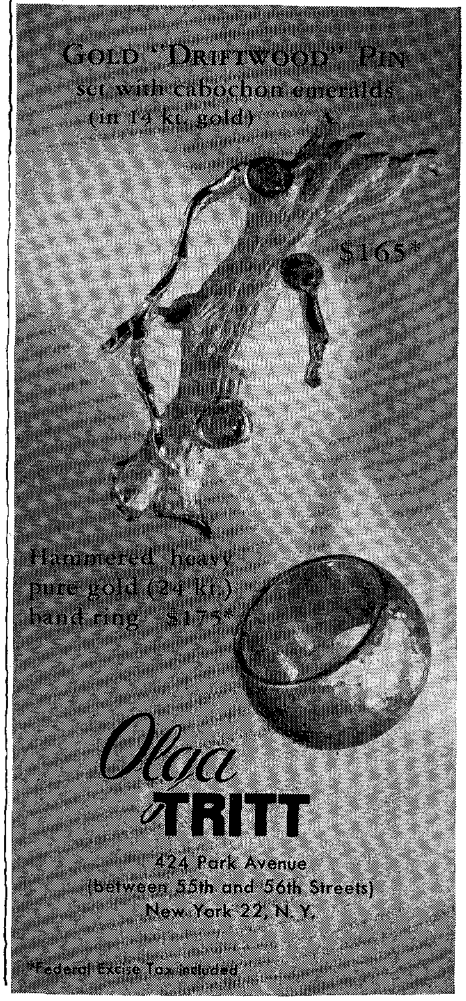

GOLD "DRIFTWOOD" PIN
set with cabochon emeralds
(in 14 kt. gold)

$165*

Hammered heavy
pure gold (24 kt.)
band ring $175*

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424 Park Avenue
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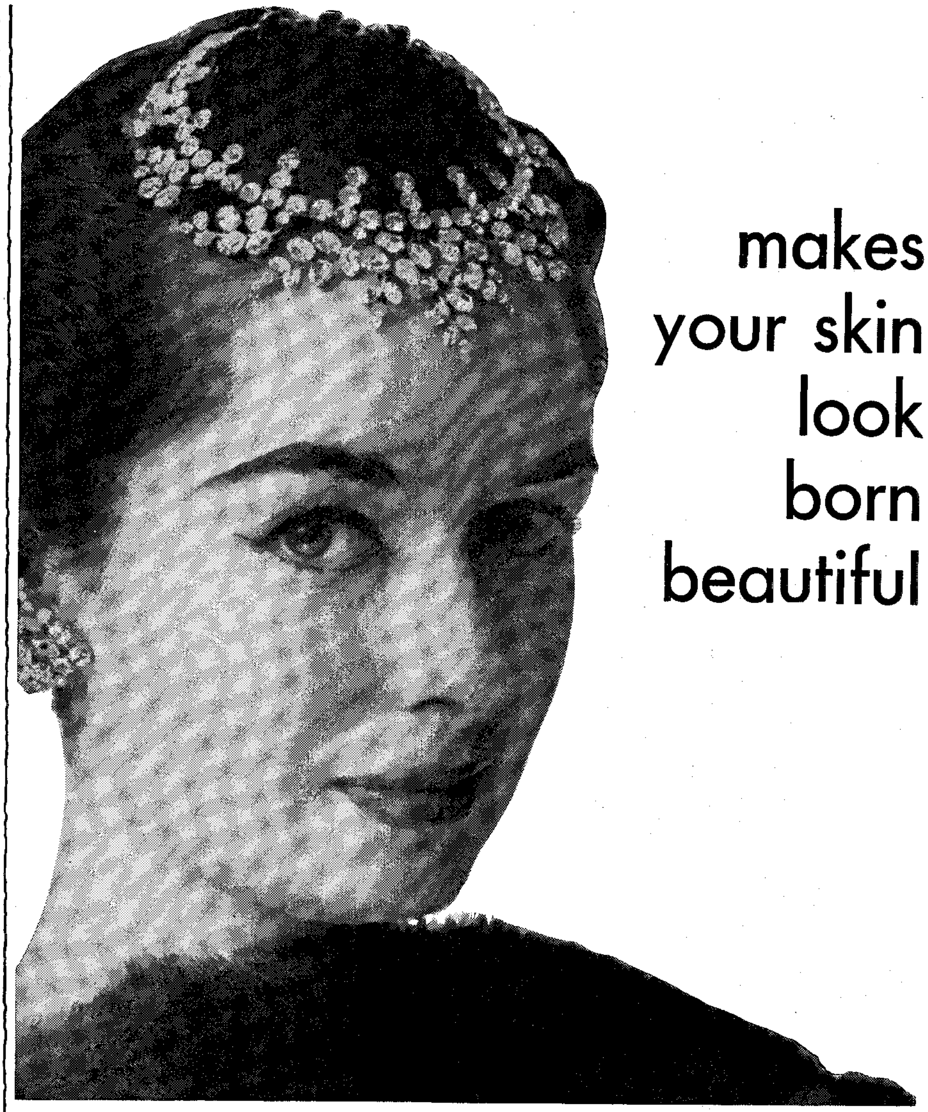
*Federal Excise Tax included

pumps are enlivened by red calf half-moons at the throat. Golf shoes of perforated brown llama (they play a lot of golf in Peru) weigh eight ounces, including the replaceable steel spikes. Lounging flats of black or red velvet are festive enough for parties and have felt foam inner soles that make you feel as though you were walking on a Peruvian golf green. Gold, crystal, and pearl bead embroidery in a medieval motif literally covers the toes. Prices begin at $35 and go up to $120. Many of the shoes can be ordered in any leather, fabric, or color, with high or medium heels and round or pointed toes, at the same price. You have to be willing to wait four weeks, though.

BERGDORF GOODMAN, or, rather, the room called Miss Bergdorf Goodman, has a collection of blithely diverting shoes invented by Pappagallo. Empire pumps with not only tongues but fake-gold or silver buckles of the George Washington type are around in black, brown, red, or khaki grain leather. Spat pumps of black kid have inserts of rust, taupe, or Tobago-blue suède, and three black buttons at the vamp. These also come in flats, but everything else has slender two-inch heels. Pappagallo has a way with cocktail and evening pumps. Multi-striped rayon-satin pumps are interlaced with little embroidered flowers; others are made of widely striped white rayon and gold metallic cloth. Another group combines rayon-and-silk brocade vamps (red, silver, or gold) and black satin quarters. The lifts of white rayon velvet ones are encircled by a threadlike band of gold metal studded with rhinestones. Prices are $10.95 to $16.95, and a lady we know who's on her feet a lot—an *alert* lady we know—says that these Pappagallo shoes wear like iron.

FEATHERS are apt to be flying in the shop of Toby Coppock, once of Hattie Carnegie but now in business for himself at 23 East 67th Street. Coppock, whose bent is custom hats, likes most of them to be worn profile. For suits, he does tall—but not too tall—black velours casque-cloches with barely perceptible brims; flying feathers come at the right side in the form of a shaving brush of black glycerined ostrich. Twisted Shocking-pink velvet plaques are entwined with matching mercurial wings, which crisscross in front and rise at the sides. These hats may be worn several ways—tilted over the forehead, straight on the head, or over a washerwoman's knot. Wisps of black stripped



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your skin
look
born
beautiful

New from DuBarry
Royal Treatment
with Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee

You have to see it to believe it—the "born beautiful" look DuBarry Royal Treatment gives your complexion.

Here's concentrated beauty-power in *action*. Suddenly your skin is softer, smoother, more supple. Suddenly dryness disappears—tiny surface lines don't even show! Your face takes on a moist, fresh, April sheen.

Royal Treatment contains the precious substance that keeps the Queen Bee youthful. It is vitalizing Royal Jelly—rich in Vitamin B complex, proteins and minerals.

Give your skin DuBarry Royal Treatment every night. Feel it penetrate. See it awaken your complexion to its young, glowing best! Get a jar today—$5 and $8.50 plus tax at fine drug and department stores.

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ROYAL
TREATMENT
CREAM
RICHARD HUDNUT
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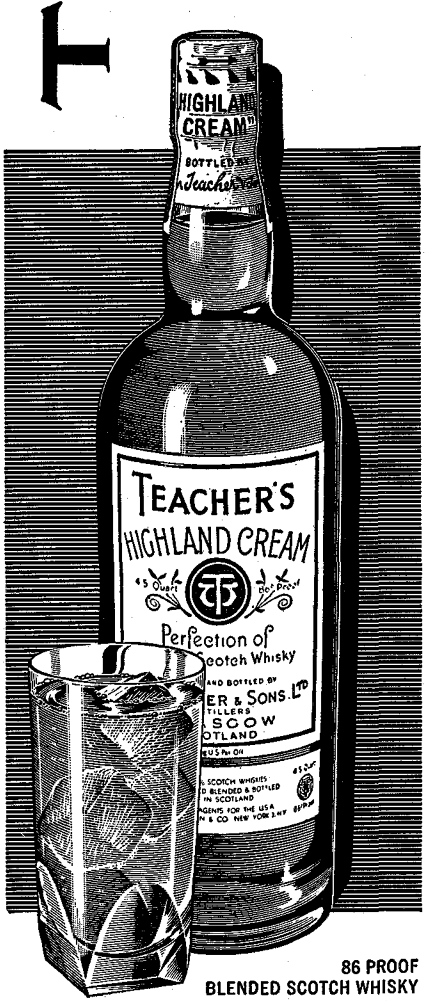
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

*it's the flavour ... always right*

*in a class by itself since*
**1830**



86 PROOF
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Schieffelin & Co., New York

ostrich form a half brim around the base of a pincushion hat of caramel velvet Romantic taupe and white ostrich plumes drift and droop over a large beige felt dome. Prices begin at $35; where they stop is another matter—around $125.

HENRY GREENHUT, a custom furrier at 745 Madison Avenue (65th), has taken a fancy to ponyskin. Parkas of this are $165; box jackets of the stuff have standaway collars, fasten with four horn buttons, and cost $285. Coats with two side pleats that run from hip pocket to hem are enhanced by notched collars and pointed cuffs of ocelot and come to $425. The turnover collar and the narrow cuffs of an Empire coat are of ranch mink; $475. Flat pouch bags, also of ponyskin, with double leather handles and linings cost $45 to $65, depending on the size. These prices include the federal tax. Colors are natural, tan, brown, and black.

ANNE GERARD, at 41 West 58th Street, is ready to restore faces that have been out in the summer sun. Her facials start off with a fifteen-minute workout on the spine, which is going at things the long way around. After you're so relaxed you're catnapping, she cleanses the face with a milky lotion and splashes on a purple astringent. Then follows a deep and soothing massage with Royal Jelly, to smooth the skin and tone up tired muscles. After this, a mask of halibut-liver oil, which dries almost immediately, is poured on, and while it takes effect, she massages your hands and arms. The final step is a makeup in which no rouge is needed. Single treatments are $10; a series of ten is $85. The salon is open Monday through Friday from ten until seven-thirty in the evening, and you must make an appointment. —M. M.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *Rugs*

ORDINARILY, I would be the first to agree that this column is no place in which to rehash personal history, and my only excuse for bringing up a minor private calamity now is that the experience is closely related to some of the little housewifely matters discussed here. Moreover, it has taught me, as they say, a good lesson, and one from which shoppers no wiser than I might well draw enlightenment. Several weeks ago, then, a Chinese rug with

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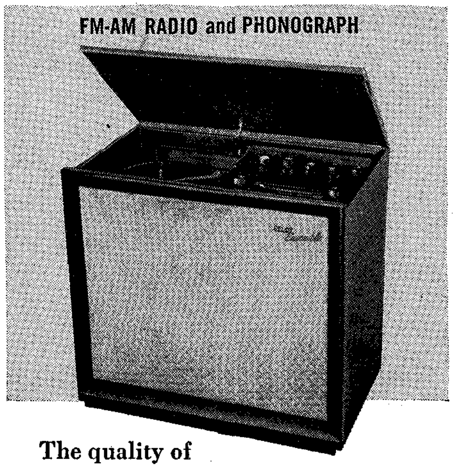

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a pleasing blue-and-beige design (a kind that used to be made in Tientsin), which I had bought as an antique from a secondhand dealer some months before, began to develop alarming symptoms of decay. Long threadbare lines, running both lengthwise and crosswise, were suddenly to be seen; the beautiful silky texture, so striking at the time of the purchase, disappeared; and almost overnight the luxuriant pile sank down as flat as a pancake. With much the same frenzied anxiety that drives one to consult a doctor of outstanding reputation when a loved one comes down with some mysterious and horrifying ailment, I asked the impeccable antique-rug house of J. H. Dildarian, 947 Madison Avenue (74th), to send an expert to diagnose and, if possible, cure whatever malady was ravaging my carpet. The report of the expert—much more succinct and comprehensible than that of most diagnosticians—was that my rug had been made some thirty-odd years ago, had been treated with a lime bath to subdue and age the colors, and had subsequently been doused in a caustic solution to give the pile its glossy look. I was assured that this kind of treatment would not have damaged the fabric if it had been properly carried out; indeed, the expert told me that the lime bath is now more or less accepted in the trade as a means of toning down the coal-tar colors of modern Orientals to something approaching the soft beauty of the vegetable dyes that the ancients and not-so-ancients used. Reliable practitioners of this sort of processing see to it that every particle of lime is washed out afterward; in the case of my unfortunate rug, this had not been done, and, the rug obviously having been folded before it was dry, the lime had accumulated in the creases. The resulting unsightly lines, the Dildarian man told me, could be rewoven, but at a price that the undistinguished history of the rug hardly justified.

This painful incident inspired me to investigate the large and firmly established business known in carpet circles as the "chemical conditioning" of modern Oriental rugs, which plays as important a part in the trade as the importer does. Through the good offices of an experienced rug man, I was recently able to inspect the enormous and remarkably well-organized plant of the Rug Renovating Company, at 14-38 Thirty-third Avenue, Long Island City—an outfit devoted to the work of subduing the harsh colors and improv-

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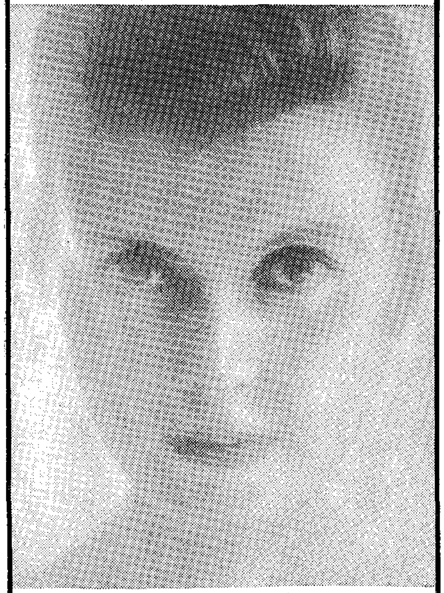

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ing the appearance of the texture of modern rugs imported from the Near or Far East, and otherwise rendering them acceptable to the American home. It should be understood that this sort of processing is by no means regarded as faking. The retail merchant buys the rugs knowing exactly what has been done to them (as a matter of fact, the changes in color are sometimes made to his own specifications), and if the final purchaser inquires into a rug's past, even the least experienced salesman is prepared to say whether or not the fabric has been conditioned. The trouble, of course, is that the final purchaser practically never inquires.

At the big Long Island plant—where, I had better mention, rugs are conditioned only for wholesalers—the fabrics to be treated arrive in bales, just as they have come to the importer from Persia, Asia Minor, Japan, or India, and are stacked up by the thousand in huge storage rooms. Most of those I examined were Kirmans and Sarouks, from Persia, which, though well woven, with the required number of hand-tied knots to the square inch, were generally crude in their coloring. Later in my tour, I was shown fabrics of the same type, woven from identical yarns, after they had undergone their chemical bath, in great revolving cylinders. Flaming red had been softened to dull rose, too vivid pink had become beige, arsenic green had been toned down to pale Nile, and so on. (What prevents these colors from running, and jumbling the entire pattern, in the process of being subdued wasn't revealed to me.) But although the rugs had been vastly improved in every instance, I was able, even with my small knowledge of Oriental fabrics, to recognize that here were no works of art.

While the various chemical baths improve a rug's coloring and also give it a silky texture, they cause an undesirable shagginess as well. To eliminate this, the surface of the fabric is lightly sheared with an implement that looks like an electric razor and produces much the same sprucing effect that is achieved on human jowls by a good shave. In the case of the rug, this not only improves the appearance of the pile but brings out the values of the pattern amazingly.

If the caustic bath has accidentally reduced the hues too drastically, or if a dealer requires certain changes in the coloring, or if, as sometimes happens, the weaver has used wools that will not take the dyes uniformly, still another kind of conditioning is neces-

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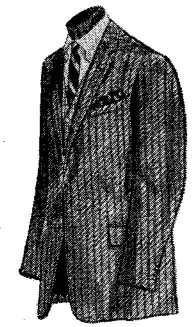

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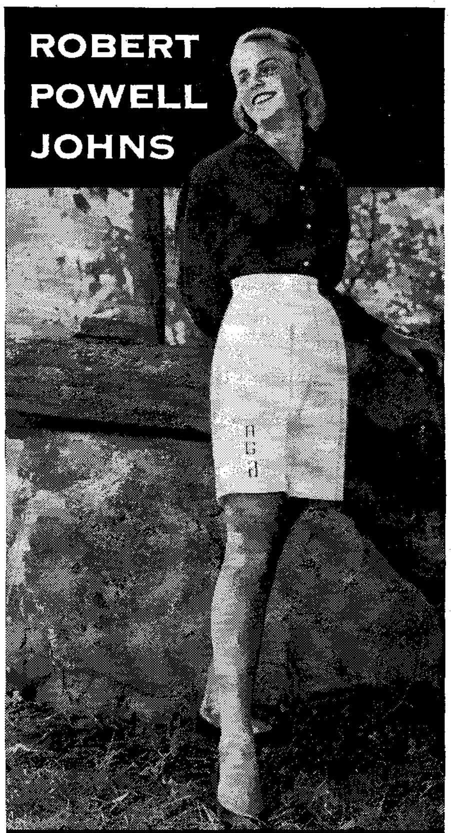

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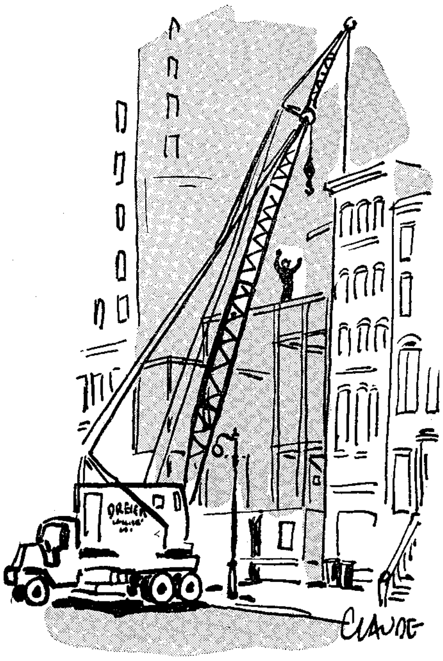
sary. This is called "hand painting," and requires some dexterity. At the Rug Renovating plant, it is done entirely by women, who apply the colors with ordinary hospital syringes, filling in outlines in the prescribed shades or coloring a bit of background to cover up inequalities in the wool. Since most of the rugs treated in the plant are relatively moderate in price, and leave the premises looking considerably better than they did when they arrived, who can say that the conditioning does not, after all, benefit the householder with little money and a desire to carpet his rooms with Orientals? He may not have a work of art on his floor, but what he has is a good deal more agreeable to the eye than it was before the processing people took over.

WHILE the retail customer who doesn't want a chemically conditioned fabric has only to ask to learn whether or not his rug has been so treated, the problem faced by the purchaser who holds out for an antique is far less simple. Most customers know no more about the antique Orientals they are about to buy than their dealers choose to tell them, which is often precious little, and obviously the opportunities for mistakes are almost limitless. To a certain extent, however, the householder can reduce the chances of going wrong by (a) studying a rug collection like the superb one at the Metropolitan, and thus becoming familiar with authentic Oriental designs, and (b) patronizing a firm that handles only antiques.

For purposes of identification, authorities on Oriental fabrics have gen-



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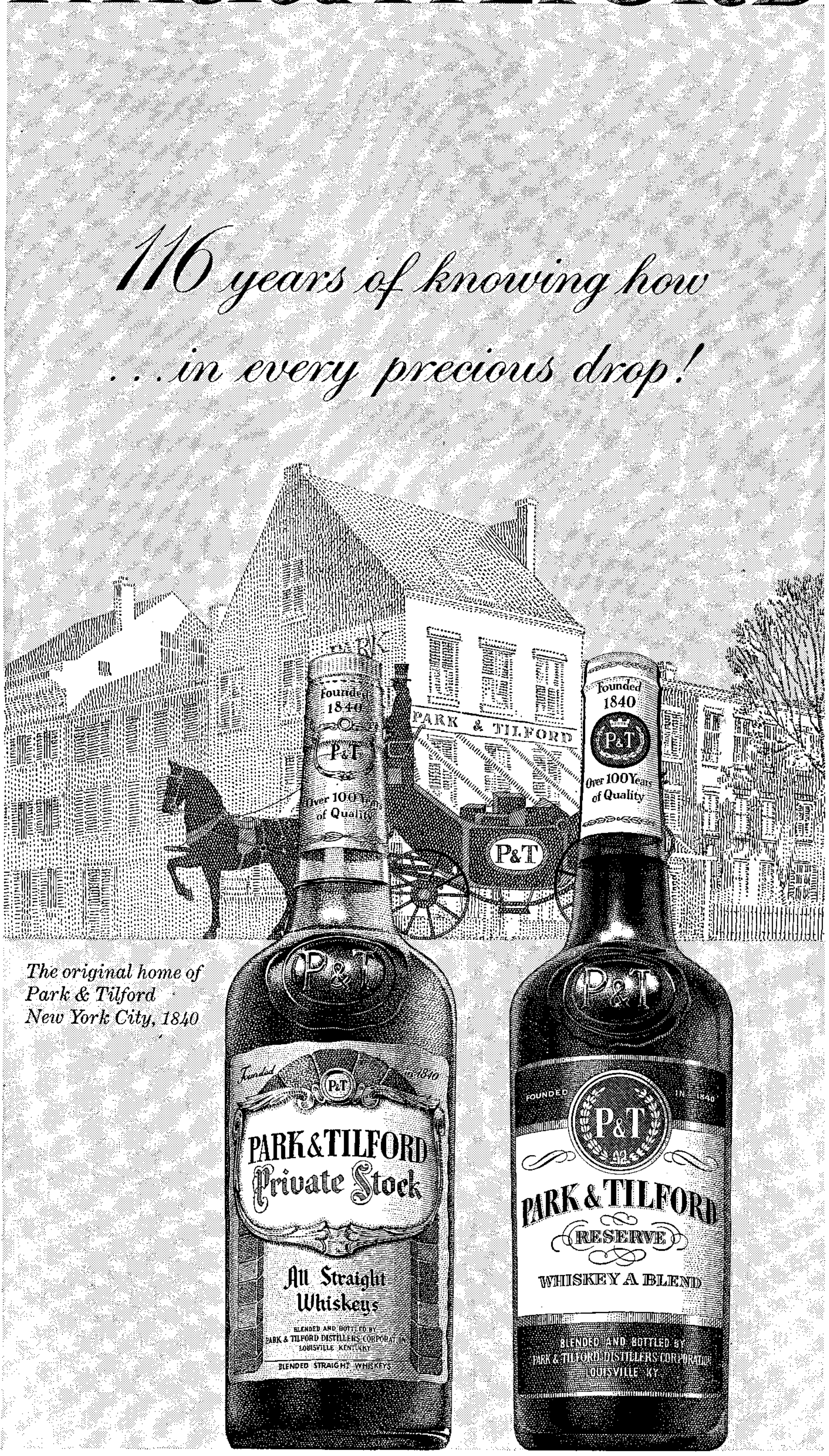
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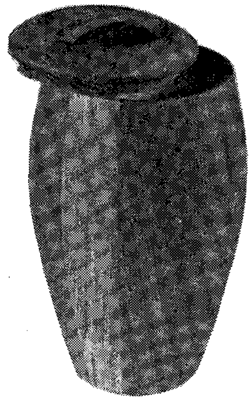
erally agreed to designate as "antique" any rug woven before the First World War, even though for thirty-odd years prior to that time there had been a period of transition in which the use of aniline dyes (the first step in the decline of quality) gradually superseded the use of vegetable colors. Today, the number of genuine old Oriental rugs coming into the country is extremely small, and these are mostly from European collections or from the great English houses, many of which were carpeted with fabrics brought in from the East during the eighteenth century.

HAVING begun to look into the subject of Oriental rugs, I inquired around to see where people who own authentic antique specimens have them cleaned, and presently found myself back in Long Island City, this time paying a visit to the Pattison & Bolson Rug Service, at 14-03 Thirty-third Road, where rugs are washed with extraordinary care and skillfully repaired, and wall-to-wall carpets are cut down or otherwise altered. To this plant, also, are sent rugs that, having once been subjected to chemicals, must for the rest of their lives undergo a special process called "relustering" after every cleaning. The work of the establishment that interested me most was the almost fanatically painstaking soap-and-water washing of fine old rugs, and the unbelievably meticulous mending done on some of the ancient fabrics. I saw a couple of Near Eastern weavers repairing a very large gold-and-blue rug that was woven in England in 1810 (it might well have adorned the Brighton Pavilion), and their artistry was such that it was difficult to tell where the old weaving left off and the new began. There were also two immense Persian fabrics (the biggest Oriental floor coverings I have ever seen), made in the seventeenth century, that had been sent up for renovating from a Virginia estate. These seemed to me hopelessly worn, and I wish I could have waited to see the end of the work in progress, which I was assured would turn out satisfactorily. Unlike most rug services, which operate only through dealers, P. & B. receives the bulk of its commissions direct from householders or decorators. The usual procedure is for the company to send somebody to inspect the rug or carpet concerned and determine the character and the cost of the service required. Some small repairs are made in the home, but generally the rugs—and even broadloom carpets—



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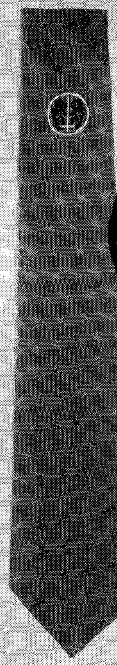

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are hauled off to be dealt with on Long Island.

If you have followed the career of the hooked-rug artist George Wells, you will be pleased to hear that his work is now on exhibition, and on sale, at America House, 32 East 52nd Street, as well as at his studio, 9 East 36th Street. In the past three years, this gifted craftsman has developed a technique and a virtuosity that have brought him a long way from the slightly amateurish, if conscientious, methods of his earlier work, and have placed him in the very front rank of contemporary rugmakers. The specimens currently on view at America House are distinguished not only by technical expertness but by a brilliance of design that is not often associated with hooked rugs. Up to recently, his output was confined to narrow accent rugs—hardly more than runners—which, handsome as they were, considerably restricted his creative talent. In this new collection, which, to be sure, includes a number of the narrow panels, there is a group of far more interesting large rugs, and in these the gradations of beautifully handled color are so subtle that it is almost impossible to convey an idea of anything more than their general aspect. A splendid example, in which Mr. Wells has made striking use of coarse yarn, fine yarn, and incredibly closely hooked rag to achieve a textured effect, contains more shades of pink, terra cotta, and purplish orange than I would have thought it possible to assemble. This exquisite object is clipped in the places where clipping will help, and measures six feet by eight and a half. It has just been bought for a conference room in the new Museum of Contemporary Crafts, at 29 West 53rd Street, where it may be seen and admired for years to come. To get back to America House, there is a lightly sheared rug there (four feet by six), combining bright blue, pale blue, emerald green, purple, and olive, that seems designed to show what wonders can be wrought with hand dyeing, and a slightly larger rug, in much the same color range, with a sheared center and a wide, shaggy border, that on a polished floor would give much the same luxurious effect as a particularly imposing fur rug. The real prize of the lot, though, is a ten-by-twelve-and-a-half-foot design inspired by the lovely gardens of Hampton Court Palace. Within a circle in the center of the rug, a geometrically laid-out formal garden is suggested, complete with spouting fountains; in each corner are

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primly designed vegetable beds, containing more or less impressionistically portrayed cabbages and carrots; and on two sides a low balustrade forms a border. Done in tones of pale blue and beige, it has the lightness and charm of an eighteenth-century French rug (an Aubusson or a Savonnerie, say), which, in spite of the difference in the methods of production, it surprisingly resembles. This rug, too, has now been sold, so it isn't on hand, but the colored sketch from which it was made may be examined at Mr. Wells' studio, and will give you an idea of the work he is prepared to execute. It must not be supposed that all the patterns are as sumptuous as those I have attempted to describe; there are charming and quite simple hearth rugs in designs that would fit into any Early American interior, and even a few floral patterns, if a floral pattern is what you want. Prices run from $7 to $13 a square foot for designs made up to order. —S. H.

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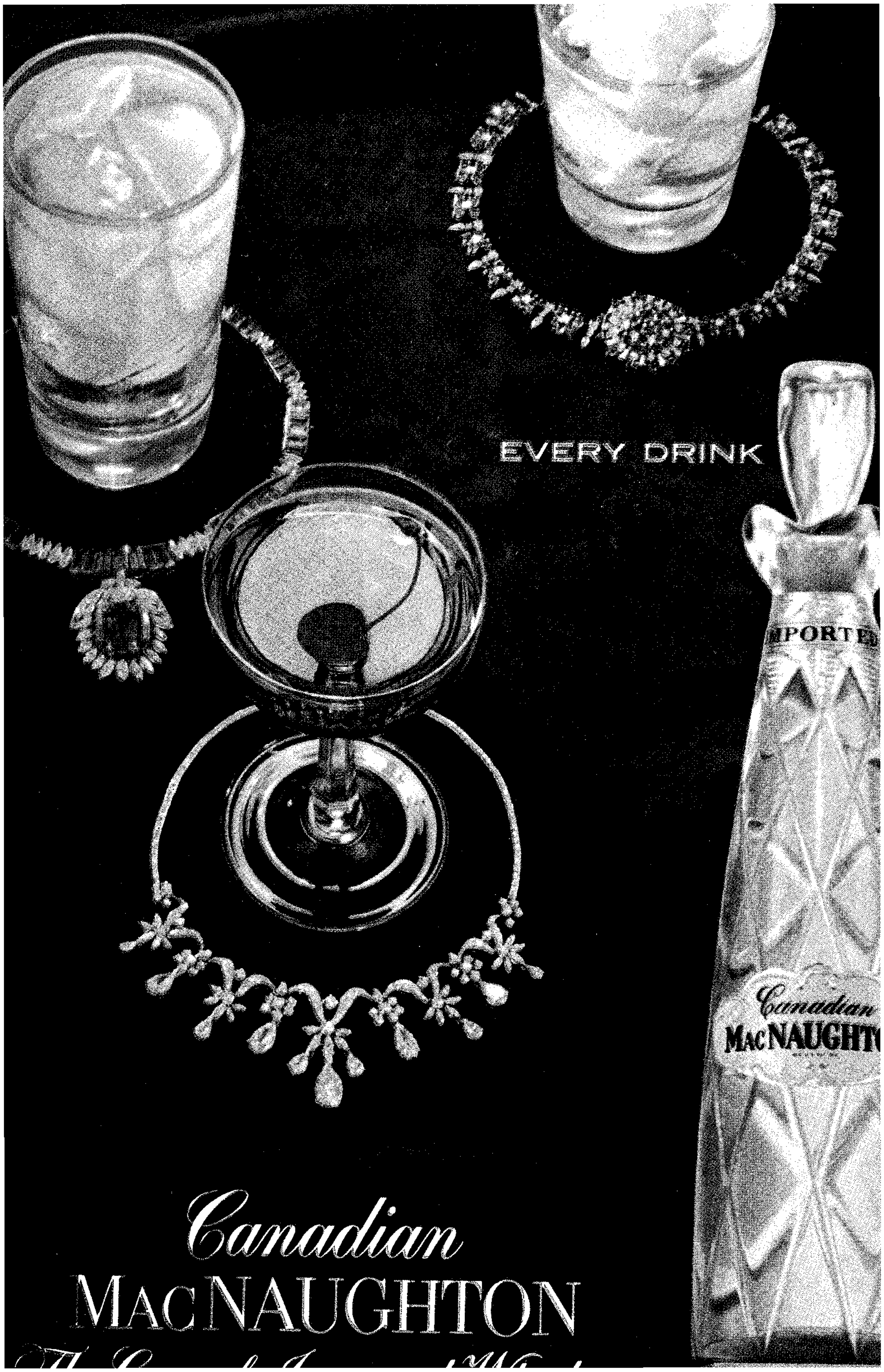
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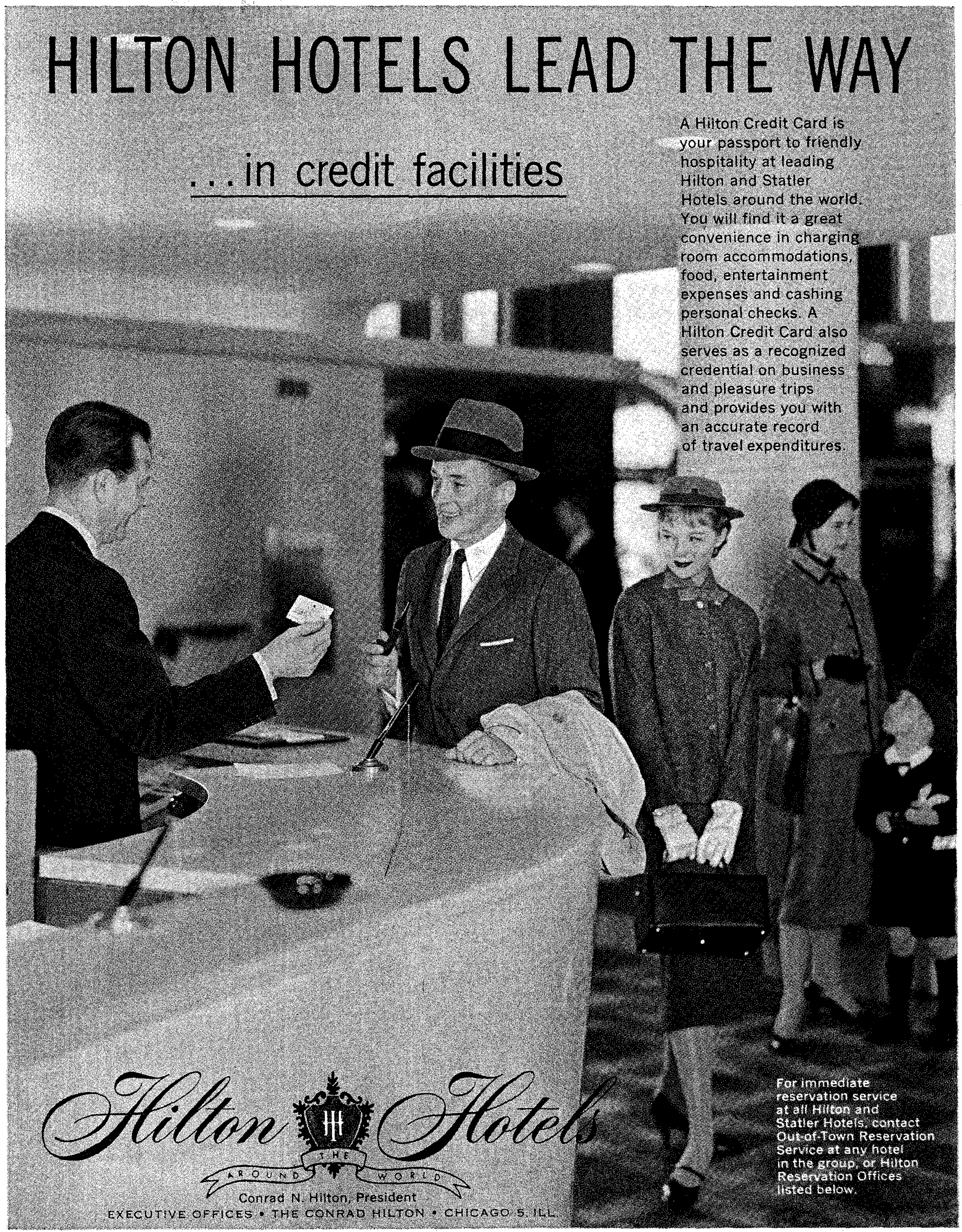

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# LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 9

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra's recent concert in the Cathedral of Chartres ranked as a remarkable provincial musical event. Probably the church has not been so packed with humanity since its medieval pilgrimage days. To the mildness of the September night was added the warmth generated by a crowd of more than seven thousand people, heating the usually chilly Gothic nave and side aisles to opera-house temperature. Disturbed by the light and noise, a colony of small bats timidly fluttered around the clerestory. The anomaly of the performance—the peculiar prospect of hearing an American orchestra play secular Beethoven in this venerable sacred French edifice—was part of the magnet that drew not only the inhabitants of the nearby Beauce châteaux and rich wheat farms but music lovers from Paris. The audience sat with its back to the high altar—an arrangement reportedly protested by the bishop but insisted on by *chef d'orchestre* Charles Munch, who placed his men at the cathedral's opposite end, against the doors of the Portail Royal. High over their heads hung the most famous lancet windows of medieval France—of twelfth-century local glass—whose keen blue and golden yellow (like sky and sun by daylight) were oddly distempered by the blazing floodlights outside that whitened the vast gray carved façade to the tips of the unequal towers. To all those listeners seated mid-nave, the acoustics seemed amazingly good for so lofty an ecclesiastical setting, Chartres fortunately lacking the side-aisle chapels that caused such a problem by pocketing the orchestral sonorities at the Casals festivals in the church at Prades.

The concert opened, appropriately, with Palestrina's "Credo," from Pope Marcellus's Mass, sung by the choir from Saint Eustache, the market church of Paris. The worldly music began with Samuel Barber's grave, melodic "Adagio for Strings," the Boston Symphony's policy on its foreign tour having been to include a piece by an American composer in each program—a patriotic gesture that, frankly, aroused little European enthusiasm. Then followed the late Arthur Honegger's "Symphonie

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Liturgique," with its violently loud and handsome modernist opening, which—liturgical or not—sounded agnostic in Chartres. The concert, which lasted two hours, without intermission, ended on what the crowd had come to hear—Beethoven's Third, originally written for France's hero Napoleon but now become everybody's "Eroica." In that overrich tapestry of sound so carefully patterned and practiced by the Boston Symphony, the musicians and their leader lifted the massive Beethoven music in laic splendor to fill the greatest Gothic loft of France. Twelfth-century French cathedrals are not made for modern orchestras to play in, yet, as a unique, picturesque musical experience, the performance of the Boston Symphony in Chartres was well worth travelling down from Paris to hear and see.

After a fifty-nine-day vacation, the French Parliament has opened again, with France on exactly the same two spots it was on when Parliament adjourned in August—the unsettled, grave Suez crisis and the worrying, unfinished Algerian war. As the influential evening paper *Le Monde* pointed out, "The Parliamentary reopening took place in a singular atmosphere. There was a contradiction between the public declarations and the private comments, and a contradiction, moreover, between the serenity and optimism of some and the reality of certain events these last weeks." The serene optimists are those who agree with Robert Lacoste, Resident Minister of Algeria, who stated on opening day that the twenty-three-month-old war in Algeria is surely being won, that the French Army only hit its stride in September, that October might be the bloodiest terrorist month of all, but that in November things should look brighter. One of the recent troubling realities was the latest Suez divagation, uttered at last Tuesday's press conference, by Secretary of State Dulles, who, *Le Monde* sharply said, "overstepped himself by airing the differences between the United States and its allies," and who also struck irritated sparks in Paris and London governmental, diplomatic, and editorial circles by his reference to colonialism. Secretary Dulles's further, semi-idealistic press remark that good might even come of the Suez difficulties if they stimulated European federation brought a grim smile from French politicians. It is true that lately there has been revived talk on the Continent

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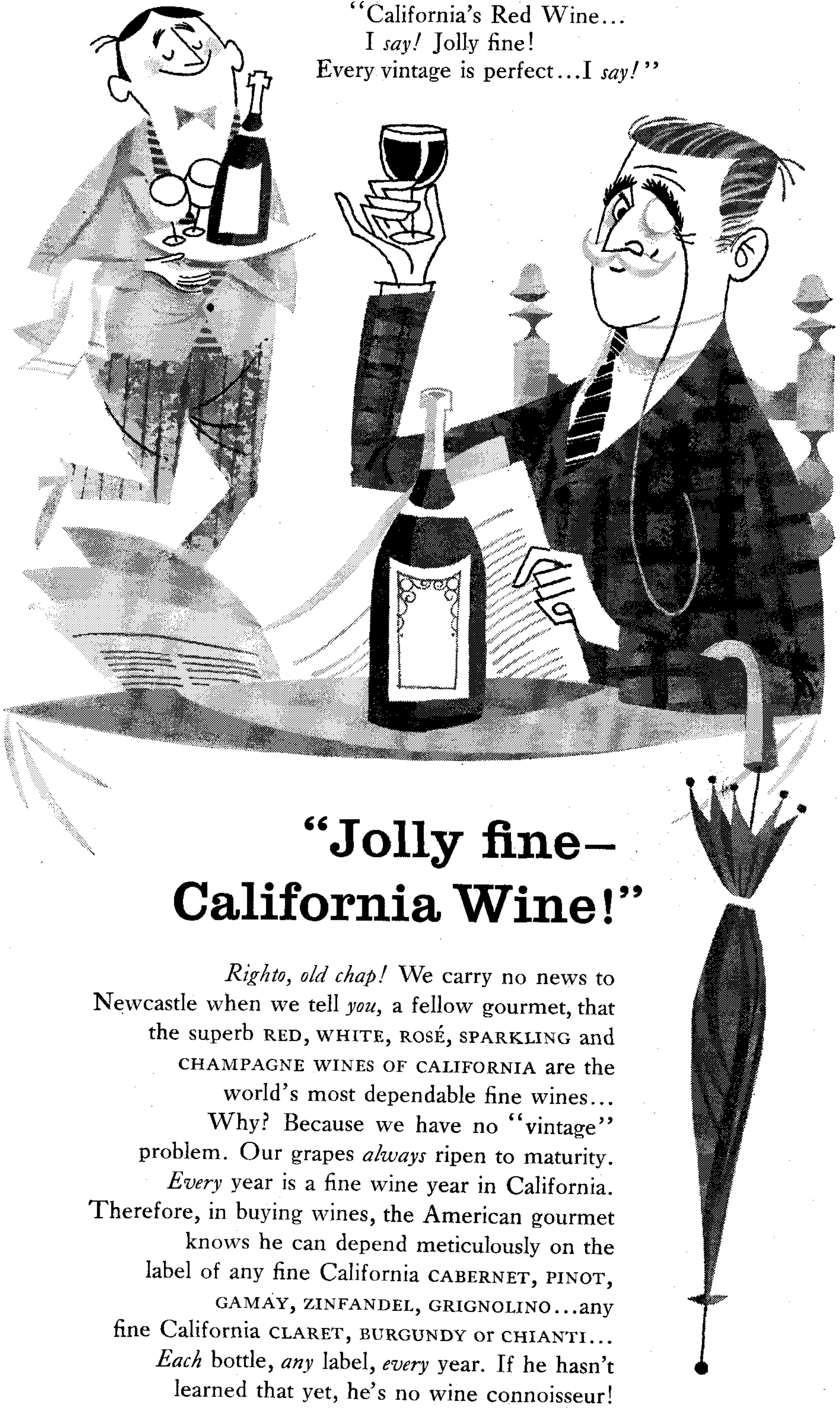
about a United Europe, but the feeling of union unfortunately seems to be founded largely on a common dislike of Mr. Dulles.

The major Lacoste news was his announcement that two hundred thousand acres of private Algerian property—farm lands belonging to the Compagnie Algérienne and to a Swiss company—have just been handed over to the Algerian agrarian-reform bureau as the first gesture toward dividing up certain nineteenth-century domains larger than twenty-five hundred acres into small farm parcels for land-poor natives, a French pacification effort. Another top announcement on Parliament's opening day was that the entire issue of government bonds to fight the Algerian war has been subscribed, and that the sale is now closed. A hundred and fifty billion francs had to be raised if income taxes were not to be boosted; actually, three hundred and twenty billion francs' worth of bonds were sold, though the issue was on the market only three and a half weeks. Bankers say that this was the quickest—and thus the most successful—national war loan ever undertaken, even including the one with which the French spiritedly paid their War of 1870 ransom to the disappointed Bismarck before it was due. Bankers have also pointed out that this recent loan was the most tempting investment and convenience any French government has ever dreamed up. (Its lures actually frightened off some people, who suspected a tempting trap.) The loan bonds pay five-per-cent interest, their redemption price is tied to an index of selected leading stocks on the Bourse, to prevent their devaluation, and the income from them is tax free for five years. After Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal, there was a heavy flight of French capital to Switzerland and New York, in an effort to recoup losses on the freezing of the Suez shares—a disaster for investors here, since they paid eight per cent, now only a golden memory. Since mid-September, many really rich French have sold their American shares and put the money in the French war loan—an ideal mixture of patriotism and attractive investment. This has certainly been a surprising Socialist government in most people's eyes. Socialists are supposed to be fuzzy about finance, and are theoretically pacifists. Socialist Premier Guy Mollet has just raised the fastest state loan in modern French history to help pay for a still unfinished rebel war that the preceding conserva-



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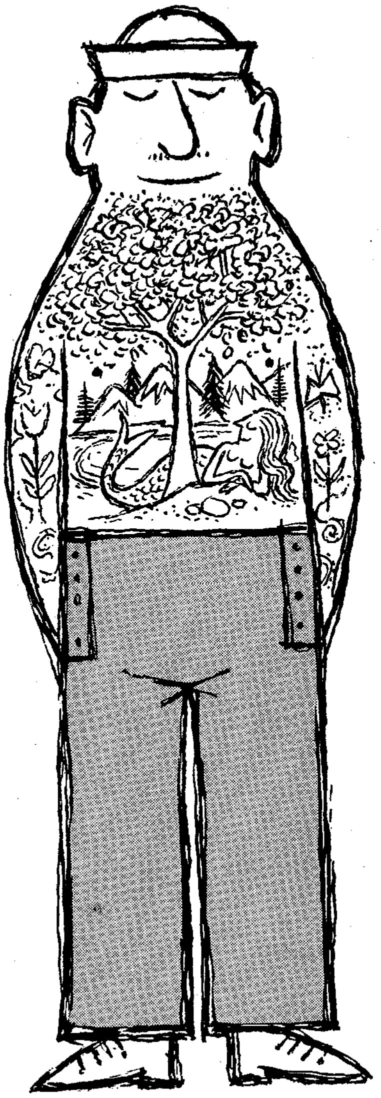
tive governments did not have the courage to tackle.

THE Opéra Ballet, or what is left of it, is crippled. M. Georges Hirsch, who five years ago was so sharply criticized by the press and some state functionaries for "irregularities" in his administration of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique that he was replaced, is now back, this time with a broom. The stars' contracts are annually signed at the end of September. Instead of renewing them, Hirsch has just swept out most of the finest dancers of the troupe. The exquisite Mlle. Nina Vyroubova, *première danseuse étoile,* was fired like a cook, in a three-line letter, and will probably go to Sadler's Wells. Another *première danseuse étoile,* Mlle. Micheline Bardin, who was the revelation of "Les Indes Galantes," the extravagant Rameau ballet hit produced by Hirsch's successor, was offered a demotion contract with the Comique but will go to New York, probably into television; "Les Indes Galantes" was wiped from the Opéra repertory. Among the male dancers, Serge Peretti, the perfect prince of "Swan Lake;" Harald Lander, the invaluable Danish choreographer supposed to become head of the Ballet School; and even the popular Youli Algaroff, Vyroubova's partner, were all chucked. As the new star couple—fortunately a fine pair—Marjorie Tallchief and her husband, George Skibine, have been hired. The corpulent, autocratic, fifty-one-year-old Serge Lifar, who had repeatedly promised (as ballet critics and public had repeatedly suggested) to cease dancing but, like St. Vitus, was unable to stop, was finally fired as a *premier danseur étoile;* was retained as Maître de Ballet and choreographer; was informed that his last chance to caper would be in a performance of "Giselle;" resigned in pique; and huffed off to London to watch the Bolshoi Ballet. Now it appears that he has recanted and will be back, though not to dance. Hirsch will be forced to produce "Les Indes Galantes" at least once more. As the most popular spectacular ballet since the war, it has been demanded by the Renault automobile-factory workers, who have taken the Opéra for a coming gala evening and know what they want.

THOUGH Jean Dutourd's "Les Taxis de la Marne" has been out only a month, it is the book that is the most talked of, for and against, in Paris now. Dutourd, in its final lines, says that he gave it its title to recall the engagement with history that was "the most



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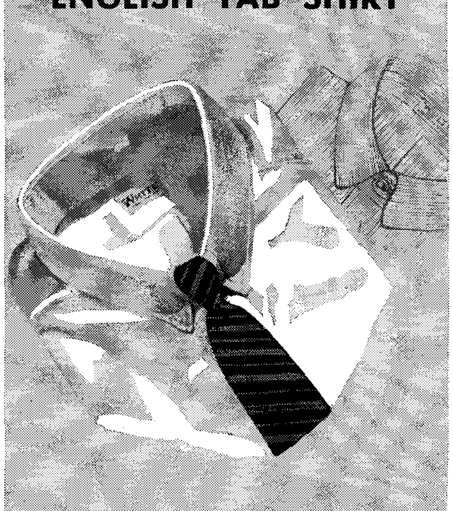

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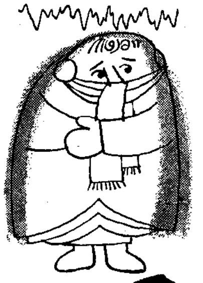

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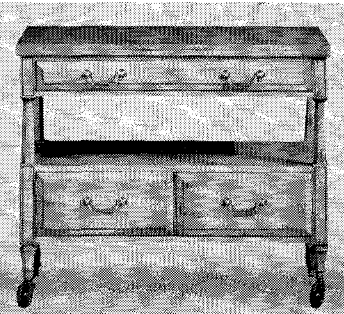

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glorious—and least miraculous—of the twentieth century." This provocative essay of close to three hundred pages is a critique of France today and yesterday—an angry inquiry into what happened to the fibre of the nation and that of its Frenchmen. In part, it is a comparison between the France of September, 1914, which had the spunk and imagination to taxi its reinforcements of *poilus* to the Marne battlefield to save the country's life, and the France of June, 1940, when "the Generals were stupid, the soldiers did not want to die," and France was lost. Himself aged twenty in 1940, Dutourd says that, like most young men of his generation, he was a soldier without patriotism and without fight in him—or even the need for it—during his military career, which lasted fourteen days exactly, while France took time to fall. "It was not the hour for courage. France had forgotten the word," he says. His callow indifference to victory and to *La Patrie* he blames on the people who made the climate in which his generation grew up: the pacifist generals, the anti-war bourgeois men of the Left, the government men who wanted anything they could get except responsibility, the mediocre men like the lachrymose President of France, Albert Lebrun—"the man of destiny of the century." With heavy irony, he says that they robbed him of possibly being a hero and of maybe being a youthful captain with a Legion of Honor rosette for his bravery—"Ah, those bandits!"

François Mauriac, in his column "Bloc-Notes," in *L'Express*—the most carefully followed column of Paris—has said that Dutourd's is "an important book, perhaps less for what it clearly tells us than for what it represents," adding, "It is an outcry, at least. Someone has raised his voice." Dutourd says that he confined himself to inscribing "a phenomenon of which I myself was the source"—that is, his slow development into the patriot he is today, "unrecognizable in my own eyes, incarnating in the extreme everything I had despised eighteen years ago." The value of his confession, his critique, his anger, and his grief is that his book reads like a man talking out loud to himself; it is an account made up of little remembered things from his history or France's, from his mind, from Voltaire's mind, from the mind of his sergeant in the war—a book that is confidential and emotional, an analysis of remorse, memories, hope, and late-born love of his country. Searching to find out why patriotism was early killed in his gen-

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eration and why it is still being murdered today, he lists what seem to him to be the French people's favorite weaknesses—their narcissism, their lack of faith, their egotism, their frivolous anarchy, their individualism that constantly drives them to nonconformism, their false myth of their "glorious defeat" (since defeat without an adjective would be unbearable to their pride), and their concurrent rival myth of French panache. His frame of reference is mostly the week that he and four soldier comrades, led by their sergeant, spent tramping around Brittany on a comfortable promenade of inglorious defeat after France fell. It was then, listening to a middle-aged barmaid, that he first heard the name of General de Gaulle—to Dutourd today the only man of honor, who brought back from England the little that was left of honor for France, and has taken the even smaller quantity remaining today into retreat with him, almost as if it were his personal property. Literary and intellectual French circles have been able to disdain Dutourd's book as too popular. Because he brings up no political problems of today, other circles have accused him of trading on the nonpolitical tricolor. But nobody accuses him of not having written something that the French of all classes, and even American residents here, can understand—a handbook of patriotism. This is why it has been the most talked-of book of the month.

—GENÊT

•

The famed advertising agency BBD-O has handled all the Republican campaign, except for election eve when young Rubicam will stage a giant spectacular.—*Drew Pearson in the Woodland (Calif.) Daily Democrat.*

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Mental care is a comparative newcomer in the field of medicine and health. Its preventive aspects are almost new. We are short on psychiatrists and psycopaths as well as proper institutions in which they can strive to check the ravages of mental disease.—*Dallas Morning News.*

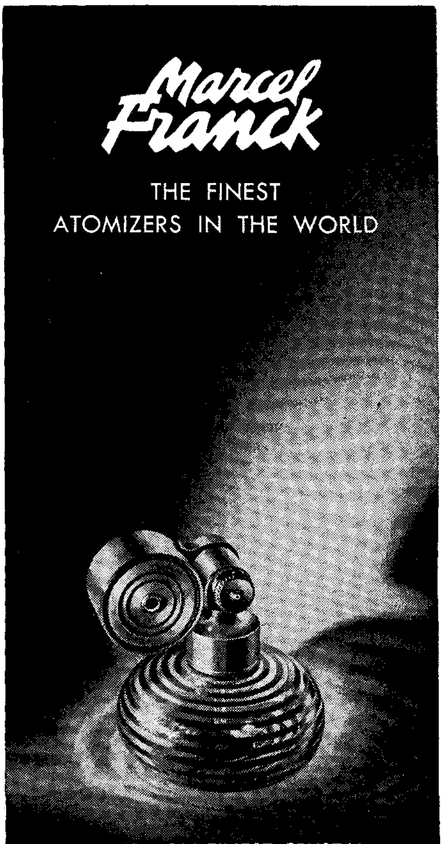
Well, let's try to build up the ranks!

•

### WHISPERINGS WE DOUBT EVER RICOCHETED AROUND A STUDENT BODY

[*From the Mount Holly (N.J.) Herald*]

Audible gasps of surprise and whisperings of "How can she be in an interpretive reading contest; six months ago she couldn't even speak English," ricocheted around the student body.



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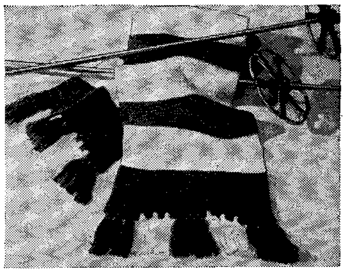

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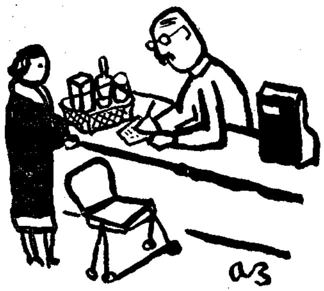
## BIRD I NEVER WAS

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I went to Boston with a man I know to work out some of the preliminary details of a business partnership he and I proposed to set up, and while we were there, an elderly and sometimes willful aunt of mine invited us to lunch with her at her apartment overlooking the Charles. Perhaps I should explain, right at the start, that although Henry and I have known each other for years, it has been almost entirely in a business way. What I mean is we've never gone fishing or duck-shooting together, or played poker regularly, or anything like that. But I was looking forward to becoming much better acquainted with him, and perhaps doing some of those other things, very soon.

My aunt was extremely gracious to Henry. She asked permission to address him by his first name, and she gave us her choicest dry sherry. Later, while we were eating cold roast beef in her rather sedate dining room, certain fears I'd been harboring began to diminish. They were diminishing because she had been silent, so far, about the one subject I didn't want her to introduce. I even ventured to hope that my luck might hold for another hour and that I'd be able to get away—and get Henry away—without hearing my aunt expound on this subject, one of her wildest theories. It is, I regret to say, a notion that in both face and temperament I resemble the poet Shelley.



Over the amontillado, my aunt asked a few polite questions about our business project, and from this she gravitated to such topics as my Cousin Alice Underhill's new hairdo ("*Most* unfortunate!"), "The Last Hurrah" as a *roman à clef*, a series of sermons Mr. Metters had preached at Emmanuel earlier in the year, and the excellent work being done by the Home for Little Wanderers. The Little Wanderers were still occupying her when we reached the sultana roll (this is a Boston dessert, not a dance) and the coffee. But presently, while she was refilling our cups, she made several remarks I considered ominous.

She nearly always begins her Shelley pitch with some comment or other about my nervous system. "This nephew of mine drinks much too much coffee and smokes far too many cigarettes," she said to Henry. "Stimulants of any kind are terribly, terribly dangerous for anyone with his temperament. He's sensitive and high-strung, as, of course, you know. I do hope you'll keep an eye on him and see that he doesn't 'overcompensate'—as I believe it's called—by resorting to dangerous stimuli. After all, you'll be in a better position than anyone else to notice when he's nervous and moody."

Henry seemed a trifle puzzled. "I've never noticed his being especially nervous or moody," he said. "I've never thought of him that way."

My aunt nodded vigorously and said, "I *like* to hear you stand up for him! That's what friends are *for!* But, of course, you know as well as I do how shy he is and how much he needs reassurance!"

Henry gave me an astonished glance. I felt uneasily that my prospective partner looked as if he were in need of some reassurance himself.

"And you *will* try to give it to him, won't you?" my aunt said.

"Why, yes," Henry said. "Yes, of course."

My aunt looked very happy. "From the moment I saw you, I knew you would understand him," she said. "Essentially, his nature is that of a poet. There's something I really *must* show you. If you'll excuse me, I'll be back in half a second."

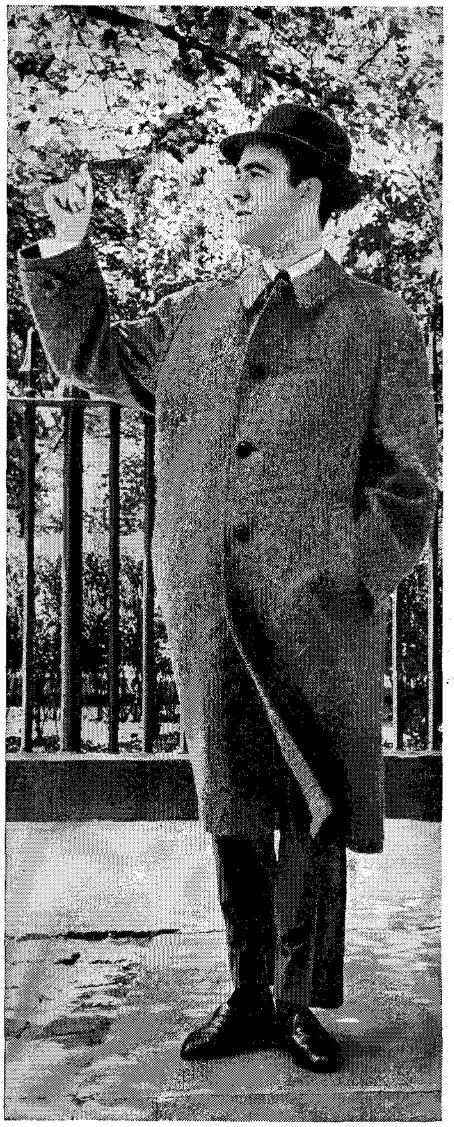
"Look, Henry," I said with haste, as soon as my aunt had left the room. "What she's gone to get is a picture. I know. The picture was taken when I was eighteen, and because of the way the photographer lighted it and retouched it, it looks like nothing human. Well, she's crazy about the thing, and she's got an idea it's like a portrait of Shelley she once saw. I feel it's my duty to warn you."

"Say, would you mind straightening me out about something?" Henry began rather hesitantly. "Is your aunt quite—?"

"Sh-h-h!" I said. "She's only stepped into the next room."

And then she returned with the terrible treasure she'd gone to fetch.

STANDING the framed photograph directly behind Henry's dessert plate, my aunt asked, "Isn't *that* a



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spiritual face? Don't you agree that it has a real Shelleyesque quality?"

Henry gaped. "Is this *you*?" he asked me—with horror, I thought.

I looked at my aunt imploringly. "I think you might mention to Henry that the year this was taken I played left tackle for my school," I said.

She paid no heed to me. "Can't you see why it's one of my dearest possessions?" she asked Henry. "Notice the eyes."

Henry was clearly at a loss for words. Eventually, he managed to say, "Boy, you've certainly put on weight since this was taken."

"Henry is right!" my aunt said. "You must diet and exercise, dear. Diet and exercise! I want you to keep your Shelley look *always!*"

I closed my eyes and murmured, "God, have mercy!" I was sure that Henry was by now viewing with distaste the prospect of entering into partnership with me. Shelleyesque people are often thought of as lacking in business acumen.

"Personally, I feel that the most wonderful thing about this picture is that it shows him as he really *is*," said my aunt remorselessly. "So few photographs do that, in my opinion. I don't know whether or not you ever knew our Cousin Fannie Whittemore, Henry. Probably not, since you say you were brought up in Denver and Fannie lived here on Chestnut Street and never went anywhere, to the best of my knowledge, except Ipswich in July and August. But Fannie was a saint—a veritable saint. And do you know what she looked like in photographs? My dear Henry, she looked like an orangutan!"

"Really?" said Henry, dazed.

"Or worse!" my aunt said. "So you can see why I'm happy that a photographer was once able to capture my nephew. When I look at the upturned face, and the eyes gazing as if through magic casements—"

At this point, my aunt's imagination failed her, I'm glad to say. She could only sigh, but she did so with brilliantly theatrical effect.

"I'm afraid we'll really have to be getting along," I said hurriedly to my aunt. "Henry and I are supposed to be at the State House at two-thirty." It seemed inconceivable to me that any of Henry's enthusiasm for our partnership should have survived, but I thought I could at least get us both out of there.

My aunt patted my cheek. "You *will* take good care of him, won't you, Henry, and try to make things easier for him when the world is too much with

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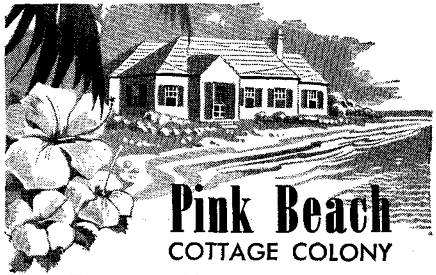

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him—'late and soon,' isn't that how it goes?" she said.

I kissed her goodbye and muttered to Henry that we'd probably do better to walk than to waste time waiting for a taxi to come by.

"O.K.," he said briefly, not sounding at all like his usual genial self.

As Henry and I walked toward the State House, I began a rapid, desperate monologue. Trying to sound like a solid citizen, I talked statistics. I talked taxes, I talked contracts, I talked freight rates. But Henry had left my aunt's house with a frown, and he was still frowning.

"May I ask you a question?" he said when I paused, having run out of breath.

"Yes, of course," I said nervously.

"I like your aunt very much, but— Now, please don't think I'm being rude when I say this, but I kept feeling she had some rather surprising ideas about you," he said, speaking as though he were feeling his way cautiously. "What I mean is, when she talks about you, it's as if she were talking about a different person altogether. It puzzles me. What do *you* think? Wouldn't you say some of her notions about you are— well, inaccurate?"

If I had been even remotely like my aunt's conception of me, I think I would have recited an ode to Henry on the spot. Instead, I could only nod and say, "Yes—kind of."

And then I heard Henry use what surely must be the most beautiful adverb in the entire English language—the adverb "when."

"When our business really gets under way, why don't we try to sneak off to Rangeley for a few days' fishing?" he said.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

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—*Sidney Skolsky in the Post.*

That's right, Harry, you stick to silk trousers!

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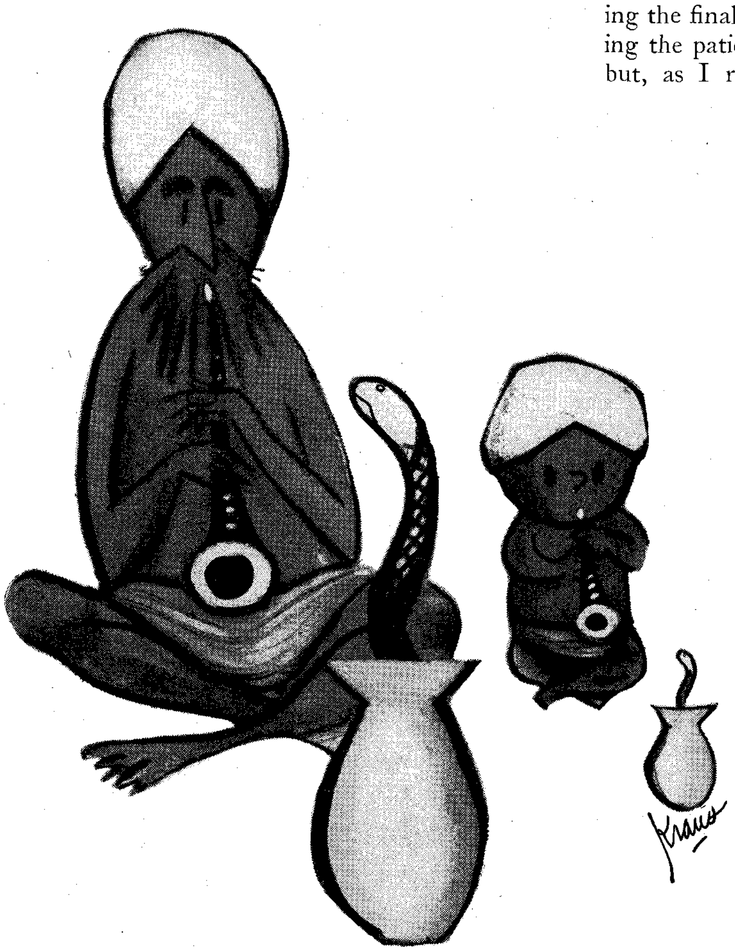
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## LIFTS AND CARRIES

FOR almost two years, until I moved to the city from Rockland County last fall, I was an active—or, as we used to call it, a "riding"—member of the Nyack Community Ambulance Corps. The Corps, which is supported entirely by contributions and manned entirely by unpaid volunteers (except for a round-the-clock dispatcher, who is also unpaid but gets the use of an apartment above the organization's headquarters), gives free ambulance service at any time of the day or night to anyone requiring it in a section of the county that covers some thirty square miles and is bounded, roughly, by Haverstraw on the north, the Hudson River on the east, New Jersey on the south, and the tracks of the West Shore Railroad on the west. I enjoyed riding. In the course of seven and a half years of suburban living, I sampled a large number of civic organizations, and found that the chief duty of a member of most of them was to sit at regularly stated intervals on a folding chair borrowed from an undertaker and to raise, listen to, or rule on points of order; occasionally, to liven things up, a point of personal privilege might be thrown in. In the Ambulance Corps, however, Robert's "Rules of Order" was considered a less edifying book then the American Red Cross first-aid manual, and discussing how to uplift the community as a whole was considered a less useful activity than lifting up, and possibly carrying down two flights of steep stairs on a stretcher, any one citizen faced with a medical emergency. I should confess, I suppose, that the satisfaction I derived from bringing help to people when and where they needed it was in no way diminished by the fact that I did it behind the wheel of a big, shiny white Cadillac equipped with flashing red lights and an honest-to-God siren. To be awakened at three in the morning by a telephone call from the dispatcher, leap into clothes that had been carefully laid out for just such a contingency, cover the two and a half miles from home to the Corps garage, and get the ambulance under way, all within six or seven minutes, was always exciting. True, the emergency was often no more than a *crise de nerfs* suffered by a young mother-to-be—or by her husband—who could just as well have waited a few hours to get to the hospital, permitting the volunteers on duty to bathe and breakfast in civilized fashion. But even if a call now and then proved to be needless, there was invariably a tingling sense of urgency about riding the ambulance.

A few weeks ago, I decided to revisit the Corps. For one thing, I'd heard that the organization had bought a brand-new ambulance to replace the 1948 model I generally used to drive (the Corps also has a 1951 ambulance, which is still in good shape), and I was eager to get a look at it. For another, a return visit would give me a chance to learn something about the origin of the Corps; I had never bothered to look into the matter while I was busy riding, but I had become increasingly interested in it as I discovered that although scores of such organizations are active in the suburbs, few city dwellers even know they exist. Principally, however, I wanted to renew old acquaintances and to experience again the whiz-bang sensations of my riding days. So one Thursday morning I boarded a bus for Nyack. The trip—across the George Washington Bridge, up Route 9W to just past the New York-New Jersey state line, and then over various back roads through the villages of Tappan, Sparkill, Piermont, Grand View, and South Nyack—is scenic enough, but I had taken it several hundred times, and so, instead of looking out the window, I set to work trying to remember as much as I could about the calls I had answered as a rider with the Corps, from November, 1953, to August of last year. During most of that time, I was on tap for a twenty-four-hour period once a week—from 7 A.M. Thursday to 7 A.M. Friday—as part of a crew of three, two men and a woman, who were prepared to pick up and deliver patients anywhere within fifty miles of Nyack, provided that either the pick-up point or the destination was within the Corps's territory. We men did the driving and the stretcher-bearing, and the woman, who was called a nurse (a rather loose use of the term, since she hadn't necessarily undergone training in anything more than first aid), supervised things, having the final say on all questions involving the patients' welfare. Sometimes—but, as I remember it, rarely—there were no calls at all during my twenty-four-hour tour of duty. On the other hand, it was on one of my Thursdays that the Corps established a twelve-hour record that still stands; there were ten calls between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M., and our crew was kept so busy that another crew had to be sent out in the second ambulance to handle one of them. The average number of calls per day, as we figured it, was about two and a half, so I suppose I answered something like two hundred. Most of them, it now occurred to me, were fairly routine, consisting of nothing more than the transportation to or from a local hospital or convalescent home of people whose illnesses or injuries were by



no means critical but simply of a nature that made it inadvisable for them to walk, particularly up or down stairs. (Stairs loom large in the thoughts of an ambulance rider, and I sometimes used to wonder whether anyone ever got sick in a ranch-type house; there seems to be a natural law that the sicker a man is, the more stairs he lives up.) As a matter of fact, it rather surprised me to realize that so many of the calls I had answered were run-of-the-mill, for during my two years of riding I looked upon the experience as one of endless variety. I am not, of course, speaking medically. It is true that before being allowed to ride regularly on a Nyack Community ambulance a Corps member must take and pass a course in first aid, but that, to put it mildly, scarcely qualifies him as a medical practitioner; indeed, apart from first aid, an ambulance crew never makes any attempt at treatment but merely tries to get the patient to a doctor as swiftly and gently as possible.

In all but a few instances—and those, generally, were of the bloodier sort—the calls that stick in my mind do so for reasons that are totally unclinical. Once, when I was on duty, a rigger hurt his back fifteen feet above the ground on the skeleton of a school he was helping to build in Valley Cottage, three miles north of Nyack. We had to get him down and into the ambulance. I have no idea what was wrong with his back; for me the most vivid detail of the call is that when we had lashed him to a backboard and were getting ready to slide him down a sloping ladder by means of a rope attached to the backboard's head, he insisted vehemently on tying the knot in the rope himself.

There are two large Catholic convents in the Nyack Corps's territory, and we were frequently called upon to transport nuns to or from various hospitals. No doubt they were suffering from a wide range of ailments, but of that I know nothing. The only call involving a nun that stands out in my mind was for a trip from a small Catholic hospital in the Bronx to St. Dominic's Convent, in Blauvelt. As often happened in such cases, two sisters from the convent were delegated to accompany us over and back, and what made this call memorable for me was one of the two escorts—a rosy-cheeked middle-aged sister, who rode beside me on the front seat. A short-wave radio set was part of the ambulance's equipment, and she was as excited as a ten-year-old by the police messages that kept coming

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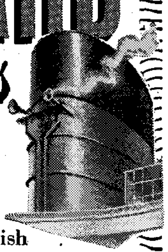

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in. When we had occasion to use the radio ourselves—to report our position to the Nyack police, who passed the information along by phone to our dispatcher—she thanked us for letting her witness such a thrilling performance.

The first automobile accident I was ever called out on was a dreadful one; a car, travelling very fast, had skidded on a curve on 9W in South Nyack and run head on into a stump. The driver had had a couple of quart bottles of beer in a paper bag on the seat beside him, and they, of course, had been smashed. I still remember only too clearly the look of the car, and of the driver, but I am sure that even after I have forgotten all this I shall associate car wrecks with the reek of beer.

I also remember very clearly the time, late one evening, when we took a woman to Rockland State Hospital, a gigantic institution for mental cases, in nearby Orangeburg. There was a delay in admitting her, because some of the female patients had just attended a party on the ground floor, and all the nurses were busy seeing them back to their quarters. While we were waiting, the elevator, with eighteen patients and one nurse in it, got stuck between floors, and it was half an hour before a mechanic could be found to fix it. The patients were extraordinarily well behaved—much better behaved, it struck me, than eighteen well-adjusted women caught in a hospital elevator at eleven o'clock at night would be likely to be—but it was an eerie wait for us, nevertheless. So was it for the nurse in the elevator, to judge by her shaken appearance upon emerging.

The last call on that record ten-call day I mentioned earlier was the most tragic I've ever answered. A five-year-old girl had fallen into a pond while playing, and it was feared that she had drowned. It was five miles from Corps headquarters to the scene of the accident, mostly over a winding mountain road, and we made it in something under seven minutes; the thought of that ride still makes me jittery. As it turned out, calling the ambulance had been only a gesture of desperation on somebody's part; the child was dead when she was taken from the water, and by the time we arrived, the coroner was there.

Most clearly of all, though, I remember old people. Riding an ambulance gives one a sharp insight into the problems of those whom doctors, journalists, social workers, and politicians often describe as "our senior citizens." I doubt whether anyone in the Corps has attempted to keep a record of the pro-

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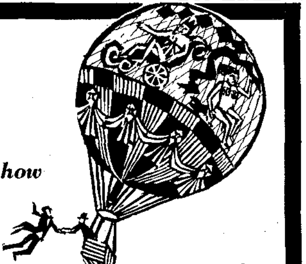

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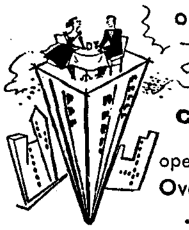

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portion of its calls that involve old people, but I should guess that they come to well over half the total. Anyone riding with the Corps quickly becomes convinced that hidden behind every third house front in Rockland County is a lonely, frightened old man or woman, wearing away the days in idleness and waiting with more or less resignation for the illness or accident that will bring a burdensome existence to an end. Some of the old people we had to deal with lived alone and some lived with a husband or wife, or a son or daughter; some were almost unbelievably poor and some were well-to-do; some were doddering and some were active and alert; some were weepy and some were cheerful; some were mild and coöperative and some (the ones I liked best) were crusty and hardheaded and often profane. But almost all of them appeared to be bewildered at finding that after seven or eight decades of vigorous and useful life they were ending up as little more than a nuisance to themselves, their families, and the community. One morning, we were called to a substantial Victorian house in South Nyack occupied by a retired dentist and his wife, both in their mid-seventies. For several days, they had had some sort of virus infection, which had weakened them considerably and from which they were just beginning to recover. The man had been more seriously ill than his wife, and when he rose to go to the bathroom before dawn on the morning in question, she got out of bed to help him find his way. As she reached him, he stumbled over a chair, and fell on top of her. And there a neighbor found the two of them—one of the wife's arms was broken in half a dozen places—lying helpless on the floor of their bedroom, on the second story of an otherwise empty house.

That same day, we went up to Valley Cottage to bring a dying old woman to the hospital. She, too, lived alone, and she was being attended by a slovenly and obviously indifferent practical nurse, whose breath smelled of cheap muscatel. To my amazement, while we were getting the patient ready for the ambulance a self-assured middle-aged woman, evidently a neighbor, walked in without knocking and said "Now?" and, when the nurse nodded, picked up a large lamp with a pink shade and walked out with it. (She had chosen her time shrewdly; the patient died a minute or two after being admitted to the hospital.) Another old woman I remember well had been in the Nyack Hospital for several weeks with a broken

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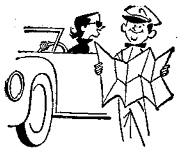

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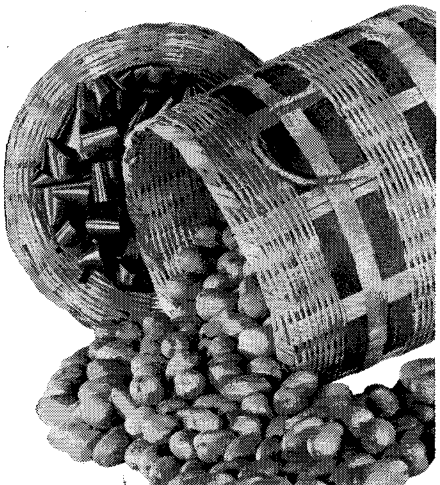

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hip, which had finally mended enough for her to be taken to her son's home, in Orangeburg. All the way down Route 303, she moaned, "Please don't take me to Rockland State. Please! Please!" The expression of mingled tenderness, helplessness, and exasperation on her son's face when we brought her into the house was one that I was fast becoming familiar with. As he leaned over her, she burst into tears and put her arms around his neck and held him tight. "I'm so frightened, Sammy, so frightened," she said.

THE headquarters of the Corps is a neat white clapboard building set well back, behind a tidy lawn, from Midland Avenue, one of Nyack's principal streets. The left side of the building is a garage that houses the Corps's two ambulances—or, as riders call them, "rigs"—and the right side consists of two stories, with a spacious meeting room and kitchen on the ground floor and a four-room apartment upstairs, where the dispatcher, Jeanne Allen, lives, with her husband, John, and their teen-age daughter, Margaret. Since the apartment is worth perhaps seventy or eighty dollars a month at going Nyack prices, and Mrs. Allen's job requires her to be on duty twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, it is doubtful whether she is being overpaid. (According to her contract with the Corps, if she takes any time off, other than a two-week annual vacation, she must find a substitute herself and, if necessary, pay the substitute out of her own pocket. As things work out, however, Mrs. Allen is not perpetually confined to her apartment; other Corps members often take over her vigil.) Mrs. Allen, a relaxed-looking but frighteningly efficient black-haired, olive-skinned woman, has been a member of the Corps since 1945 and its dispatcher since 1953. I had telephoned her that I was coming, and when she opened the door to greet me, she said she had assembled the Corps's old minutes for me to look at and had arranged for me to go along as an observer on any calls that might come in. (Since I was no longer a member of the Corps, I could not ride as a regular crew member, and if I had not once been an active rider, I probably would not have been allowed to ride at all, for nothing can be more of a trial at the scene of an illness or an accident than a kibitzer.) There weren't any calls at the moment, she said, and invited me into the living room to look over the documents she had gathered. As we sat

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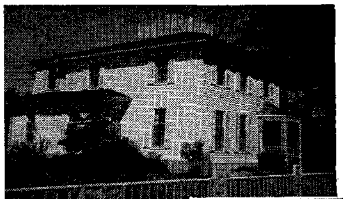

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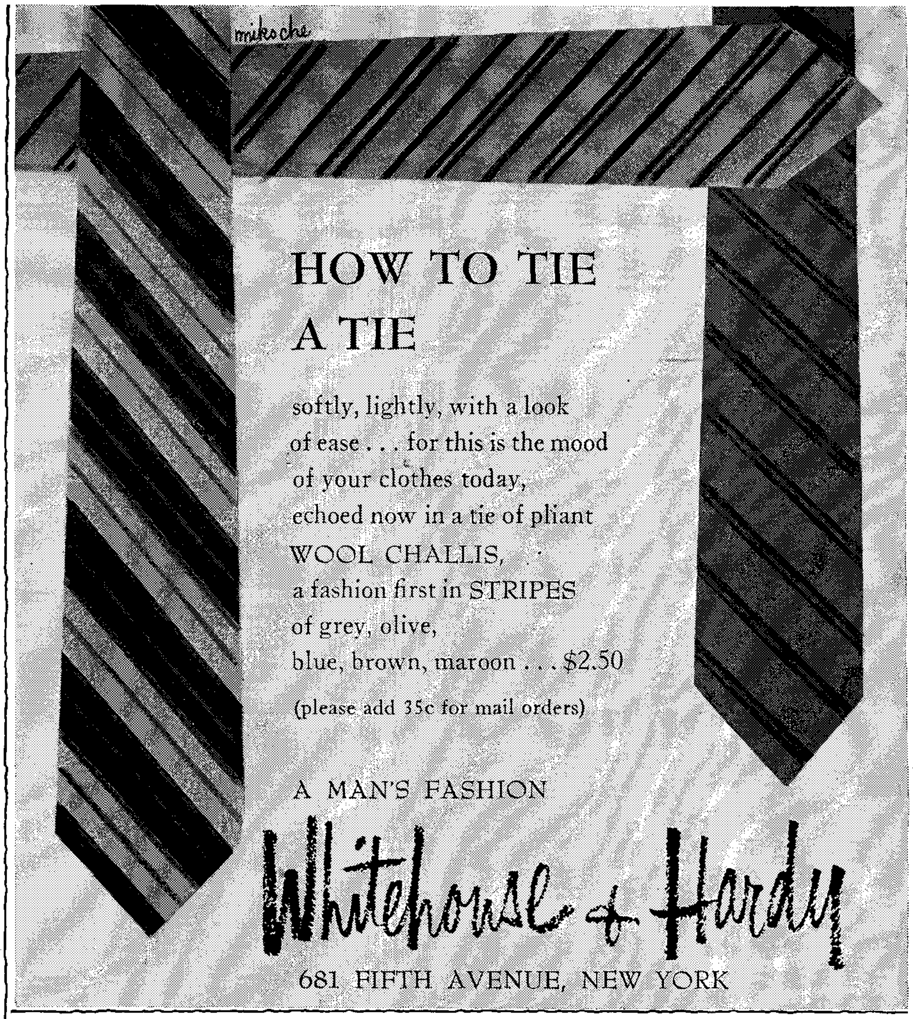
down, I remarked that, calls or no calls, she certainly looked sleepy. She said she was. At three-thirty that morning, she had been awakened by a call to pick up a drunk over in Congers, five miles away, who had fallen down and hurt himself; by the time she had turned out a crew, she was wide-awake, and she hadn't been able to get back to sleep. This was the third or fourth time that the same drunk had caved in at an inconsiderate hour, she said. I told her I knew what she meant; I could remember being wrenched away from a splendid roast of beef at seven o'clock one evening to go after the fellow. He turned out not to be particularly sick or particularly badly hurt, but he was so particularly dirty that we took the unusual step of removing the linen before we put him on the stretcher.

On my way to the Allens' door, I had poked my head into the garage to take a quick look at the new ambulance, but I hadn't found it there, and had assumed it was out on a call. There were two other ambulances in the garage, though—the white '51 Cadillac and a green rig, which I didn't recognize. Now, knowing that there had been no calls, I asked Mrs. Allen where the new ambulance was. She told me that it had just been taken off to a repair shop in Long Island City for a checkup, and that meanwhile the Corps was operating with the '51 rig and an ambulance it had borrowed from the Nyack Hospital. "You must have seen the green one in there," she said. "That's the hospital's. A few months ago, the hospital decided to give up its ambulance service. They were answering only two or three calls a month, and there was no point in keeping the service going just for those. So now whatever calls they get they turn over to us, and they've made their rig available to us for emergencies like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"this." It had been apparent for some time, I knew, that the Nyack Hospital's ambulance service was on its last legs; since it charged at least five dollars a call and offered nothing that the Corps did not, most people chose the free ride. I asked Mrs. Allen if the new ambulance was much of an improvement on the '51, and she replied that except for a few details (it had power steering, for example) it was just about the same. Since I wouldn't have been allowed to drive it anyway, I was able to swallow my disappointment at missing it.

The ambulance telephone rang, in the bedroom. (The Allens have two phones—one for their personal calls, which signals with a muffled buzz, and the other for Corps business, which peals out loud and clear; as a tribute to its round-the-clock vigilance, the Corps has been given the number Nyack 2424.) Mrs. Allen jumped up to answer it, and through the doorway I heard her say, "Yes, Doctor. . . . Yes, Doctor. . . . Will the papers be there, Doctor? . . . All right, Doctor." When she came back, she said, "Well, I have one call for you, anyway. Nyack Hospital to Rockland State. An old lady who likes to take her clothes off. Two o'clock."

Mrs. Allen excused herself to attend to some household chores, and I started leafing through the old minutes she had dug up. The first recorded meeting of the Nyack Community Ambulance Corps, I found, was held on the evening of August 11, 1939, from seven-thirty to eight o'clock, and was attended by seven members, all men. That made the Corps, as I already knew, the second-oldest volunteer ambulance group in New York State; the Pearl River Corps, also in Rockland County, antedated it by about a year. The idea originated in Belmar, New Jersey, about thirty years ago, and spread rapidly. Rockland County now has seven corps; New York State has at least a hundred; and New Jersey has close to three hundred. The Nyack Corps's first ambulance, I discovered from the minutes of a meeting in November, 1939, was a 1927 Packard, which cost three hundred and fifty dollars. I mentioned this to Mrs. Allen as she returned to the living room. "I remember that rig," she said. "It was still around when I joined. We had a '41 Cadillac then, but when it was laid up, we used to take off the plates and put them on the Packard. The thing I remember best about the Packard was that the black paint on the leather upholstery always came off on the nurses' uniforms. We needed

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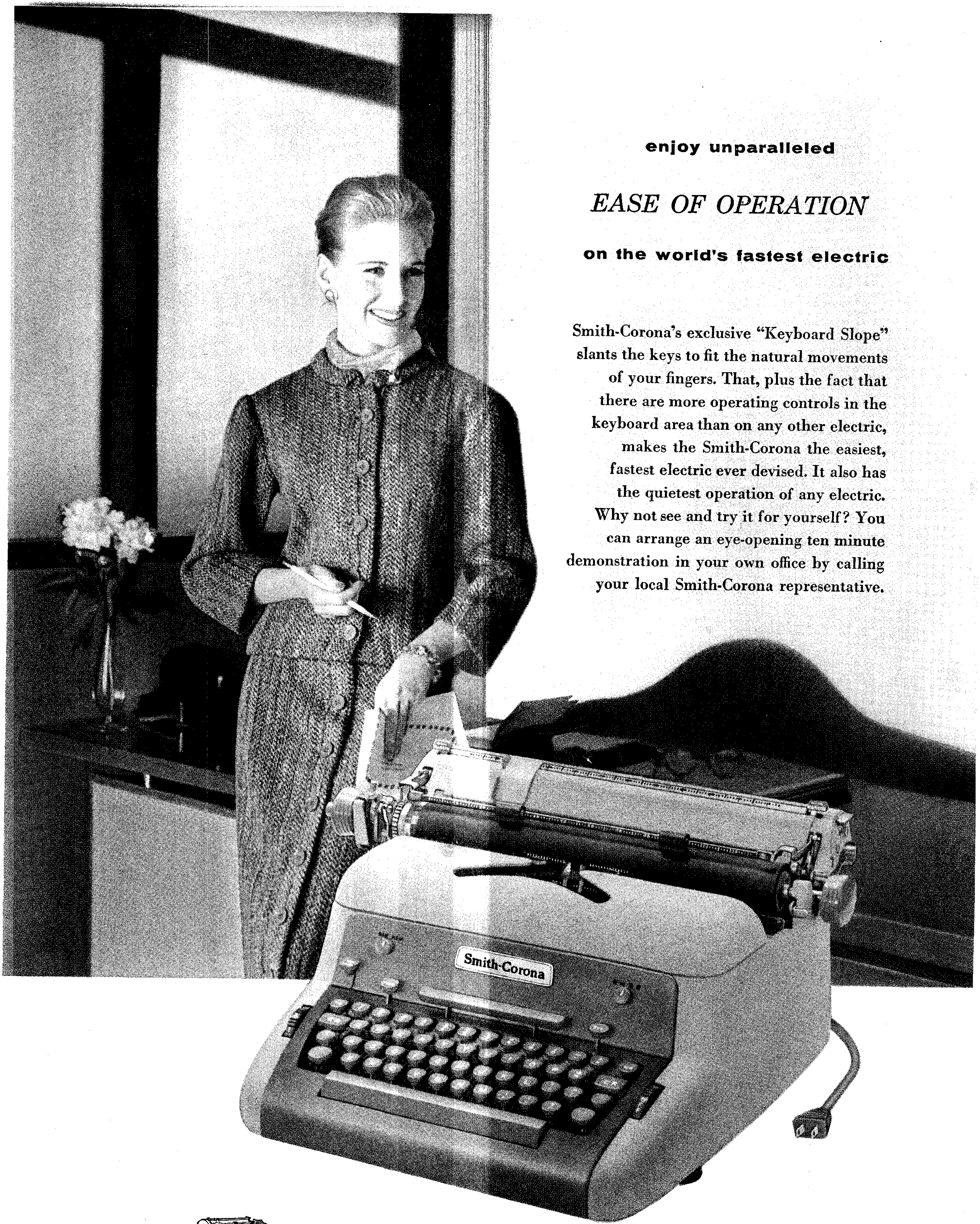

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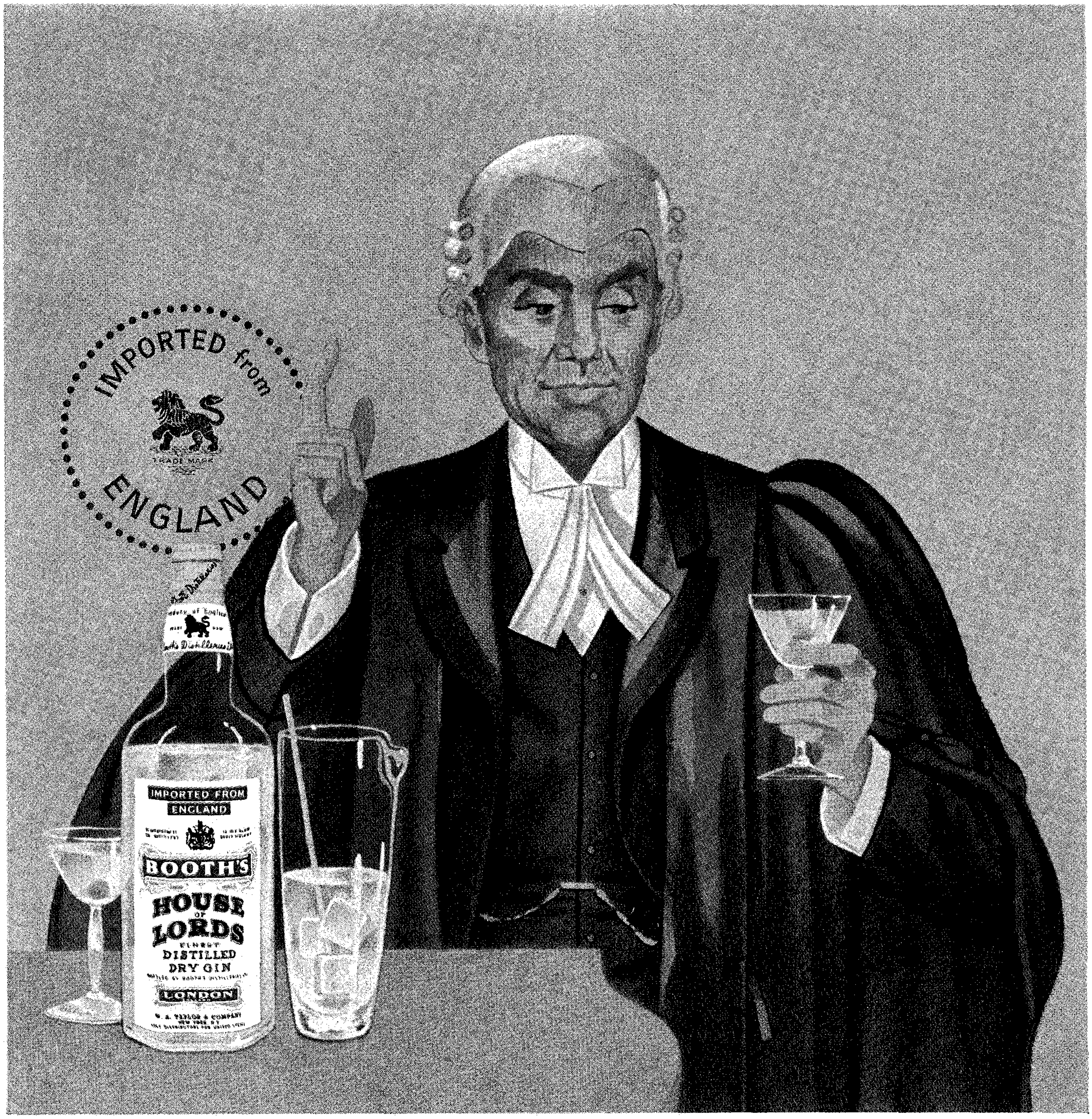
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| | |
|---|---|
| Cash received | $17.15 |
| Cash spent | $17.14 |
| Balance | $00.01 |

Seventeen years have made quite a change in the financial status of the Corps, I reflected; it now owns two first-class ambulances (the new one cost ninety-two hundred dollars) and a forty-thousand-dollar building, on which only seventy-five hundred dollars of a fifteen-thousand-dollar bank mortgage remains to be paid, and it is currently well on its way toward raising twelve thousand dollars in its annual fund drive.

There was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Viola Doerzaph, the nurse on duty that day, walked in. A small, gray-haired, thoroughly self-possessed housewife, Mrs. Doerzaph has been riding steadily for fifteen years now—the longest record of continuous service in the Corps. She has three tours of duty a week—from 7 P.M. on Wednesday to 7 P.M. on Thursday, from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. on Saturday, and from 7 P.M. on Sunday to 7 A.M. on Monday—which means that she answers nearly three hundred calls a year. Among her other distinctions, she is the Corps's baby-delivering champion, having attended at four births, three of them in the mothers' homes and one in the ambulance, just as it was pulling up at the emergency entrance of Englewood Hospital—the only birth in one of the Corps's ambulances, as far as anyone can recall. Her husband, an electrician who is now in his sixties, is also a veteran member of the Corps, but he no longer rides; lugging patients up and down those stairs is no job for a man of his age. Mrs. Doerzaph was wearing the costume that is *de rigueur* for the women who ride the Nyack ambulances—a nurse's white uniform with the Corps pin (a silver cross on a white enamel background) on the bosom and the Corps insignia (a white oval on which "NYACK COMMUNITY AMBULANCE" is lettered in blue) sewn on the cap. (By and large, the male members don't bother about uniforms except at events like the Memorial Day parade, when they are expected to turn out in white trousers, white shirts, black bow ties, and blue windbreakers. On calls, though, they almost always wear a white visored cap with the Corps pin on it.) Mrs. Doerzaph and I had often ridden together in the past, and I was pleased to be going out with her again. "You're

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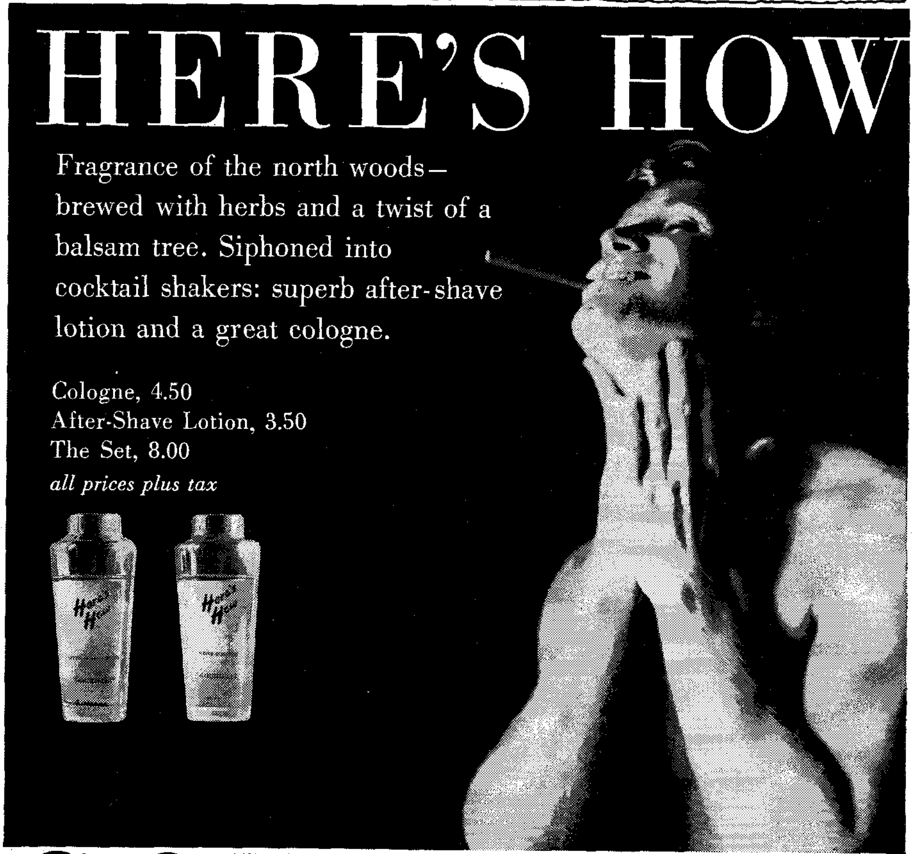
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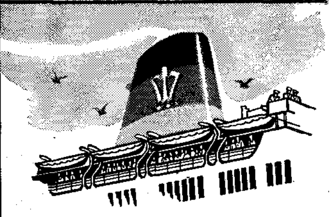

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getting fat in the city," she told me, with her usual candor. "You need a few lifts and carries." ("Lifts and carries" is the generic term for the activity that constitutes the chief part of a male ambulance attendant's job.)

At noon, Mr. Allen, who works for the Telephone Company in Nyack, arrived home for lunch, and his wife went out to the kitchen to get it ready. Allen has long been one of the most active members of the Corps, concentrating on its administrative affairs, and has had an important part in developing it from a struggling upstart that was merely tolerated by the community into an organization of such high standing that membership in it is almost as honorable as membership in a volunteer fire company—as well as a great deal more work. Presently, Mrs. Allen invited us into the kitchen, and we had just settled down to steak sandwiches when the ambulance phone jangled again. As she went to answer it, I looked at my watch; it was one-twenty-two. At one-twenty-four, Mrs. Allen returned. "Off you go," she said to Mrs. Doerzaph and me. "An old woman in Valley Cottage with a possible fractured right shoulder and hip. The doctor just got there. He says don't splint. I've phoned the rest of the crew." She handed Mrs. Doerzaph a slip of paper bearing the name and address of the patient.

I hastily swallowed the rest of my sandwich, and followed Mrs. Doerzaph out to the garage. Just as we reached it, the two other crew members drove up. Neither of them had been riding when I was with the Corps, and Mrs. Doerzaph swiftly introduced them to me as John Boreman and John Benuscak. Boreman, a husky six-footer in his late thirties, dressed in corduroy pants and a storm jacket, took his place behind the wheel of the '51 ambulance and started the motor. Mrs. Doerzaph got into the seat beside him, and I climbed into the back. Benuscak, a handsome young man an inch or so taller than Boreman and wearing khaki trousers and a bright-red leather windbreaker, opened the garage door. Boreman drove the ambulance out, and stopped to let Benuscak release its buggy-whip radio antenna, which is fastened down flat on the top when the rig is in the garage. Then Benuscak shut the garage door and slid into the seat on Mrs. Doerzaph's right, and at one-thirty we were on our way. On the three-mile drive to Valley Cottage, which Boreman expedited by now and then giving the

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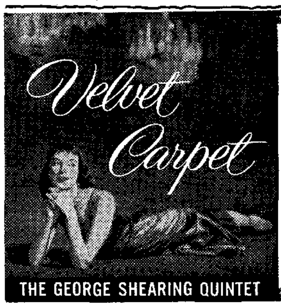

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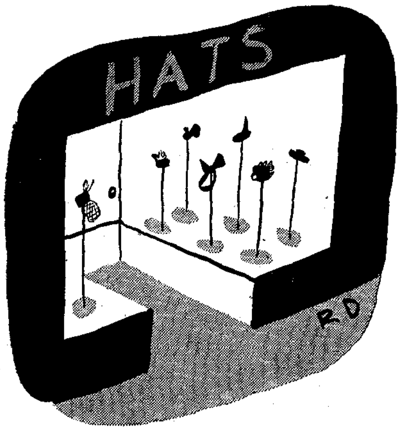
siren a light touch to warn dreamy drivers of our approach, I looked around me at the interior of the ambulance, admiring, as I often had in the past, its cozy combination of comfort and efficiency. Locked into place along the left side, behind the driver, was a wheeled aluminum hospital cot, on which a canvas stretcher was lying, made up with clean linen and blankets. At the head of the cot, toward the front of the ambulance, a cylinder of oxygen, with a face mask attached, was fastened to the floor. At its foot was a large white first-aid kit, containing, among other items, bandages, antiseptics, and anti-snake-bite equipment. On the right side were two blue leather seats, one behind the other; the front one is the nurse's post when there is a patient on the cot. The backs of the two seats can be lowered to turn them into a second cot; when there are two patients aboard, the nurse has to balance herself precariously on a stool at the head of the cots. Two sliding glass panels separated the driver's compartment from the body of the rig, and below were cabinets for storing fresh linen and other bulky objects, such as sputum pans and boxes of facial tissues. Hanging on the rear door was an aluminum-and-canvas folding chair, which is handier than a stretcher for carrying a patient up or down stairs—provided, of course, that the patient is able to sit up. Behind the front seat, in addition to a spare tire, tools, and lanterns, was a resuscitator, a machine for administering artificial respiration. Looking at all these things, and aware that under the floor was a locker in which a backboard and a large assortment of splints were stored, I decided that the ambulance was practically as self-sufficient as a small hospital.

We arrived at the Valley Cottage address—a split-level house on a street of split-level houses—at one-thirty-five. Boreman backed into the driveway, and while he and Benuscak were taking the cot out, Mrs. Doerzaph went inside to



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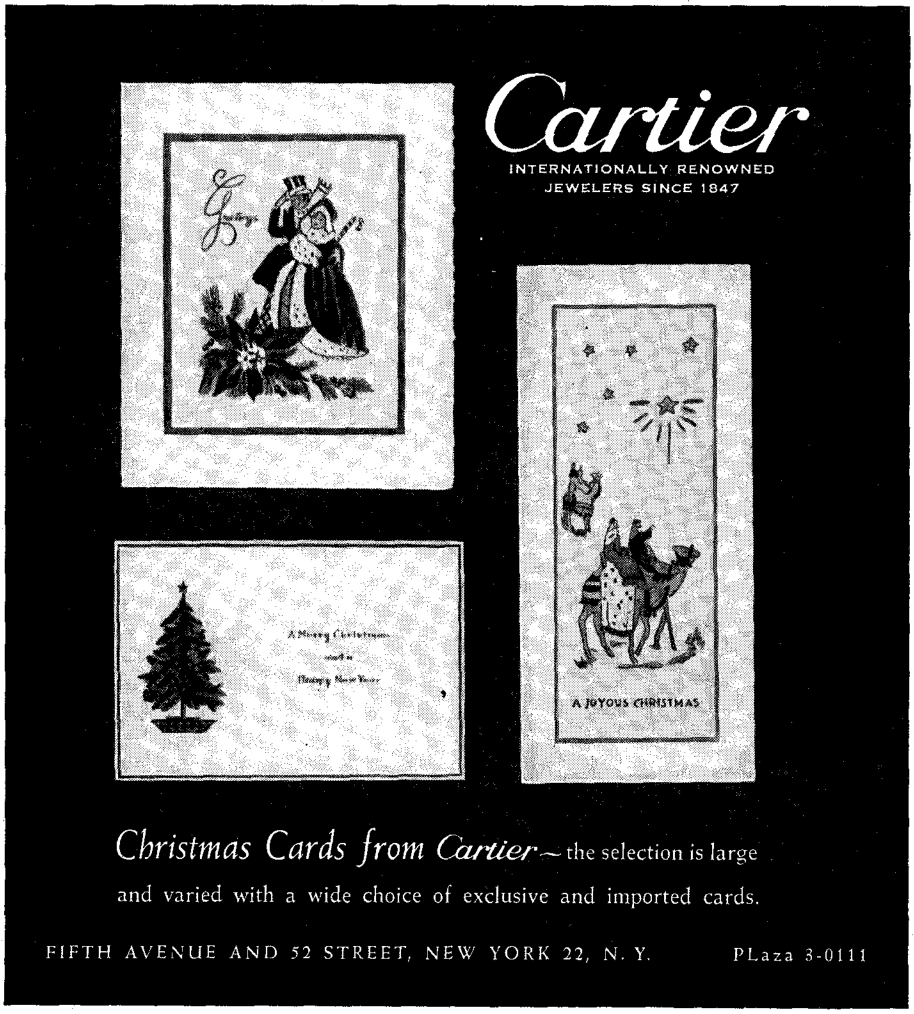
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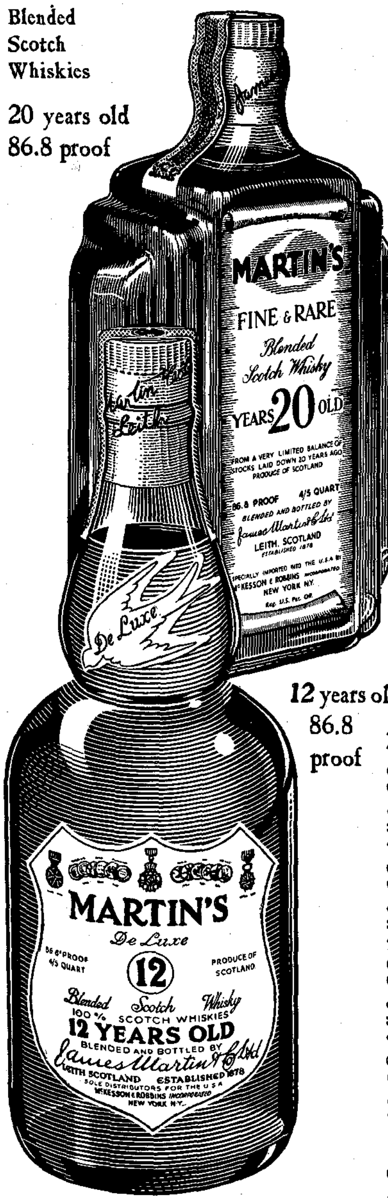
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size up the situation. After a moment, the men carried the cot in and set it down in a large, neatly furnished living room, at the foot of a mercifully short flight of stairs. While Boreman moved a couple of armchairs and a coffee table out of the way, Benuscak turned his attention to a very small baby, who, parked well back on the seat of another armchair, was crying hard. In a minute or two, by employing an intricate combination of grimaces and soothing sounds, he had the youngster cooing and smiling. Several other children were running about the place, coming and going so fast that I wasn't sure just how many there were. Mrs. Doerzaph was nowhere in sight, and I went upstairs to look for her. At the head of the stairs was a tiny hall, with three doors leading off it—one on each side and the third straight ahead. The door on the right was open, and through it I saw the patient—a wispy little woman lying in a big double bed that occupied most of the room. Mrs. Doerzaph was leaning over the bed, expertly adjusting a sling on the patient's right arm, below the injured shoulder, to alleviate the pain when it came time to move her. Watching this procedure was an attractive young woman in slacks and a plaid shirt, who turned out to be the patient's daughter-in-law and the mother of the brood below. She had the same expression on her face that I had noticed on Sammy's the day his mother arrived in Orangeburg.

After the sling was in place, Mrs. Doerzaph walked to the door, took a quick look at the diminutive landing, and said, "They'll never be able to get the cot through here." She called down the stairs, "Bring up the stretcher, boys!" The men lifted the stretcher off the cot and carried it up to the bedroom, where, under Mrs. Doerzaph's direction, they placed it on the bed as close as they could get it to the patient's right side, removed the blanket and folded back the sheet, slid out the carrying pole next to her, and gently rolled her over onto her uninjured side. While they held her in that position, Mrs. Doerzaph inched the stretcher under her, and when they rolled her back again, she needed only a bit of gentle easing to lie right in the center of the stretcher. Mrs. Doerzaph tucked the bedclothes around her, the men slid the pole back in, and she was ready to be carried downstairs. The men carefully maneuvered the stretcher into the hall, negotiating the tricky ninety-degree turn by lowering the foot of the stretcher and raising the head, and I

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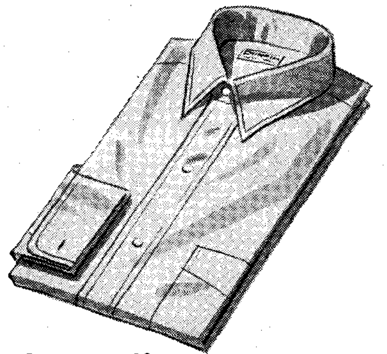

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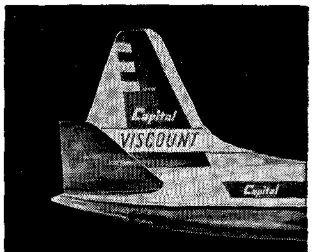

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reflected with considerable feeling on their good fortune in having such a slight patient; she weighed, I judged, less than a hundred pounds. While the stretcher was being carried down and placed on the cot, I asked the patient's daughter-in-law how the accident had occurred. "She fell down these stairs," the young lady replied. "It was at five in the morning. The poor old thing wanders a good deal at night, and we usually hear her, but this time we didn't, and when the thud woke us up, we thought one of the children had fallen out of bed. We jumped up to look, and there *she* was."

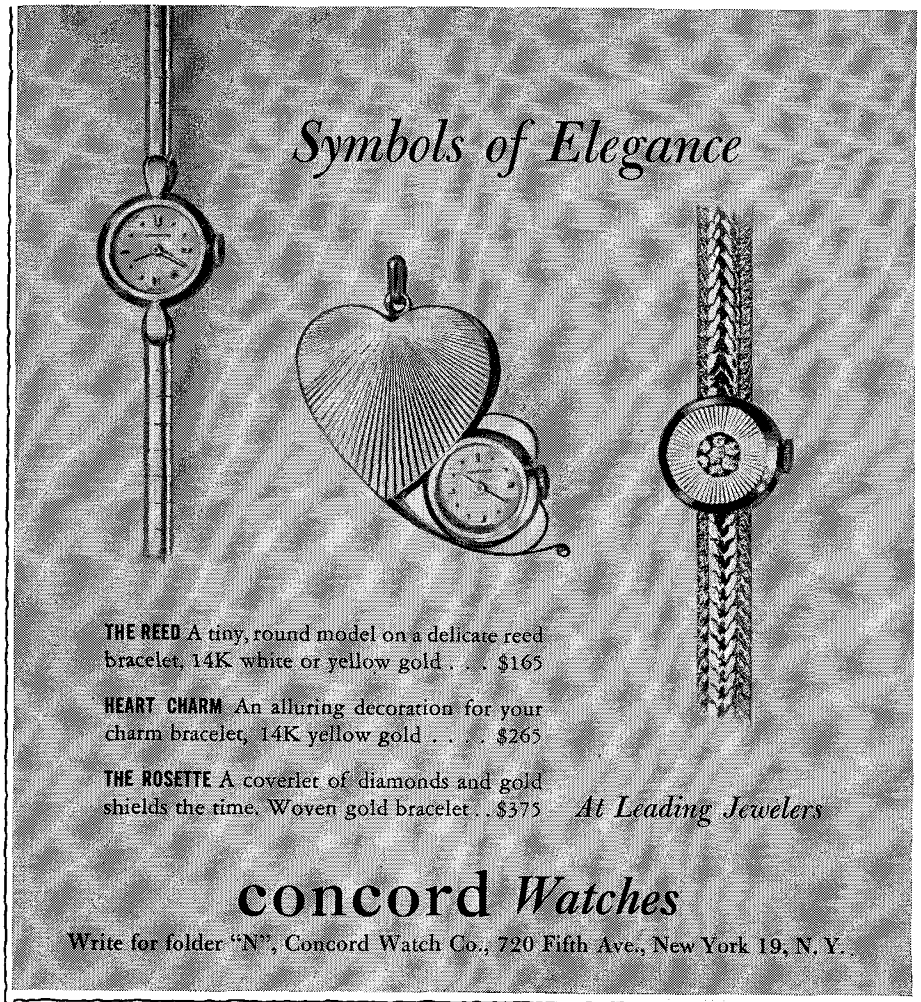
The men took the cot out to the ambulance and, after Mrs. Doerzaph had climbed into the back, lifted it into the rig and locked it in place. I joined Mrs. Doerzaph and the patient in back, and this time Benuscak took the wheel. It was one-fifty-one when we left the house. Benuscak drove slowly, for every ambulance driver is taught that while there may be good reason for haste on the way to a call, there is usually none on the way back, except in cases of extreme emergency, like arterial bleeding. A fast, frightening ride, with the siren wide open and the rig swaying from side to side, would almost certainly have a much worse effect on the patient than the few minutes lost by driving at moderate speed.

As the ambulance got under way, the old woman looked about at her surroundings with a sweet smile. "It's so clean," she murmured appreciatively. After a while, we went over a rather bad bump, and she moaned a little.

"You don't need to be afraid, dear," Mrs. Doerzaph said.

"I know," the old woman said. "I know who's with me. Good people." A little later, she looked around again, smiled, and repeated, "It's so clean."

We arrived at the hospital's emergency entrance at one-fifty-eight. The patient, having been expected, was ordered straight into the X-ray room, and there the men lifted the stretcher onto the X-ray table, removed the poles, and, with Mrs. Doerzaph's help, succeeded in the difficult task of getting the rubber sheet that is part of the stretcher's bedding out from under the old woman. (X-ray photographs are apt to be clearer if there is no rubber within range.) While the pictures were being taken, Mrs. Doerzaph went out to telephone Mrs. Allen that we were at the hospital and would be ready to pick up our second patient—the one bound for Rockland State—as soon as our first was safely bedded. At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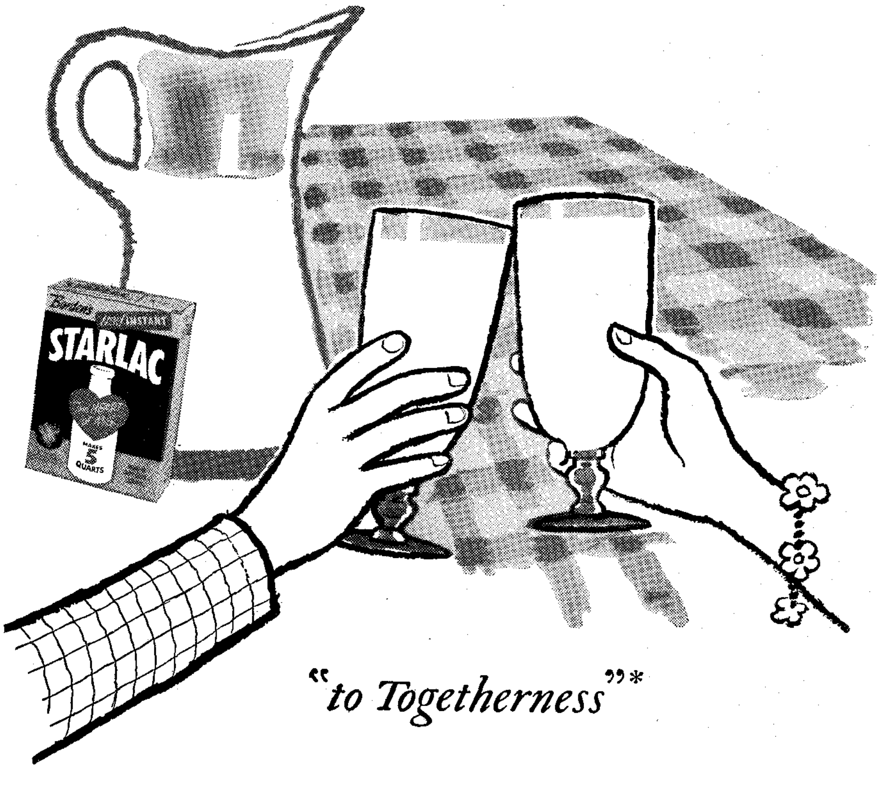

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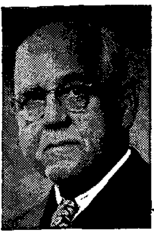

Lincoln once replied to a prohibitionist's complaint that General Grant was overly-fond of his bottle.

"Find out the brand of whiskey the General uses," Lincoln said. "I would like to furnish the same brand to my other generals."

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And if Lincoln had serious intent, which we doubt, perhaps it was our whiskey which screwed the courage of faint-hearted generals that finally won the war.

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two-seven, she returned to the X-ray room at a canter. "We've got an emergency call to Tappan," she said. "Let's get the stretcher and take off."

As briskly as they could without jarring the patient, the crew removed the stretcher, put it on the cot, and started for the entrance. Just then, the X-ray technician—a short, brown-haired woman—came out of the darkroom and, seeing the patient lying on the bare table and the ambulance cot receding down the corridor, cried out, "Hey! You're not through here yet!"

"Emergency call!" Mrs. Doerzaph replied, over her shoulder.

The technician shook her head. "Business is booming," she said sourly.

THE crew quickly changed the linen on the stretcher, and at two-fourteen we were headed for Tappan, six miles away, with Boreman again behind the wheel. The drive took us first along a very narrow stretch of 9W and then over back roads that were obstructed here and there by the Thruway-highway-parkway construction mess that has made most of Rockland County a sort of obstacle course for the last couple of years, so it was twelve minutes before we reached our destination. This proved to be a small, square white frame house behind a tavern, on the edge of some scraggly woods. Three or four burly middle-aged men in working clothes stood waiting for the ambulance outside the front door, and as the cot was being lifted out, one of them said in a disappointed voice, "We thought you'd need some help, but you seem to have plenty." The men, as well as two or three women whom we encountered inside, were relatives and neighbors of the patient, rallying round in time of trouble. The patient himself was an old man who had suddenly developed severe pains in his back from an as yet undiagnosed cause and had been ordered by his doctor to get to the hospital at once. He was sitting up in bed in a room at the top of a steep, narrow flight of stairs, and after sweeping the scene with her general's glance Mrs. Doerzaph said, "We'll need the chair." Benuscak went out to the ambulance to fetch it while Boreman wheeled the cot into position at the foot of the stairs. The whole process of getting the old man from his bed into the chair, strapping him in, carrying him down the stairs, transferring him to the cot, and hoisting the cot into the ambulance went off smoothly, and we were on our way back to the hospital, with Benuscak

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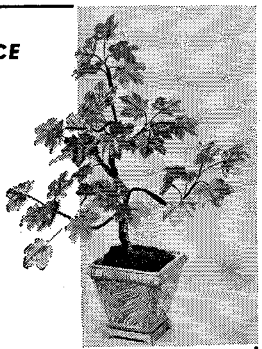

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at the wheel, at two-thirty-seven—just eleven minutes after our arrival at the house. The would-be helpers hadn't had a chance to help at all.

The old man was obviously in great pain. He had gritted his teeth hard while being lifted from his bed to the chair and from the chair to the cot, and every bump on the road made him wince. Cautioned about this by Mrs. Doerzaph, Benuscak drove with such extreme care that it took us twenty-two minutes to make the trip back to Nyack. The old man had been silent during the journey, but once he was finally settled in a bed in the men's ward, he looked up at us and said proudly, "I'm seventy-seven years old, and this is the first time in my life I've ever been in a hospital."

THE crew took the cot back to the ambulance and changed the linen again, and then we went up to the women's ward, on the third floor, ready at last to pick up the patient bound for Rockland State. She was a dull-eyed, toothless woman of sixty-five—a welfare case, one of the nurses said, with no family at all. She submitted docilely to being lifted from the hospital bed to the cot; in fact, she seemed unaware that anything was happening to her. Because Mrs. Doerzaph did not want to risk having to deal with a strip tease during the ride, she had told Boreman and Benuscak to bring along some straps and bind the patient to the cot. While the men were putting the straps on, Mrs. Doerzaph said soothingly, "These are just so you won't fall out, dear," but the patient's response was still zero. The ward nurse handed Mrs. Doerzaph a brown paper bag containing a comb and brush, a toothbrush, and a handful of hairpins. "These are her things—all of them," she said.

Seated in a chair on the other side of the ward was a stout and cheerful colored woman, who had been following the crew's activities with interest, and she now volunteered the information that there was a dollar bill in the drawer of the night table by the patient's bed. Mrs. Doerzaph found it and put it in the bag. This didn't seem to matter to the patient, either. The crew took her down and put her in the ambulance, and since it is a routine precautionary measure in handling mental cases for a male crew member to sit in back with the nurse, Benuscak took the seat behind Mrs. Doerzaph and I got in up front with Boreman. At three-fifteen, we were on our way.

The ride gave me a chance to get

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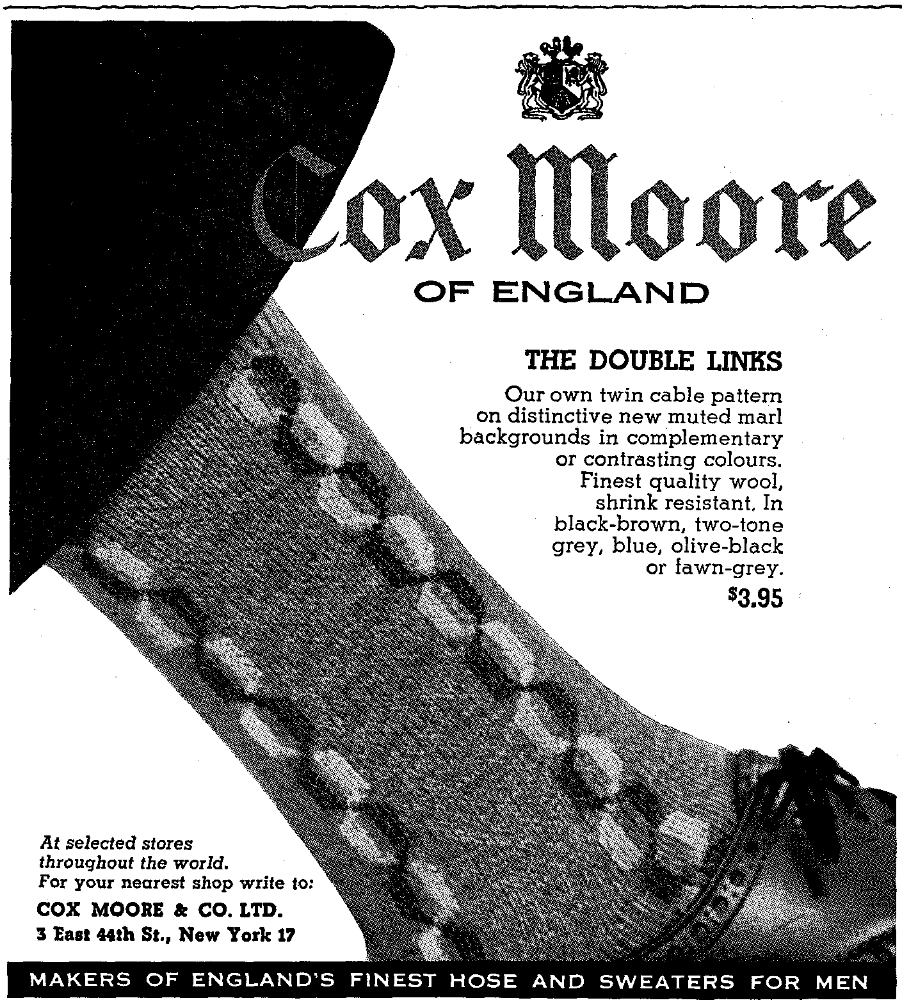
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acquainted with Boreman, who, Mrs. Doerzaph had told me, was one of the very earliest members of the Corps. He had dropped out seven or eight years ago, because of long and uncertain working hours, and then, only a month or two before my visit, had unexpectedly shown up at a meeting and announced that he was ready to resume active service. Boreman proved to be a genial conversationalist, and his favorite expression, I soon found out, was "We've [or you've or they've] got it made." After spending a couple of years as a construction worker on the new Thruway bridge from South Nyack to Tarrytown, he said, he was now working as a member of the bridge patrol, which, with the aid of tow trucks, fire engines, snowplows, and the like, tries to keep the bridge traffic moving uninterruptedly. Since he was on the midnight-to-eight shift this week, he explained, he could put in a certain amount of time on the rig during the day. He said that when he had left the Corps, it was still a fairly feeble outfit, and he was impressed at finding it such a high-powered organization upon his return. "They've got it made," he added as he expertly took the rig into the circular driveway in front of the building known as Female Reception, a large three-story structure of gray stone that stands in the center of Rockland State's parklike grounds.

While Benuscak sat in the ambulance with the patient, Mrs. Doerzaph got out to arrange to have the door to the building unlocked. The patient hadn't said a word, or even twitched a muscle, the whole trip, she told me as she started off. Once we were all inside, the door was locked behind us, and the nurse in charge of admissions unlocked the door to the elevator (the same one that had been stuck between floors the last time I was in the building), shepherded us in, took us to the second floor, unlocked the elevator door there, escorted us down a long, empty corridor to the door of a ward, unlocked that, and went into a huddle with one of the ward nurses over whether a bed was ready for our patient. I had been in this ward several times before, on similar missions; while there is probably more to it than I have seen, the part I am familiar with consists of a narrow hallway with a large room—a sort of social hall—opening off it near the entrance door, and then, on either side, a string of cell-like bedrooms, each just big enough for a hospital bed, a night stand, and a small chair. Every time I have been there, except very late at night, popular music has been blaring

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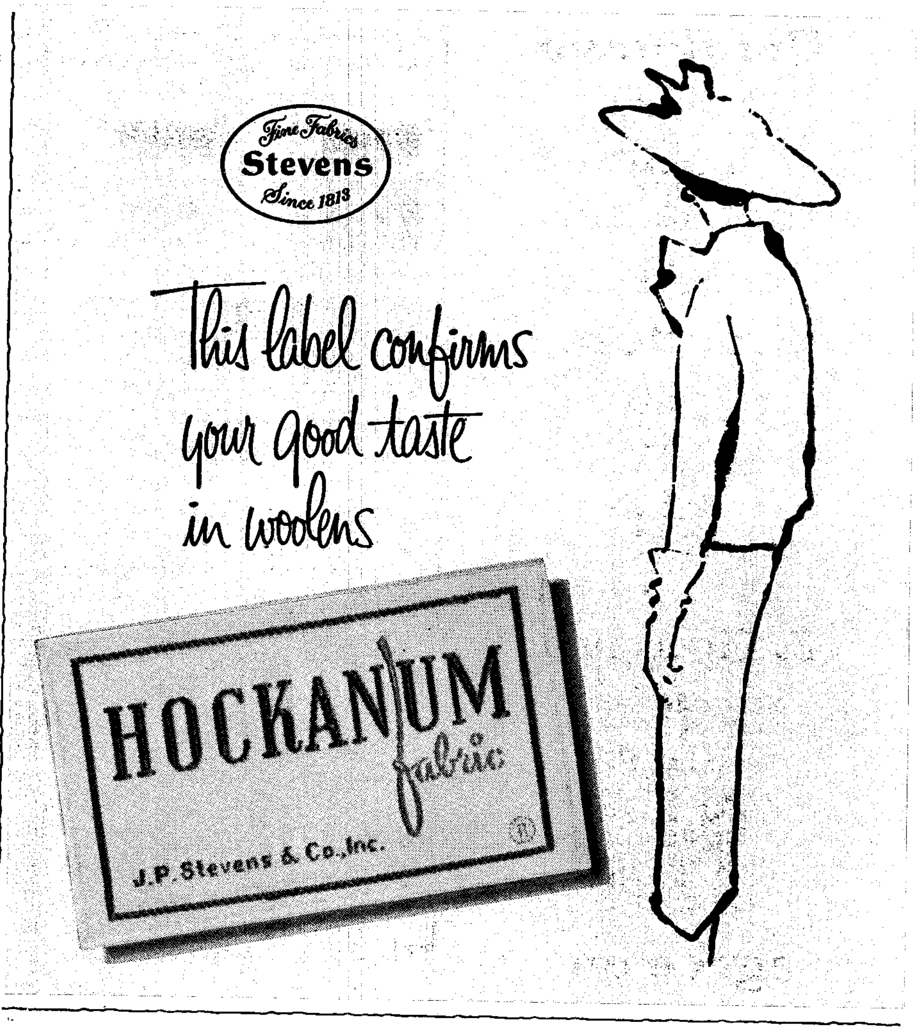
from the open door of the social hall. As always during waking hours, the arrival of an ambulance crew attracted considerable interest; many of the patients stood in the doorways of their cells staring at us, while others ambled up to the cot to have a look at the newcomer. Any event, however trivial, it seemed, was worth the ward's undivided attention. In age, the patients ranged from the late teens to the seventies, and in dress and toilet from loose housecoats, down-at-the-heel slippers, and stringy hair to skintight slacks and sweaters and a superabundance of lipstick.

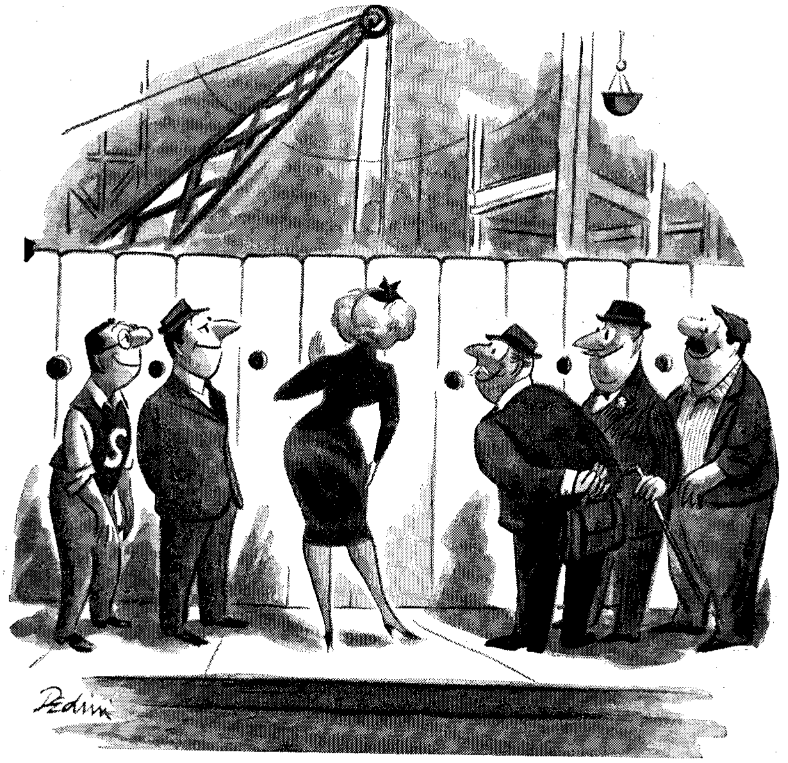
The ward nurse ultimately chose a room for our patient, and unlocked its door. The crew put the old woman to bed—she still showed no sign of interest in her whereabouts or her fate—and we went back through the succession of doors. We had arrived at Rockland State at three-thirty; we left at three-fifty-four. As we drove off, Boreman called Nyack Police Headquarters on the radio and asked the officer on duty to notify our dispatcher that we were on our way back. We reached the Corps building at four-fourteen—two and three-quarters hours after leaving it. It had been an unusually strenuous afternoon. In the garage, Benuscak put the soiled linen in a laundry hamper and Boreman restocked the rig's linen closet.

We found Mrs. Allen standing at the top of the stairs to her apartment. "Well, that's all for now!" she called down.

"We've got it made," Boreman said.

Mrs. Doerzaph went upstairs to have a chat with Mrs. Allen, and Boreman and Benuscak drove off in their cars. I had picked this day to visit the Corps because I knew that its monthly two-hour first-aid drill would be held that evening and I wanted to enjoy the luxury of being a spectator at one of these events, instead of a performer. So I told Mrs. Allen I would be back at eight, when the drill was scheduled to start, unless there was a call before that, and





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left for the home of some friends—former neighbors of mine—who had invited me to have dinner and spend the night. There weren't any calls before eight.

When I returned to the Corps building, I found that an exceptionally large crowd—more than thirty of the forty or so riding members—had turned out, perhaps because the annual election of Corps officers had been held only two weeks before and this was to be the first drill under the new setup. The Corps has two sets of officers—an administrative group (president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer), and a trio known as line officers (a captain and two lieutenants), who are responsible for the maintenance of the ambulances and for the training and performance of the crews, and who are entitled to wear special insignia on their uniform caps (gold braid for the captain and silver braid for the lieutenants). The members sat on folding chairs—the Corps's, not an undertaker's—lining three sides of the meeting room while they waited for the recently elected president, Merle Blauvelt, to get things going. Blauvelt, a big, bald, quiet-voiced man in his forties, who is employed by the Nyack waterworks and has been prominent in Corps affairs for several years, came in and sat down behind a desk on the fourth side of the room. On his right was the Corps's medical adviser, a local physician named Murray Stolzer, and on his left the lieutenant in charge of first aid, a Corps member of three years' standing named Douglas Bohr, who had celebrated his twenty-first birthday a couple of months before and had thus finally become eligible to drive one of the ambulances in which he had for so long been riding. Blauvelt announced that Dr. Stolzer was giving the Corps his time that evening to answer any questions the members might have about first aid, and then asked the initial question himself: What is the proper sequence of steps to take in treating victims of a major disaster, such as a train wreck or an explosion?

Dr. Stolzer, a small, voluble, bespectacled man with a mustache, started out by saying, "When a doctor discusses first aid, he's apt to confuse a first-aider. First aid is best when it's simple—and simple is something a doctor has a hard time being." He then went on to give a not very simple answer to the question, the gist of his remarks being that any acute condition, like profuse bleeding, obviously had to be attended to first, and

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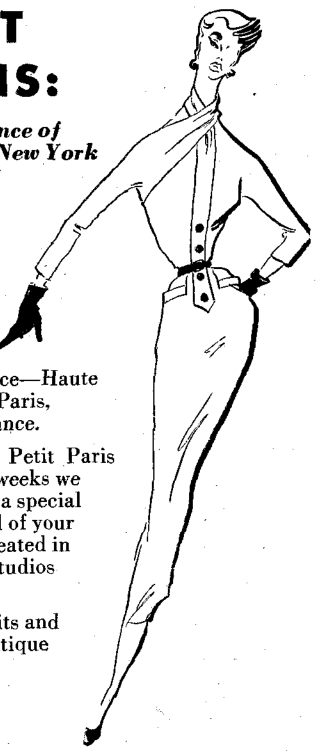

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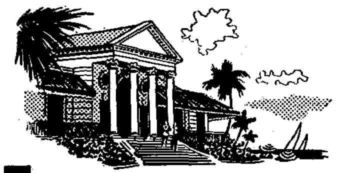

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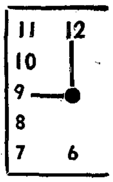

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that, next, an attempt should be made to estimate the degree of shock each victim was in, on the basis of his pulse rate and the pallor of his cheeks and lips, and to take care of the most acute shock cases promptly. "A fracture can wait for hours, if necessary, provided the patient isn't moved," he said.

One of the Corps nurses suggested that a good criterion for priority of treatment was whether first aid could be effectively used on a victim, and not how desperately injured the victim might be; if there were a lot of casualties, she pointed out, it would be most unfortunate for a first-aider to waste his time on a person suffering from internal injuries, which he wasn't qualified to treat. Dr. Stolzer agreed. Another Corps member said he had always found that one of the most vexing problems at an accident was how to prevent interference from the kibitzers who invariably turn up. Mrs. Doerzaph said, "What I always do when some eager beaver's getting in my way is hand him a blanket and say, 'Here, hold this.' "

At nine o'clock, Blauvelt turned the drill over to Bohr, as first-aid lieutenant. Bohr divided the members into two groups, one to practice lifts and carries and the other to work with the resuscitator, putting Mrs. Doerzaph in charge of the former and Everett Wanamaker, a blond, broad, short-legged man who had been first-aid lieutenant when I joined the Corps, in charge of the latter. Since I knew that the resuscitator session would be fairly dry and technical, I decided to watch Mrs. Doerzaph's group. She had had an ambulance cot brought into the room and was instructing three crews, one after another, in the correct way to transfer a patient from bed to stretcher when the bed is so narrow that the stretcher cannot be slid under him. The stretcher should be laid on the floor parallel to the bed, she said, and the patient should be picked up by a three-man lift, one crew member supporting him under the shoulders, another under the hips, and the third—the nurse—under the legs. Lifting the patient in this fashion, the crew, acting on commands from the nurse, steps back, drops to one knee, and lowers the patient onto the stretcher. The three-man lift, Mrs. Doerzaph pointed out, involves stepping on the stretcher, which is impermissible under any other circumstances. For their second lift, she had the crews practice getting a stretcher with a patient on it through a ground-floor window—a maneuver in which the man at the foot of the stretcher rests his poles

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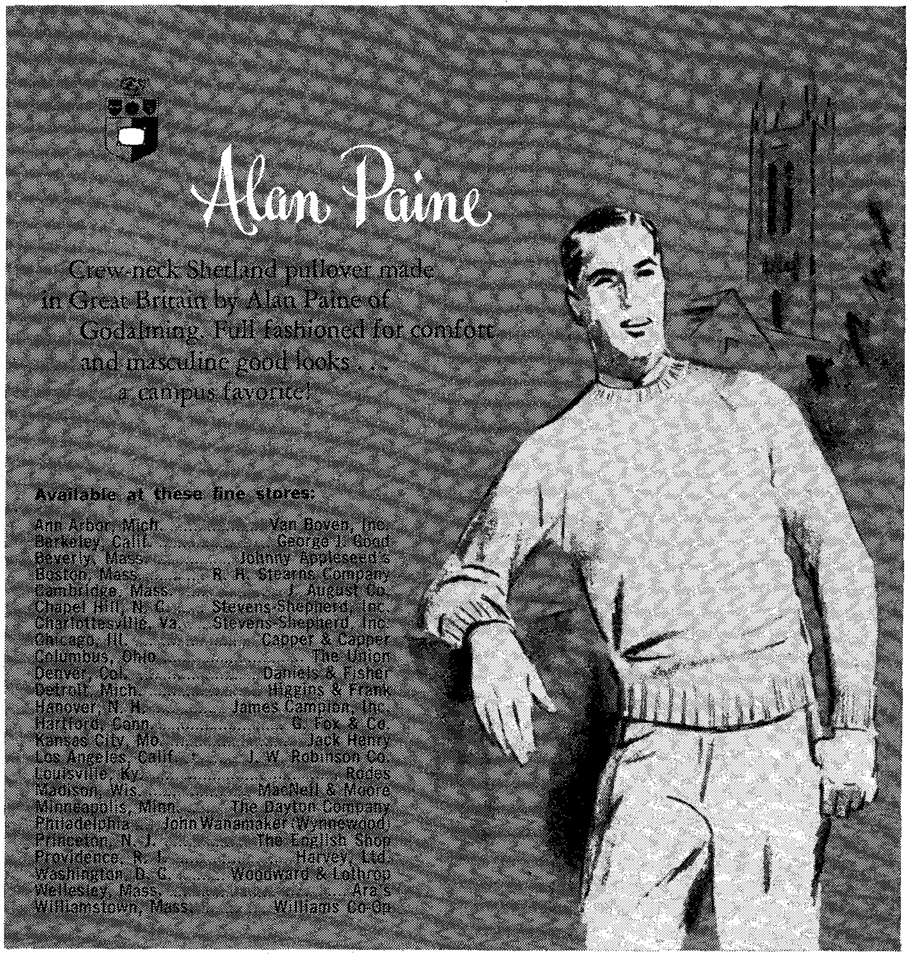

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on the sill, climbs out, picks up the poles, and backs away until the poles at the head can be rested on the sill and the second man can climb out.

The Corps's new captain, a lanky young lineman for the Rockland Light & Power Co. named David Knarich, who had been in my first-aid class a couple of years before, was watching the drill attentively. Finally, he said, "I've always found that the most important thing about lifts and carries is for the nurse to give the commands properly. Without the proper commands, the crew can't work together right. The nurses should speak up, and not scringe back, or whatever you call it." The next time through the drill, the nurses—all of them scringers until then—spoke up, and Knarich nodded approvingly.

After half an hour, the two groups changed places, and I left, even though I saw that coffee and doughnuts were being got ready in the kitchen. In view of the magnificent amount of activity Mrs. Allen had provided that afternoon, I was certain she would somehow manage to have a night call for me, too, and I wanted to get as much sleep as possible before it came.

MY friends had considerately put me in a room with a telephone beside the bed, and, sure enough, at 4:40 A.M., it rang. "There's a fire downtown, and we've been asked to stand by," Mrs. Allen told me. "Do you want to come to our building or go right there?" Since I was afraid the crew might have to wait for me, I said I would go right there, and she gave me the address. I had laid my clothes out in the old way, and it took me only four or five minutes to get to the scene of the fire, which was in a store on the ground floor of a three-story brick apartment house. Smoke was pouring out of the store, and half a dozen volunteer fire companies—from Nyack, Upper Nyack, and South Nyack—were on hand. The street was a tangle of hoses; searchlights were playing on the building; and firemen wearing oxygen masks, firemen carrying axes, firemen hauling hoses were running about. The aerial ladder from one of the two hook-and-ladder trucks at the scene was resting against the roof of the building, and I could see firemen up there, too.

A few moments after I arrived, I came across Knarich, in a Navy storm coat and his gold-braided white cap, waiting at the corner for the ambulance to show up. "I'm on call tonight, but I told them it would be faster if I drove straight here," he said. "The others

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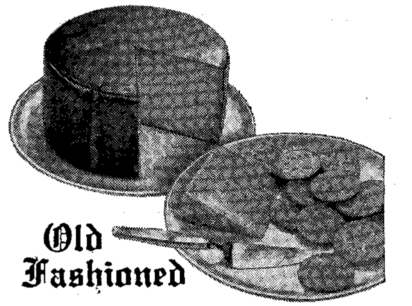

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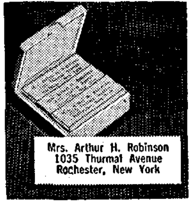

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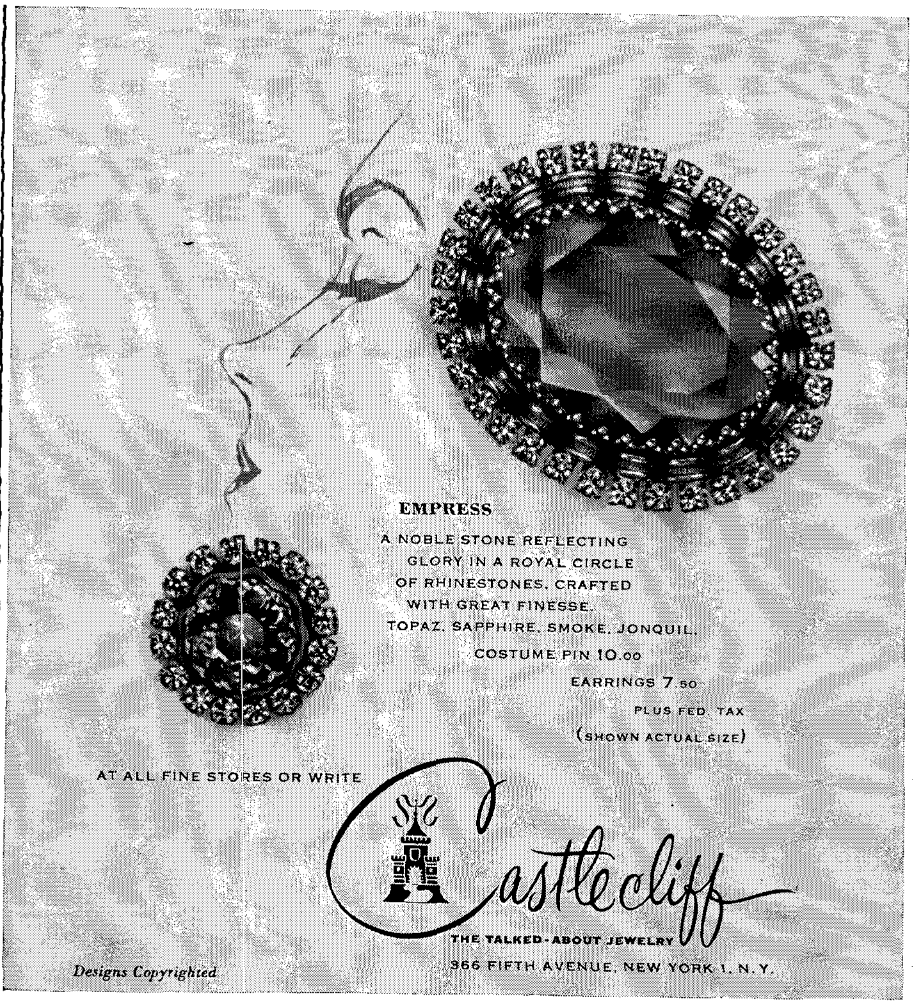
ought to show up any minute.... Look, there she is now." The ambulance came careering toward us with its lights flashing, and when it stopped, Knarich directed it to a parking space around the corner from the fire. The rest of the crew—Florence Walmsley, who is a bank clerk, and Bob Lynn, who is a bill collector for the Rockland Light & Power Co. and the lieutenant responsible for vehicle maintenance—got out. "Let's check the tenants," Knarich said. "They're in the bar over there." The four of us crossed the street and went into a dimly lit saloon, where the people who lived above the burning store had gathered in a back room—perhaps a dozen of them, including a couple of babies. Most of the adults were wearing coats over their night clothes, and they all looked both sleepy and angry. Questioned by Miss Walmsley, they said that they had been evacuated in time to avoid ill effects from the smoke, and were in no need of first aid. We returned to the street, and Knarich and I stood watching the firemen work while our two companions climbed back into the rig—Lynn to monitor the radio in case of another call and Miss Walmsley simply to keep warm. It was a decidedly cold morning. Knarich and I walked over to the Nyack Fire Patrol truck, where we found Blauvelt was sitting behind the wheel. The Patrol attends to just about everything at a fire except the job of actually putting out the flames—rigging searchlights, laying tarpaulins, directing traffic, administering first aid—and Blauvelt, in addition to his ambulance duties, is its first-aid instructor. He said that there had been only one casualty among the firemen, and that that wasn't serious; a fellow had suffered a small cut on his head when the man working behind him accidentally jammed his helmet down over his ears with an axe handle. I asked him how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and where the fire had started. "I never know anything about a fire while I'm at one," he said. "I never get anywhere near it. I have to read about it in the paper, just like you." Before long, some women from the auxiliaries of the various fire companies began passing around cartons of hot coffee, which were extremely welcome.

The smoke gradually abated, and after about an hour the firemen pronounced the fire under control and dismissed the ambulance. I went back to my friends' house, got into bed, and tried, unsuccessfully, to go to sleep again. At around six-thirty, when my toes were thawing at last and I was beginning to doze, the phone rang. "Same place," Mrs. Allen said. "A fireman with smoke poisoning." Had it been some other emergency, I might have conscientiously got out of bed and gone along on the call, but under the circumstances I decided I had had enough for one night, and stayed where I was. As a matter of fact, I learned when I went around to the Corps's headquarters later that morning that the stricken fireman had been taken to the hospital by the Fire Patrol before the ambulance arrived.

AT the drill the night before, Mrs. Allen had told of one call that the ambulance was already committed to make on Friday. It was an interesting example of the out-of-the-ordinary sort of work that the Corps performs as a matter of course, and I was looking forward to it. The patient was a twelve-year-old Nyack boy who had had an attack of polio two or three years before and was quite badly paralyzed. Every so often, he had to visit the New York State Rehabilitation Hospital, in West Haverstraw, for an examination, and his mother had been driving him there in the family car, carrying him from the house to the car and back in again. Now, however, he had grown too heavy for her to manage, and, with many apologies for imposing on the Corps, she had asked Mrs. Allen if it would be possible for the ambulance to take him to and from West Haverstraw. Mrs. Allen, of course, had assured her that the Corps would be glad to.

The call was scheduled for noon, and upon my arrival at headquarters, a few minutes before the hour, I found the crew assembled. Its members made an odd contrast to the crew of the previous day. Whereas Boreman and Benuscak had been big, strapping fellows, the men in this crew—Otto Kimmel, an excitable German who runs an

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upholstery-and-awning shop in Nyack and has to close it up when he goes on call, and Mattie Schechter, a sad-faced postal clerk who rides the mail cars on the West Shore Railroad—were both small. Moreover, unlike Mrs. Doerzaph, the nurse—a lady of about forty named Kay Couch—was big and solidly built. Mrs. Couch, who is Allen's sister, works as an assistant to a Nyack veterinarian, and this inspires a certain amount of jocularity among her fellow-riders. She is very likely the most accomplished first-aider in the Corps, and she has needed to be. During one incredible period of a few months several years ago, she encountered no fewer than four serious roadside emergencies while riding the rig on routine calls, and administered first aid to those involved. First, while making its way through Harlem, the ambulance had come upon an epileptic who had just had an attack on the street. A few weeks later, again in Harlem, a teenage boy had jumped through the pane of a second-story window as the ambulance was passing. Not long after that, the ambulance had been flagged down on the East River Drive by a member of a tugboat crew, one of whose colleagues had fallen into the river and had nearly drowned before being fished out; Mrs. Couch had gone aboard the barge and administered artificial respiration—by hand, since the Corps had not yet acquired its resuscitator—for three-quarters of an hour before the man came around. Finally, while the ambulance was heading south on Route 9W on its way to New York with a patient, a car directly ahead had gone into a skid, one of its doors had flown open, and a small child had fallen out, hurtled fifteen feet through the air, and landed in a ditch. Things reached a point where Corps members regarded a trip to New York with Mrs. Couch as a gruesome undertaking. I reminded her of this sequence of events now, and asked her what she had in store for today. "I'm afraid I've lost my power," she replied. "The hex is off."

Just before we left, Mrs. Allen came downstairs to announce that a second call had come in. The old lady from Valley Cottage who had been taken to the hospital the previous day had no broken bones after all, and was ready to go home again. We were to pick her up when we got back from West Haverstraw. The trip with the paralyzed boy presented no complications, except that the crew had to wait quite a long time at the hospital while various doctors and technicians worked over the pa-

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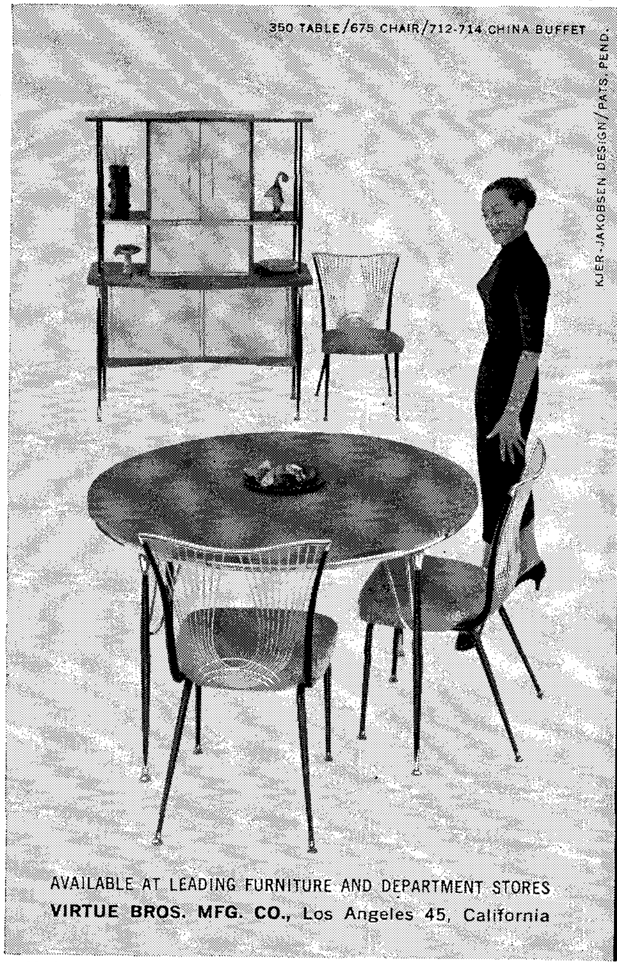
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tient. He was a cheerful, red-headed youngster, so big and stocky that I was surprised his mother had been able to lift him as long as she had, and after we had returned him to his home—up a steep flight of steps, naturally—I told her so. "I've discovered muscles during the last two years that I never knew existed," she said. Then she turned to thank the crew, and her voice shook as she said, "God bless you."

As we drove away from the house toward the Nyack Hospital, the radio suddenly squawked, "Eighty-eight to seventy-five"—the call numbers of Nyack Police Headquarters and the rig, respectively.

Kimmel picked up the microphone and spoke into it: "Seventy-five to eighty-eight."

"What's your location?" Eighty-eight asked.

"Main Street, Nyack, heading for the hospital," Kimmel said.

"Stand by," Eighty-eight said, and Schechter, who was driving, pulled over to the curb.

After perhaps half a minute's wait—the police dispatcher was apparently conferring with Mrs. Allen on the telephone—Eighty-eight resumed, saying, "Go to 543 Burd Street and pick up a fellow named Schultz." (For reasons that will presently become evident, I am inventing the patient's name and address.)

"O.K.," Kimmel said, and Schechter turned the rig around, opened up the siren, and headed for Burd Street. On the way, I reflected that what with three consecutive calls two days in a row, and an early-morning fire besides, I had really done some ambulance riding. (I later found out that, on top of everything else, an emergency cardiac call had come in while we were in West Haverstraw, and Mrs. Allen had had to assemble a second crew and send out the green ambulance.) At Schultz's place, which was a rooming house, there were more stairs—steep and narrow—down some of which Schultz, a heavy drinker, had fallen. He was lying on the bed in his room, on the second floor, when we arrived, conscious but looking completely blank. Mrs. Couch gave him an expert glance and whispered to me, "The d.t.s." Schultz's forehead had been cut open—it had stopped bleeding, though—and his nose looked as if it might have been broken. He was a burly man, and getting him downstairs in the ambulance chair was far from easy. For me, however, the principal figure in this call was not Schultz but an unidentified man in a white silk shirt,

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who stood in the patient's room with his back to the bed the whole time we were there, too absorbed in reading the *Police Gazette* even to look up.

After Schultz had been safely stowed in the hospital emergency room and the cot's linen had been changed, we went up to the women's surgical ward to get the patient from Valley Cottage. The crew had asked me about her, and I had told them what a sweet old lady she was. She seemed to be dozing when we arrived at her bedside, and Mrs. Couch put a hand on her shoulder to rouse her. She turned over abruptly and screamed, "Goddam it to hell, leave me alone!" That's the way she was all the way back to Valley Cottage, where the baby was again crying, the small children were again scuttling about, and her daughter-in-law was again wearing that odd expression of mingled tenderness, helplessness, and exasperation. While Mrs. Couch went upstairs, Kimmel, who had become a father nine weeks before, tried to quiet the baby, but he proved to be no Benuscak. The crew finally got the old lady to bed. She lay there with her eyes closed for a few seconds, then started moaning. "I'm dead," she said, and repeated it over and over: "I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead." Mrs. Couch shook her head, the daughter-in-law shrugged wearily and patted the old lady's hand, and we left.

—ROBERT RICE

•

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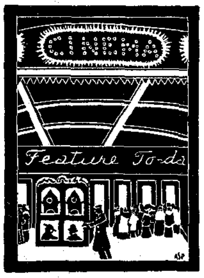

TEXAS, which is apparently a state that resembles an American Legion Convention in permanent session, is described at great length and to no particular purpose in the WarnerColor film called "Giant." Adapted by Fred Guiol and Ivan Moffat from a novel by Edna Ferber, and directed by George Stevens, it demonstrates simultaneously that the old families of Texas have produced young who are about on a par with Cro-Magnon man, that the *nouveaux riches* are a little less gifted, and that the Mexican race problem is a fierce issue. Rambling around in these several directions, Mr. Stevens never gets his picture into any clear focus, but here and there he does produce some muscular melodrama. To start the film off, we have a we-uns-and-you-uns type from Texas (Rock Hudson) arriving in Maryland to buy a stallion. The stallion is a handsome beast, and our lad loves horseflesh with a passion, but he just can't keep his mind on the animal when the daughter of the stallion's purveyor is sashaying about. The daughter is played by the beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, but, beautiful though she is, some misdemeanor of the camera occasionally makes her look as if she were a victim of five-o'clock shadow. Mr. Hudson, however, seeing her steadily and seeing her whole—and seeing her, conceivably, unshadowed—decides that she is the mate for him, and in a trice we're down Texas way, where Mr. Stevens can swing his camera around the range. The Texas that we have here is a kind of numbers game; our hero has half a million acres, a million steers, and control over the lives of six or seven thousand ranch hands. But since one dusty acre looks much like the next, one steer much like another, and one worker on the plain pretty much like his fellow, it's rather hard to be impressed by all these numbers. The exception to the standardized scheme of things is provided by the late James Dean, who plays the role of an ambitious cowpoke with lunatic cuteness. Muttering to himself, and wearing a large Stetson low on the bridge of his

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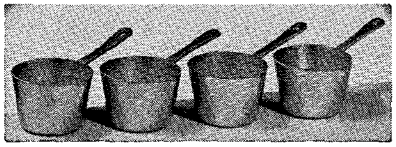
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nose, he proves that Stanislavsky is just as much at home among the cattle as he ever was off Broadway.

It is the notion of "Giant" that after Miss Taylor has been installed in Mr. Hudson's old Texas manse—the former head lady, Mr. Hudson's sister (Mercedes McCambridge), has regrettably had her brains booted out by the stallion I mentioned—she should undertake to improve the lot of the peons on the ranch. Meanwhile, Mr. Dean comes right along as a *Wunderkind* of Texas finance. As people age in the film, their hair turns electric blue, and as if that weren't trouble enough, Mr. Hudson and Miss Taylor wind up with their son and heir married to a Mexican girl. Mr. Dean has his troubles, too, since he turns into a booze-fighter as soon as he has become a big Southwestern wheel. What with roundups, fights, and monstrous Texas galas, "Giant" is an interesting, if elementary, business, but it is long—oh, Lord, how long!

IT'S pleasant indeed to get into a small country like Scotland after all that expanse of Texas, and Scotland is the scene of most of "Wee Geordie," an amiable British trifle in which a diffident, undersized son of a gamekeeper takes a course in physical culture and ends up as the champion hammer-thrower in the Olympics at Melbourne. Bill Travers is likable as the shy Scottish marvel, Alastair Sim is amusing as the laird who backs him, and Paul Young is delightful as Wee Geordie when he is wee. But it is really the views of Scotland that excite one in "Wee Geordie." A wonderful place it would seem to be.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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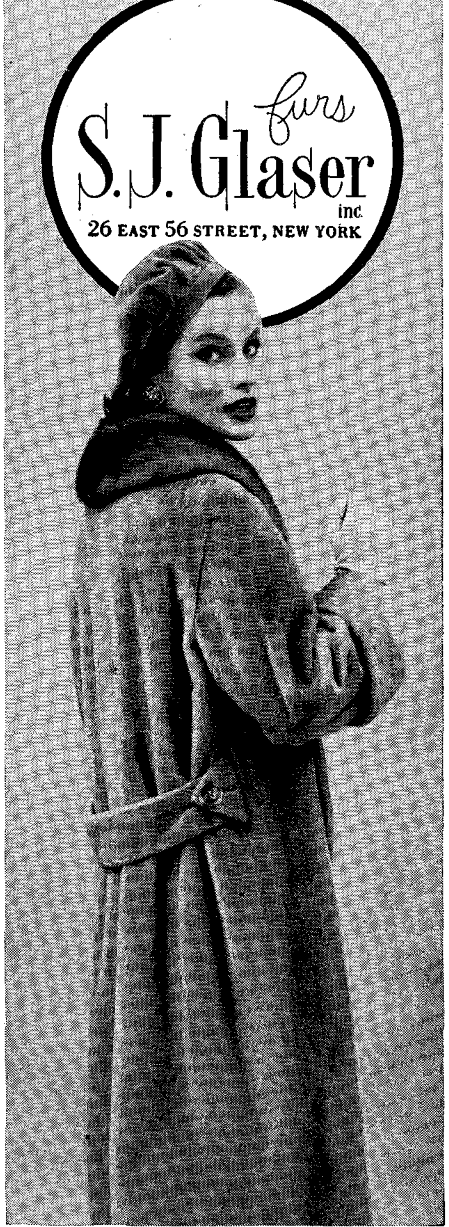

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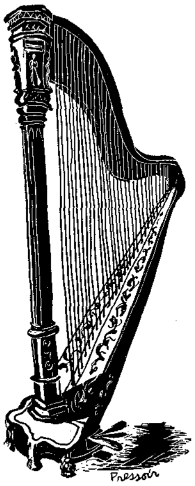
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Mild Tempest*



THE New York première of Frank Martin's opera "The Tempest" at the City Center last week did not alter the impression the work made on me at its world première in Vienna last June—the impression that it is, on the whole, pretty much of a bore. One can point out certain specific weaknesses that contribute to this assessment—the somewhat unsatisfactory trick of having Ariel dance his role while a remote chorus intones his lines unintelligibly, and the fact that Shakespeare's play, which Mr. Martin has used word for word as his libretto (in German in Vienna and in English here), is essentially a poetic fantasy, lacking the strong dramatic action that is demanded in opera. But the main trouble, I think, is the character of Mr. Martin's music. Despite an evocative descriptive passage here and there, it is written in a thin and unimpassioned idiom whose declamatory mannerisms derive from the style of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande"—and "The Tempest" nowhere achieves the consistency and clarity of that work. Mr. Martin's music not only lacks passion; it even lacks momentum of any sort. Its vocal line, a queer combination of speech and featureless chanting, never offers the singers a melody that is worth singing; moreover, it has the fatal fault of obscuring, rather than enhancing, the words to which it is set. Once or twice in the course of the opera—notably in the comic scene between Caliban and the two drunken sailors—the music temporarily ceases and one can hear Shakespeare minus Mr. Martin. The effect—something like the momentary lifting of an impenetrable fog—makes one realize what one is missing during the remainder of the evening. Certainly, if any one thing can be said to contribute more than any other to making Shakespeare's "Tempest" a masterpiece, it is the beauty of Shakespeare's language. An operatic setting that, like Mr. Martin's, merely succeeds in concealing this language from the audi-

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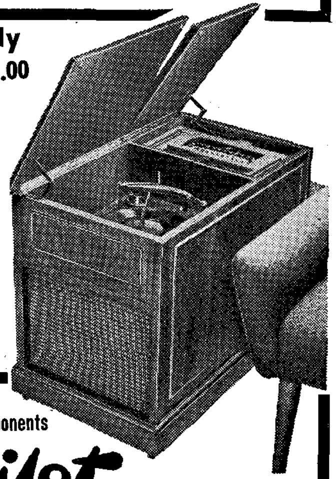

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ence has obviously lost the main advantage that Shakespeare can provide as a librettist.

The New York City Opera's production was simpler and less lavish than the one I saw in Vienna, which had all the resources of one of the world's finest opera houses expended upon it. But I was gratified to find that from the purely musical point of view the performance by the spirited local troupe compared quite favorably with the one the Viennese gave it. Erich Leinsdorf, who conducted the work here, did so with meticulous care, getting everything out of Mr. Martin's rather tame score that it had to offer; the orchestra played admirably; and the singers in the principal roles strove earnestly, and with some distinction, to project the qualities of atmosphere and characterization that their parts called for. The dancer who took the part of Ariel—Raimonda Orselli—was not as spectacular an artist as Willi Dirtl of the Viennese production, but she was prettier and less menacing, and there was something fairly engaging about the sense of boyish mischief she brought to her pantomime. If "The Tempest," taken altogether, fell somewhat flat, this was not due to any lack of effort or talent on the part of the cast. I am afraid that it is just not much of an opera.

EARLIER in the week, the American Opera Society opened its season at Town Hall with a performance of Handel's opera "Julius Caesar," and while I heard only the last half of it, I am able to report that what I did hear was up to the high standards that the little organization long ago established. This ancient and infrequently performed work had been edited for the sort of concert production the Society specializes in, and its florid and difficult arias were interspersed with quite Handelian recitatives written by the editors for a narrator whose function it was to clarify the action. The device succeeded in giving the plot, which concerns certain of Caesar's warlike adventures in Egypt, an absorbing dramatic continuity, and the arias and other set pieces turned out to have a remarkably gripping emotional effect, despite the eighteenth-century formality of their musical style. The soloists all sang with the utmost scrupulousness. I was particularly impressed by the agility with which Cesare Siepi negotiated his formidable coloratura passages in the role of Caesar, and by the singing of Russell Oberlin, a coun-

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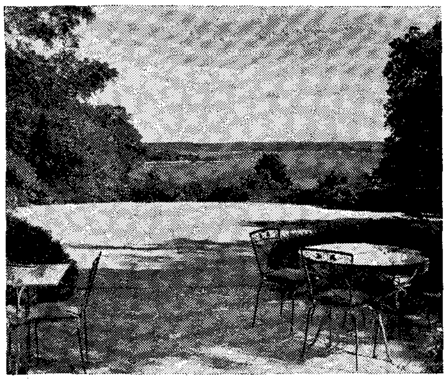

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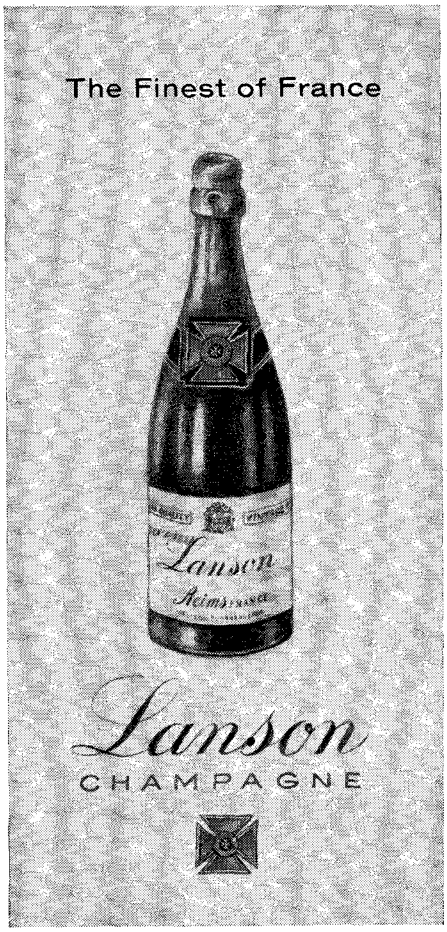

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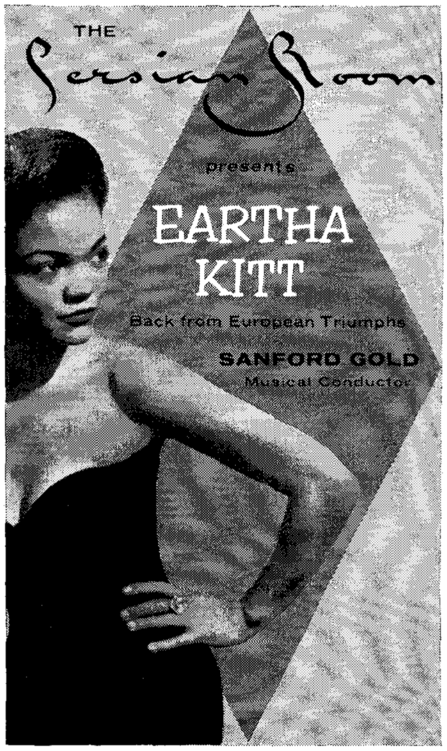
tertenor (or male contralto), whose upper range seemed limitless and who performed the archaic phrases of Sextus's part with uniform sweetness of tone.

THE week's orchestral concerts had several points of interest. On Tuesday evening, the Philadelphia Orchestra came to town and brought with it a new symphony by the British veteran Ralph Vaughan Williams, who is now in his eighties and obviously still going strong. The symphony, his Eighth, is a joyous affair compared with some of his earlier ones, containing a quite charming first movement, a vigorous and infectious scherzo for woodwinds and brass, and a finale full of very exuberant clanging and booming by a huge array of gongs, drums, and chimes. I thought its slow movement a little colorless—a weakness that I suspect arises from Mr. Vaughan Williams' strong addiction to somewhat churchy modal harmonies—but the work showed everywhere the intellectual integrity and deft workmanship of a great musical craftsman, and Eugene Ormandy conducted it with eloquence.

On Wednesday evening, the Berlin Philharmonic returned to Carnegie Hall with a highly conventional program, which Herbert von Karajan conducted with his usual brilliance and dash. I did not find the work of its string section in Strauss's "Don Juan" as brightly articulated as I could have wished, but its sturdy and well-integrated ensemble playing was a pleasure to hear, and it gave Beethoven's Third Symphony a reading that was sober, tightly knit, and authoritative. The only novelty of the evening was the first New York appearance of a Viennese violinist named Wolfgang Schneiderhan, who played Mozart's A-Major Violin Concerto. Mr. Schneiderhan did not turn out to be any ball of fire as a virtuoso, but he did turn out to have qualities as a musician and stylist that shone to



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advantage in this particular concerto, which, while not extraordinarily taxing from a purely technical point of view, is very difficult to project convincingly, because of the pitfalls that its delicate phraseological joinery presents. Mr. Schneiderhan avoided these pitfalls with great care, and his interpretation, which had something of the quality of a good chamber-music performance, was more satisfying than many I have heard at the hands of more fiery and self-assertive artists. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

## CONCERT RECORDS

### *Three in One*

NOW that "Catulli Carmina" and "Trionfo di Afrodite" have made their appearance on records, the three-part musical stage work "Trionfi," by the Bavarian composer Carl Orff, is complete in the Decca catalogue. As you may recall, the first section, "Carmina Burana," which was released in 1953, derived from some thirteenth-century song manuscripts unearthed in a Bavarian monastery a hundred and fifty years ago. The texts of "Catulli Carmina" and "Trionfo di Afrodite" spring from even earlier sources—the works of the Roman poet Catullus (84-54 B.C.), with a little Sappho and a little Euripides thrown in—but Orff's musical style is pretty much the same throughout. It is a unique style, in which a strong rhythmic urge carries forward an apparently simple melodic line, uncomplicated by anything but the most elementary harmonies. Orff, who has made a practice of dealing with ancient literary material, has tried to find a musical idiom to match it, and he has accomplished his purpose brilliantly. Ernest Newman, the distinguished British critic, is quoted on the cover of another Orff recording—"Antigonae," put out by Columbia—as saying, "What Orff has done, with astonishing success, is to dispense with most of the harmonic and contrapuntal resources that music has won for itself during the last thousand years;" a slightly more modest, anonymous claim occurs on the cover of the "Trionfo di Afrodite" record, where it is stated that Orff has "turned his back on the harmonic, rhythmic, and instrumental development of the last 500 years."

We are all familiar with attempts by a good many modern composers to re-create, in this or that piece, portions of the past—Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," for example—and these give the impression of modern minds re-

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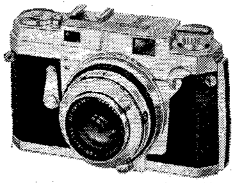

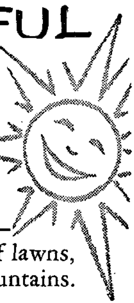

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laxing a bit in order to recapture an earlier grace; at any rate, there is a lessening of the tensions characteristic of the composers' other works. With Orff, the impression is entirely different; this *is* his characteristic style, representing all that he, a man of today, believes in musically. Instead of slipping back into an ancient attitude, Orff wrests a scene from the past and brings it vividly into the present. And there is no modern psychological approach to the subject, either; in this striking trilogy Orff's modernity lies in the feeling of immediacy with which he invests its songs, stories, and vignettes.

He sings of love: in "Carmina Burana," of its wayward aspects, and the whims of fortune; in "Catulli Carmina," of the luckless affair between Lesbia and Catullus; and in "Trionfo di Afrodite," of the nuptial rites, and the glory of the goddess of love. It is all very pagan, and startlingly alive. During some of the more explicit episodes of "Trionfo di Afrodite," the smooth advance of the melody is abruptly halted as the voices of the male and female soloists leap along personal, emotional paths. At moments like these, Orff's musical instincts are amazingly true; the hand of the composer is scarcely in evidence at all, but it is, of course, constantly there—in the positive vocal writing and in the spare but precise accompaniments, which are contributed mainly by a complex array of percussion instruments. For all its ostensible artlessness, we find in this music, as surely as in the music of a Wagner or Strauss, a sophisticated musical personality, making its points subtly and accurately. Another appealing thing about the "Trionfi" is the fact that it is wonderfully singable. Probably nowhere in contemporary music will you find more gratifying choral passages—or, for that matter, solo passages more flattering to the voice, because Orff exploits the possibilities of the various vocal registers without forcing them. As a result, we are given uniformly stimulating work on these records, by the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus and by several soloists, notable among them the tenor Richard Holm, the sopranos Annelies Kupper, Elisabeth Lindermeier, and Elisabeth Wiese-Lange, and the bass Kurt Böhme.

ONE of Orff's compatriots, Werner Egk, is represented on another Decca record by excerpts from "Die Zaubergeige" ("The Magic Violin"), a contemporary folk opera with a great deal of musical charm but a rather fool-

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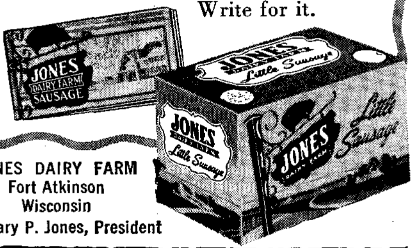

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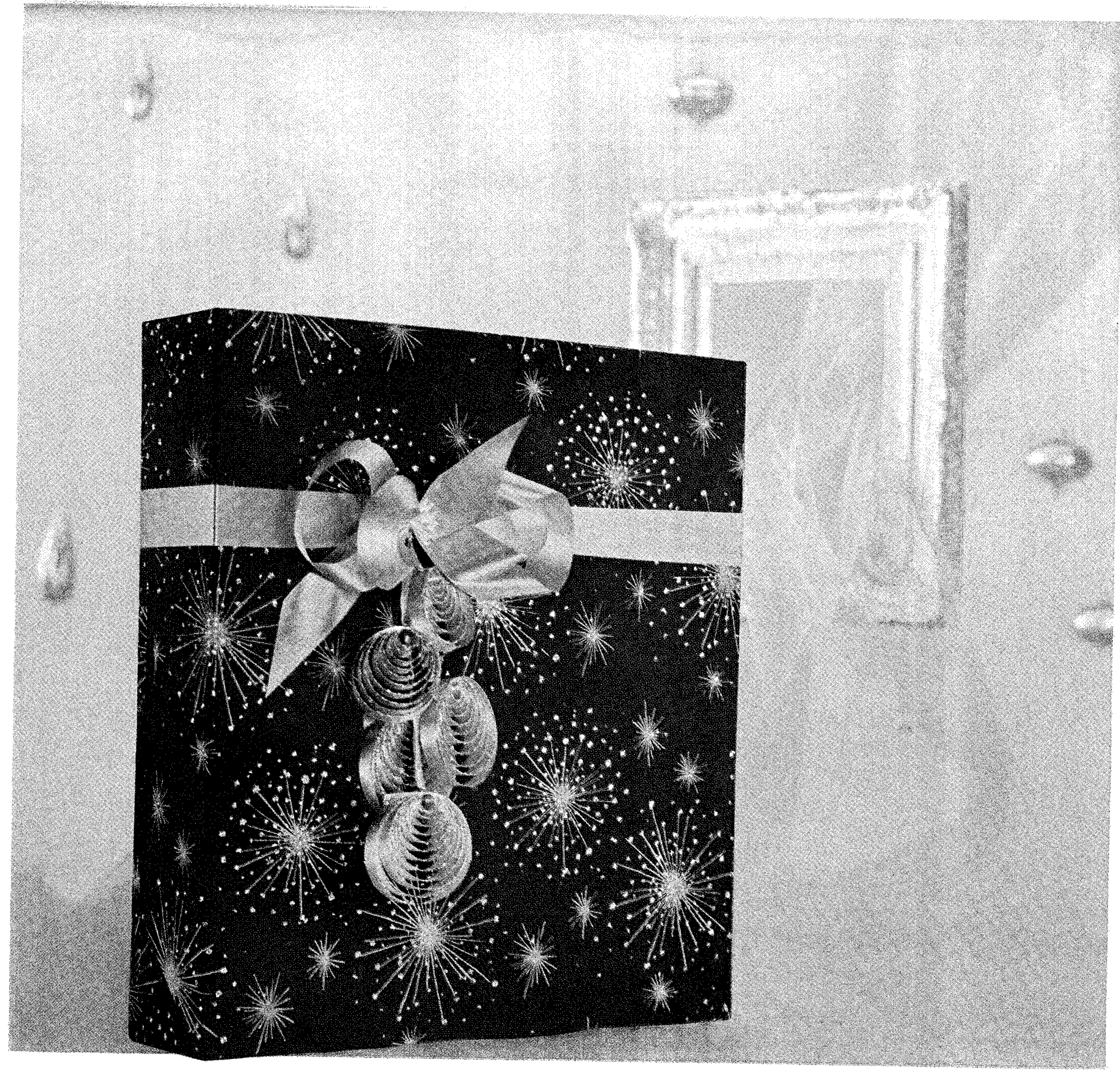

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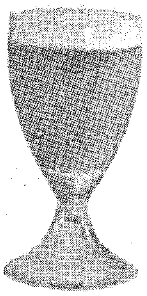

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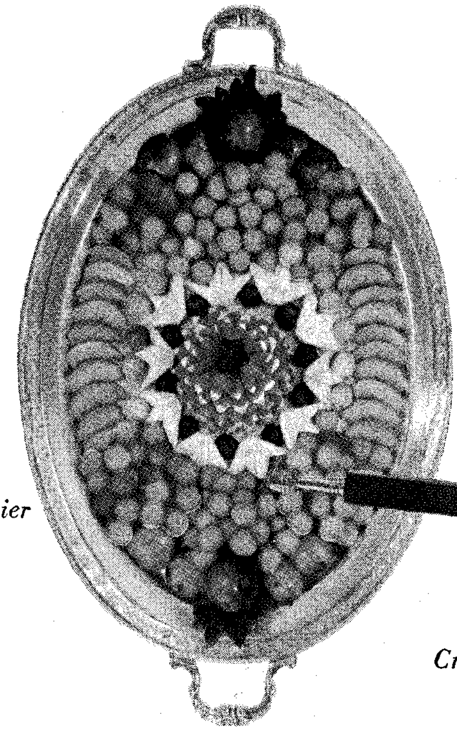

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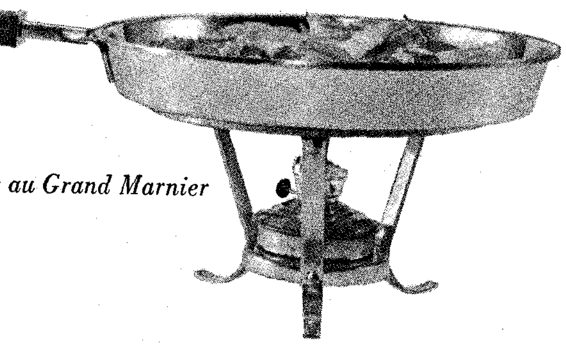

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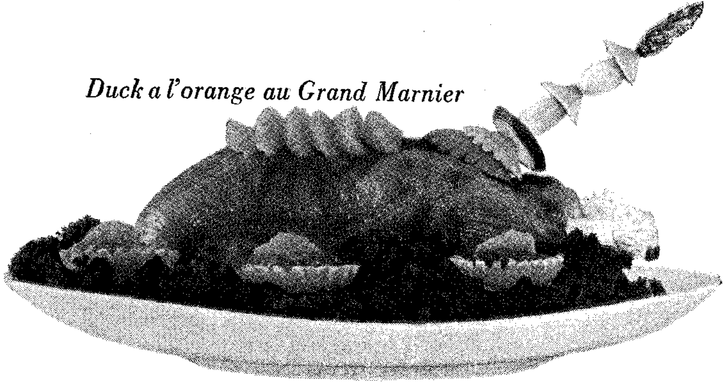

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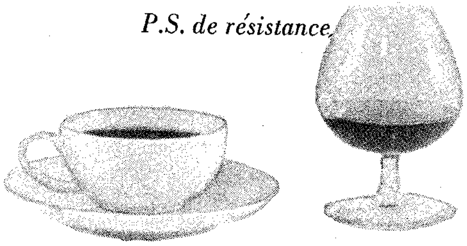

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ish libretto. This work, which is in the direct, schmalzy tradition of Viennese operetta and is said to be a European favorite, is chock-full of graceful and occasionally affecting melodies (for instance, an effortless soprano aria, "Alles, Liebe, muss dir dienen"), not to mention waltzes of the beer-garden variety and some skillful instrumental writing that is reminiscent of both Strausses, Johann and Richard. Although the antecedents of the music are obvious, there is just enough originality about it to lend piquancy to the opera and to suggest that a musical genre generally regarded as passé may be in for an extension. Herr Holm and Fräulein Lindermeier, heard in the Orff work, are soloists here, too, and sing pleasantly. The chorus and orchestra are those of the Bavarian State Opera, under the composer's direction.

OFFENBACH is certainly in the news. A new production of "Orphée aux Enfers" has come to the City Center, the Metropolitan Opera has a new production of "La Périchole" in the works, and Columbia has just issued, under the title "The Pleasures of Paris," a sparkling performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Eugene Ormandy conducting, of the music for "Gaîté Parisienne," a ballet that was pieced together in 1937 from various Offenbach scores. (With the record comes a folder of black-and-white photographs of Paris—mostly the Paris of today—and a bit of text on the same subject.) On top of all this, Victor has now brought out a volume called "Offenbach in America," in which you will find several pink pages bearing a reasonably entertaining account of the composer's triumphant visit to this country in 1876, along with engaging readings by the Boston Pops Orchestra, under Arthur Fiedler, of the overtures to "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," and "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein;" a waltz called "Les Belles Américaines," which has been arranged by Robert Russell Bennett; the intermezzo from "Les Contes d'Hoffmann;" the galop from "Geneviève de Brabant;" and, concluding the first side, a generous selection of tunes from "La Périchole." This last group was so attractive that it made me look forward to the Met production, but the rest of the concert wears a bit thin, and so, I am afraid, does "Gaîté Parisienne." Offenbach, as everybody seems to be pointing out these days, was a fine musician whose product is distinguished by its wit and liveliness. Nevertheless, much

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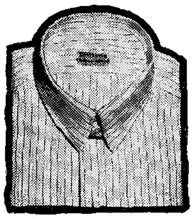

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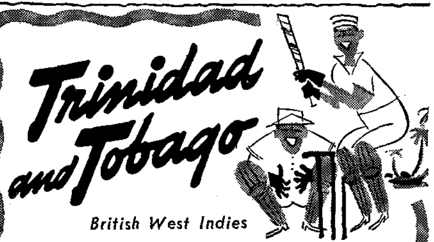

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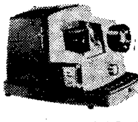

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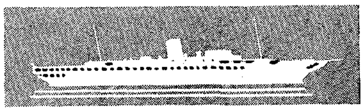

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of it has a soporific hothouse quality about it that causes one's attention to wander; certainly mine did during that galop, until a saucy secondary theme piped up in it, giving away the flippant origin of the sturdy Marine march "From the Halls of Montezuma."

A NEW Victor recording of "La Bohème" finds such Metropolitan Opera stalwarts as Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, Lucine Amara, and Robert Merrill taking the principal parts while Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. It's an enjoyable presentation, on the whole, but hardly outstanding, except for Miss Amara's beautiful delivery of Musetta's music. . . . Vladimir Horowitz has turned his attention to the piano works of Alexander Scriabin—specifically, the Sonata No. 3 and sixteen of the preludes—on another Victor release, and he almost, but not quite, makes them sound like top-grade stuff. —D. W.

•

Climax of the wedding of Miss Nancy O'Neil and Wilbur Manning Sachtjen occurred when the seaplane landed in Oyster pond below the house and taxied in to the O'Neil dock. The bride and bridegroom hurried aboard and Mrs. Sachtjen threw her wedding bouquet from the plane. It landed in the water.

Mrs. Edward McAuliffe, sister of the bride, with great presence of mind jumped into the water with the intention of securing the precious omen for her sister, Miss Alice O'Neil. Mr. McAuliffe, also with great presence of mind, pushed Miss O'Neil into the water after his wife to assist her in getting the bouquet. It sank and the divers were hampered by being fully clothed. An usher improved upon the situation by pushing Mr. McAuliffe into the water to join his wife and sister-in-law.

If there is justice left in the world Miss Alice O'Neil should surely be among the early spring brides, for seldom was a bridal bouquet won with more wholehearted and enthusiastic effort. Miss O'Neil is the last of the O'Neil daughters left at home.—*Falmouth* (*Mass.*) *Enterprise.*

Dry her off and trot her out!

•

So far as can be judged, Dulles concluded that the best way to get through this ticklish moment was to keep everyone talking and so to prevent dangerous decisions from being taken in Paris and London. Both the British and French governments were in fact bracing themselves to take decisions after Nasser sent Australian Prime Minister Robert G. Menzies home from Cairo with a flea in his car.—*The Alsops in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

Teasing him a little, eh, Abdul?

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Golden Double*

IF you happen to be an admirer of Jim Fitzsimmons, the amiable octogenarian trainer, you must be especially delighted over the victories of Nashua in the Jockey Club Gold Cup and Bold Ruler in the Futurity, both at Belmont Park last Saturday. It was Mr. Fitz's biggest day. He had saddled winners of five previous Gold Cups and one Futurity, but he had never before brought off this golden double event; neither had any other trainer, for that matter. And golden it certainly was, for Nashua's prize money was $36,600 and Bold Ruler's was $91,145. Even Ben Jones in Calumet Farm's heyday never did better than that in one afternoon.

Long before Nashua appeared in the paddock, the crowd streamed down out of the grandstand to see him saddled for his farewell appearance. You could hardly find him for the press photographers, yet he didn't seem to mind their capers in the least. Earlier, someone asked Mr. Fitz how Nashua was feeling, and he said, "If he feels as good as I do right now, he's all right." He was. He has seldom run more willingly, but Arcaro had to ride him hard, first to dispose of Third Brother, who headed him half a mile from home, and then to stand off the challenge of Riley in the stretch. Nashua ran fast, too, bettering by two-fifths of a second the record of 3:20⅘ set by Market Wise when he beat Whirlaway in the 1941 Gold Cup.

Well, now that Nashua has been retired to the stud, Mr. Fitz's aficionados say that he has another champion in Bold Ruler, who won the Futurity in as fine a style as Nashua did two years ago, and in a shade faster time. Arcaro got the colt away well, and he was never far behind Nearctic, who did the first quarter in better than twenty-two seconds; then, in the stretch, Bold Ruler took command, and won by nearly three lengths from Greek Game, with Amarullah third. My personal disappointment was Nashville, who got into close quarters, was crowded back, and finished sixth; however, he's such an accomplished racer that I don't intend to give up on him. As for Bold Ruler, who belongs to the Wheatley Stable, he's a sturdy, flashy dark-bay colt by Nasrullah; he has been beaten only once in

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seven starts this season (by Nashville), and has already earned $139,050.

Before we get away from last week's racing at Belmont, I'd like to mention the brilliant performance of Brookmeade's Flower Bowl in the Ladies Handicap, on Friday. It was every bit as good as her race in the Delaware Handicap, and that wasn't at all surprising, because Preston Burch, who trains her, is a good hand with fillies.

IT'S a rueful thought, but horsemen have felt all along that if Swaps was kept in training, things would end unhappily for him. Well, the cannon bone of his left hind leg was fractured in a workout at Garden State Park, in New Jersey, the other morning. That's a pretty serious injury. While it is impossible not to admire the optimism of his stable, which expects to have him back in action in four months or so, I'd be happier about the whole thing if Swaps joined Nashua in retirement.

IF you are interested in further reflections on the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, I asked trainer Sylvester Veitch, when he got back from France with C. V. Whitney's Career Boy and Fisherman, how they ran. He said that neither had ever run better. Harry La Montagne, a member of the Jockey Club who has seen more famous racers than anyone else I know, wrote in to say that it had been a privilege to witness Ribot's winning performance. "This is a really great horse that looks like an ordinary plater," he added. I also heard from the French racing man Maurice Hennessy, of the Three-Star Hennessys, who wrote: "We certainly saw an extraordinary race last Sunday, and your American horses behaved extremely well. . . . Fisherman went off at such a pace and lasted such a long time that most of the field were beaten before reaching the straight. . . . Some experts say Career Boy would have been second if a horse had not stumbled in front of him on the way downhill. However, I think your horses put up a wonderful show, and maybe if it had not been for Ribot they would have been completely successful."

—AUDAX MINOR

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> Kefaucer brought his whistle stop campaign by plane and intensive campaigning in neighauto to this state after a day of boring Oregon.—*Dallas Times Herald.*

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# BOOKS

## Romance and Reality

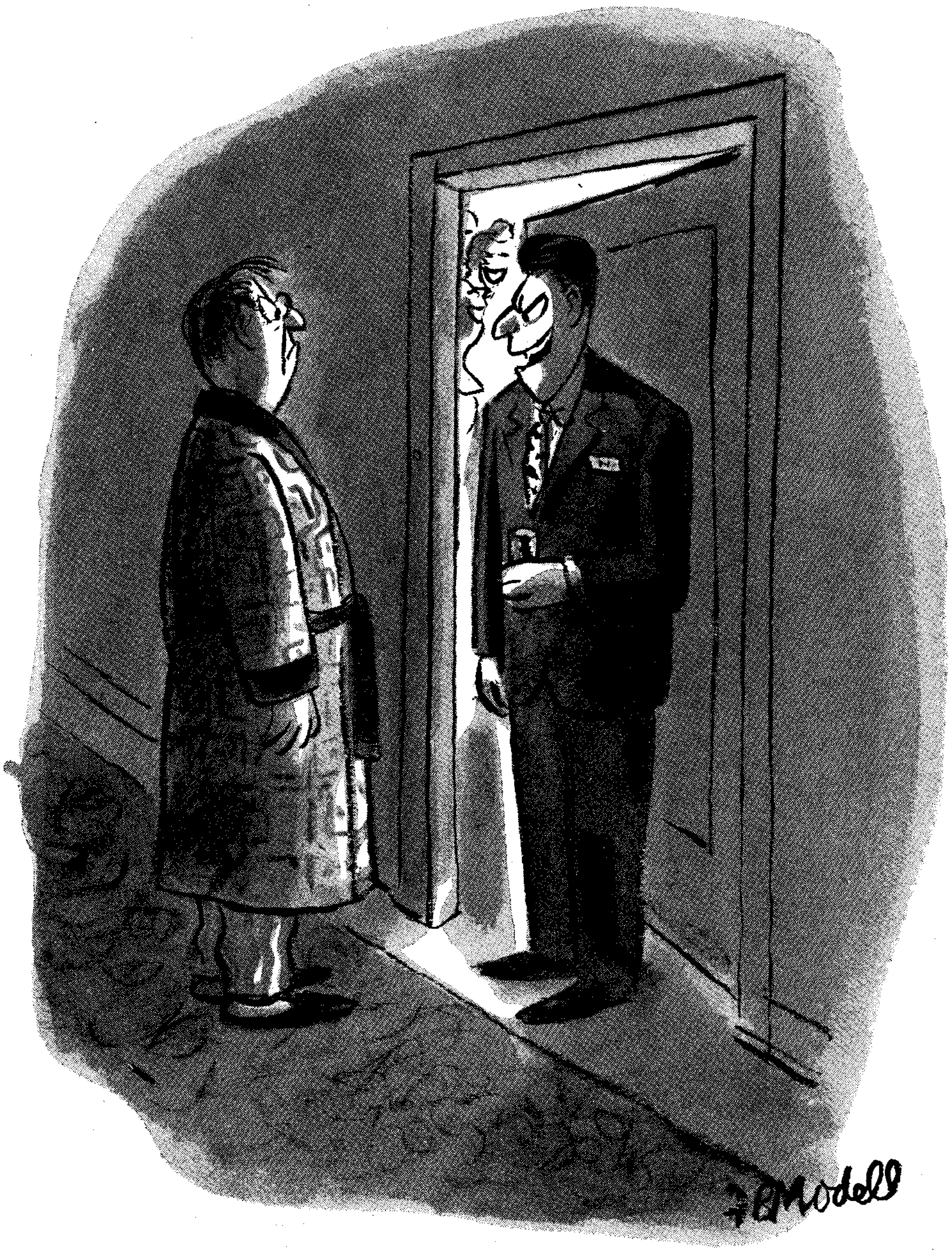
THOUGH it probably will not be judged an important contribution to historical scholarship, Alan Moorehead's "Gallipoli" (Harper) is an impressive contribution to historical literature. The book gives one a very vivid sense of what it was like to be in the trenches at Gallipoli during those nine months in 1915 when the Allies, largely British forces, tried to storm the Dardanelles, getting nothing for their pains but a quarter of a million casualties (only a thousand less than they inflicted on the Turks) and a lesson in how not to conduct an amphibious operation. Mr. Moorehead's account of the tactics of the campaign could not be more lucid, and his portraits of the leading figures involved are done with the touch of a professional novelist. He tells the whole story with an eye on its dramatic value and an awareness of the workings of destiny on the ambitions of men, for his purpose, I suspect, is not only to relate what "really" happened at Gallipoli but to create a Gallipoli as worthy of an epic poem as the Trojan War. Indeed, "The Iliad" is no further from Mr. Moorehead's mind when he writes of Gallipoli than it was from the minds of some of the men who fought there, in particular the commander-in-chief, General Sir Ian Hamilton. In the preface to his "Gallipoli Diary," addressed to the soldiers who had served under him, Hamilton declared:

> Already you form part of that great tradition of the Dardanelles which began with Hector and Achilles. In another few thousand years the two stories will have blended into one, and whether when "the iron roaring went up to the vault of heaven through the unharvested sky," as Homer tells us, it was the spear of Achilles or whether it was a hundred-pound shell from Asiatic Annie won't make much odds to the Almighty.

Mr. Moorehead quotes this passage as an epigraph to his last chapter, and it obviously expresses one side of his own feelings about Gallipoli.

Yet what are the facts of the story that is supposed to have the stuff of heroic legend in it? In September of 1914, Turkey, after some hesitation, entered the war on the side of Germany. Neither the British nor the French were much concerned by this development, but Russia was seriously affected. The Turks controlled the Dardanelles and the Bosporus, Russia's major trade route, so the Russians were now cut off from England and France. It was Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, who conceived the idea of dispatching a fleet of old battleships and minesweepers to attack the Dardanelles. He believed that the Turkish fortifications on the Gallipoli Peninsula could be destroyed by naval action alone and that the fleet could then move through the Dardanelles to capture Constantinople, reopen the way for Russian shipping, and perhaps make it possible for the Allies to launch a flanking attack on Germany through Turkey and the Balkans. Using all his persuasive power, Churchill managed to convince the War Council of the soundness of this scheme. In a few weeks, and at the cost of a few ships that were ready for scrapping anyway, Turkish resistance was practically eliminated. The available evidence indicates that one more all-out assault would have eliminated it altogether. But suddenly, the admirals in London lost heart, and neither Churchill's eloquence nor reports from optimistic officers on the scene could reassure them. It was decided that the Navy needed military support after all.

From that point on, the Gallipoli campaign became a marvel of futility, in which every plan miscarried and



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every step was a blunder. It was a war such as Tolstoy, who sneered at strategy and saw only chaos and blind will at work on the battlefield, would have understood. By the time the Allied army arrived, the Turks, led by a German commander, had been reorganized, but they still would have been no match for the British, French, and Anzac troops had not the Allied campaign been so mismanaged. The first landings were begun without maps, without intelligence reports, and without an adequate system of communication between detachments:

> While their senior officers strolled about through the scrub inspecting the position the men sat down to smoke and brew themselves a cup of morning tea. And so the morning was whiled away. Less than an hour's march to the south their comrades at Sedd-el-Bahr and Tekke Burnu were being destroyed, but they knew nothing of this. They heard the distant sounds of firing through the clear sunlit air, but they made no move in that direction.

And so it proceeded, for nine months of suffering and slaughter. At last, the War Council decided to pull the troops out, even though it had been estimated that the evacuation would cost forty thousand casualties. But the War Council was wrong again; the evacuation turned out to be the only successful phase of the campaign, and it was accomplished with almost no loss of life.

This, then, is the story that General Hamilton thought belonged with the heroic legends of the ancient world, and that Mr. Moorehead seems intent on associating with "The Iliad." But if one's first impulse is to ridicule Hamilton, it is only fair to remember that the General, who often exposed himself to enemy fire and denied himself any comforts that his men did not have, was never unaware of the horrors of war; nor is Mr. Moorehead insensitive to them—his most effective pages are those in which he describes the day-to-day life of the troops in the trenches. Their assertion of the nobility and dignity of Gallipoli is made in full consciousness of the sordid realities of Gallipoli. It represents the belief that war—again in Hamilton's words—is "the only exercise in devotion on the large scale existing in this world." We must also remember that Hamilton was an Englishman, and the self-dramatizing impulse that came so easily to him was a traditional habit of mind with the British, who once had a great capacity for seeing their history as continuous with the world of epic. It used to be thought that Aeneas had been the founder of Britain;

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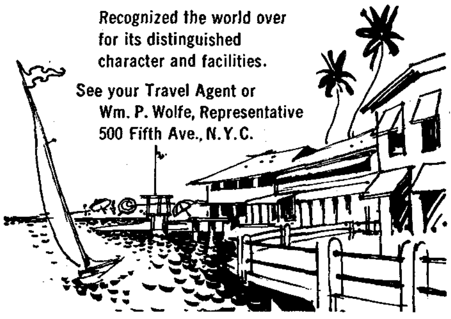

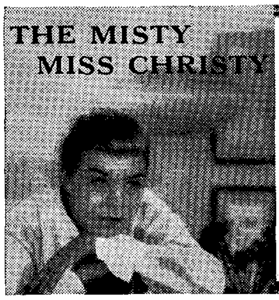

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he presumably came upon the island in his wanderings after the Trojan War. Then, throughout the eighteenth century, Englishmen were forever comparing themselves with the ancients, believing that between the light of Homer and the light of Pope stretched one vast shadow of barbarous night. And with the growth of the British Empire in the nineteenth century, it was inevitable that England should identify herself with Rome. Moreover, one recognizes in Hamilton's remark the peculiarly British ability to speak without embarrassment of national disasters, no less than national triumphs, in the extravagant language of legend and romance. A political compromise between the Whigs and the Tories in 1688 is known to English historians as the Glorious Revolution. Similarly, while the Crimean War was still going on, Tennyson glorified the slaughter of six hundred men at Balaclava in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," convinced that his readers would consider it appropriate for Balaclava to be exalted into the "Valley of Death" and for their brothers and cousins to be transformed overnight into warriors in a saga.

But even apart from all this, Gallipoli readily lent itself to romantic enthusiasm. Troy was just a few miles from the peninsula, and the Dardanelles was once the Hellespont, the "river" that separated Hero and Leander (about whom Marlowe had written a long poem) and that Byron had made a special point of swimming a century earlier. Then, too, there was the object of the expedition, the fabulous Constantinople. Rupert Brooke, whom Mr. Moorehead considers "the symbolic figure in the Gallipoli campaign" and who died of sunstroke before firing a shot, wrote as he was setting out:

> I had not imagined Fate could be so kind.... Will Hero's Tower crumble under the fifteen-inch guns? Will the sea be polyphloisbic and wine-dark and unvintageable? Shall I loot mosaics from St. Sophia, and Turkish Delight and carpets? Should we be a Turning Point in History? Oh God! I've never been quite so happy in my life I think.... I suddenly realize that the ambition of my life has been—since I was two—to go on a military expedition against Constantinople.

It would be a mistake to regard this as merely the naïve exuberance of a young poet; Mr. Moorehead has enough evidence to persuade us that Brooke's sentiments were more typical than extraordinary. Frequently, the rank-and-file soldier at Gallipoli behaved in ways that suggest that Hamilton and Brooke were not alone in their

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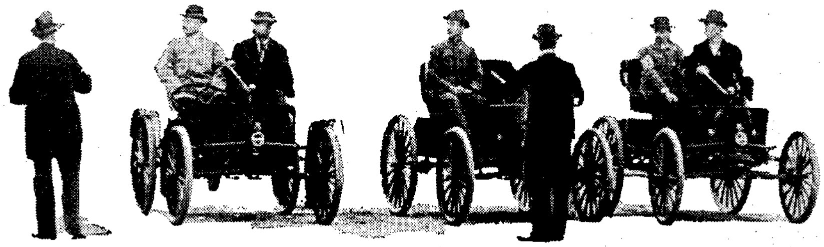

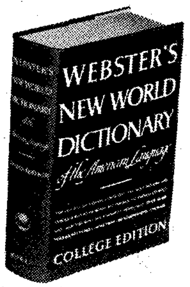

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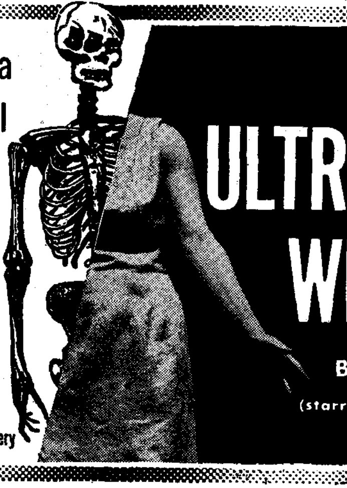

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attitude. During a particularly bloody battle, offers of money were made in the ranks for a chance to get to the front lines. And when it was announced that two hundred men had to be left behind until the very last minute to keep up a barrage of deceptive rifle fire while their comrades were being evacuated, there were hordes of volunteers. It almost seems that the troops fought harder and with greater spirit as they became aware of the uselessness of their efforts. If Gallipoli was a fiasco, it was also a display of magnificent human perversity in an irredeemable situation.

And yet, having said all this, one must still rebel at speaking of Gallipoli in Homeric terms. The First World War has receded far enough into history to acquire an archaic air, to exist in a world utterly unlike our own, but the fact remains that it was a *modern* war, the beginning of an era in which it would no longer be possible to regard armed conflict between nations as an opportunity for adventure and glory, or as the occasion for exultant paeans to heroism. Partly, this was brought about by the appalling efficiency of modern weapons, but a fundamental cause was the gradual erosion of the attitudes that had nourished the heroic view of war. The spread of liberalism and internationalism in the twentieth century made it increasingly difficult for the Western world to accept the advantage of one's own country simply as an end in itself. This was true even of the British, who in the age of Gladstone had been notorious for their inability to detect any distinction between the dictates of morality and the requirements of national interest. But above all it was the impersonality of modern war that rendered obsolete the traditional spirit in which battles had always been fought. Achilles' encounter with Hector on the plains of Troy has something in common with the British square holding tight against the Fuzzy-Wuzzies in the Sudan several thousand years later, but rifle and artillery fire raging anonymously in no man's land is the voice of another universe. The true pathos of Gallipoli is that the sacrifice and heroism exhibited there seem quixotic and meaningless in this new universe, which is also why the words of Hamilton and Brooke today appear so at variance with the realities of the campaign.

Mr. Moorehead, of course, is aware of these things, but he appears reluctant to admit them. At moments, his book sounds like a eulogy of a dead world; at others, like a desperate insistence that the corpse still has life in it. But

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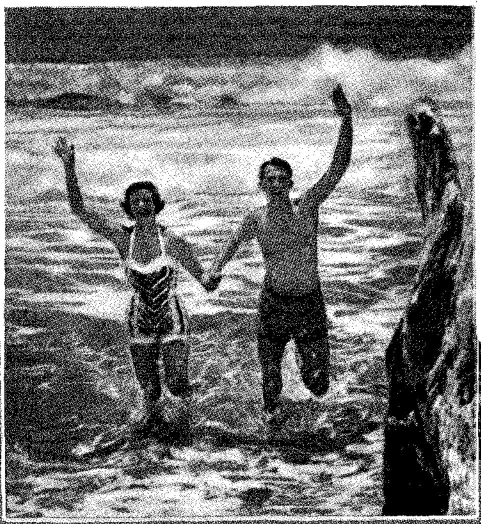

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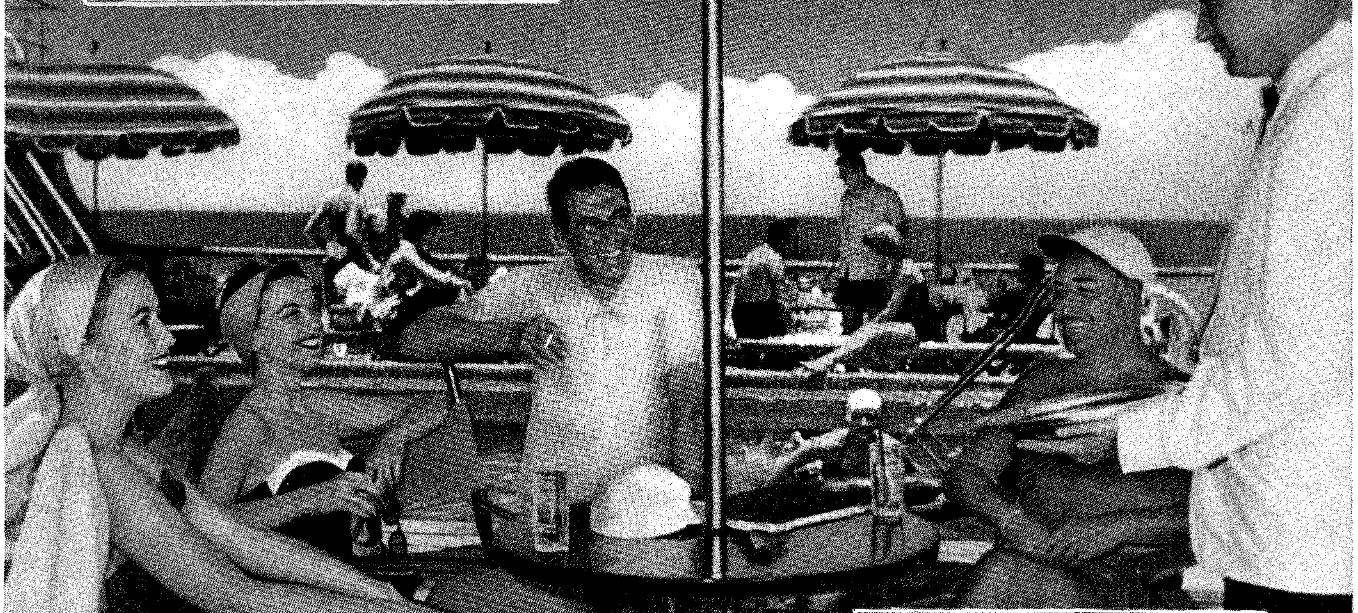

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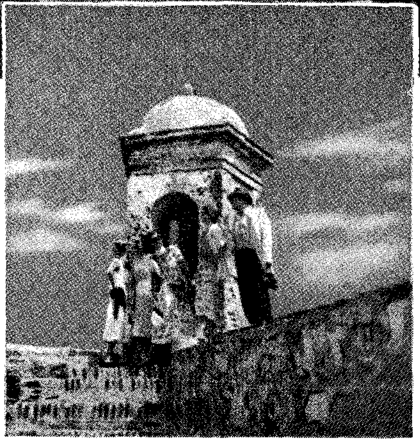

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to most of his readers, I think, it will be clear that Gallipoli was no Trojan War. It was a cruel joke played by history on the illusions of men who had not yet had time to notice that they were living in the twentieth century. Many more such jokes were to follow, and they became ever more cruel and ever more sordid as the century wore on.

—NORMAN PODHORETZ

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

FACE OF A HERO, by Pierre Boulle, translated by Xan Fielding (Vanguard). Jean Berthier, a brilliant public prosecutor, unusually young for his position, is willing, and even eager, to commit a frightful murder in order to preserve his own image of himself as a perfect, perfectly upright human being. The events that draw Berthier into his secret and completely unsuspected madness are so ordinary and so deadly that even an unskilled account of them would be freezing, and M. Boulle is a remarkable craftsman—intense, laconic, and sympathetic. Berthier, his fiancée, his victim, and his colleagues are all entirely believable. The scene is Bergerane, a town in Provence.

PEYTON PLACE, by Grace Metalious (Messner). The accumulated scandals of a small New England town are recalled lovingly and at length in this first novel, whose author maintains a headlong pace that compensates to some extent for the uniform paleness of her characters and for the dullness of the homes, genteel or sordid, in which they spend their humorless, ungenerous lives. At the center of the story, which is crowded with names, are Allison MacKenzie, a pretty would-be novelist whose mother runs the fashionable local dress shop, and Allison's best friend, Selena Cross, an unlucky beauty from the disreputable side of the tracks.

THE LOOKING-GLASS CONFERENCE, by Godfrey Blunden (Vanguard). This interpretation of an important diplomatic conference somewhere in Europe is peopled with caricatures of statesmen and newspaper people from many parts of the world. These creatures, who are always absurd and always nationally, or at least racially, recognizable, communicate in a series of dialogues that are designed first to underline and then to spoof their particular villainies,

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hypocrisies, and pretensions. The writing is bright.

### GENERAL

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE, collected and edited, with an introduction and explanatory text, by Elizabeth Nowell (Scribner). Still another autobiographical roar from one of the noisiest egoists who ever lived. Miss Nowell, who was Wolfe's literary agent and his close associate toward the end of his life, has brought together here, in a barge-sized volume (797 pages), some seven hundred of his letters, many of them unfinished or unmailed and excavated from his papers. While Wolfe was, of course, no correspondent in the tidy, crystalline manner of Keats or Sydney Smith, his best letters—wild, Gothic descriptions of his travels in Germany, splotches of undeniable poetry, good sketches of Joyce and Scott Fitzgerald—are, like grizzly bears, memorable. His worst letters, however, are almost unbelievable catalogues (some are six or seven thousand words long) of self-pity, meanness, megalomania, childishness, and bad writing. Miss Nowell has contributed a careful foreword and helpful annotations, and one wishes she had been as careful in her selections. After a time, the billowing repetitions hopelessly fog what might have been a sharp and moving self-portrait. Ten dollars.

THURSDAY'S CHILD, by Eartha Kitt (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Miss Kitt never laid eyes on her father, was early abandoned by her boy-crazy mother, and spent the first seven years of her life as the unwanted charge of a starving tenant farmer near North, South Carolina. Her next ten years were spent in Harlem as the ward of a psychoneurotic aunt. That was followed, through a freak of good fortune, by three years of dancing and singing with the Katherine Dunham troupe, in New York, Mexico, and Europe. Then she took a job in a Paris night club and began to sing "C'Est Si Bon," and her troubles as an entertainer, if not as a woman, soon were over. Miss Kitt sets all this down simply, coolly, and with just enough candor (particularly in the numerous romantic interludes) to give her extraordinary success story an air of reality. Many lush photographs.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR, by Emily Smith Warner and Hawthorne Daniel (Doubleday). A portrait of

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HIMALAYAN CIRCUIT, by G. D. Khosla (St. Martin's). Mr. Khosla is a High Court judge in his native Punjab and, like our own Justice Douglas, loves to climb the Himalayas and write about them. This engaging book describes a trip that he and a party of friends took into the almost inaccessible provinces of Spiti and Lahoul, at the top of the Indian subcontinent. Mr. Khosla, who is less restrained in writing about intimate matters than most Westerners, brings the Mongolian peasantry of the region to life, so that one can see and hear and, indeed, smell them. Throughout the book runs the author's almost mystical attachment to the great mountains, which, he says, "hit your senses and shake your very soul," and Pandit Nehru, a friend of his, has written a foreword conveying something of the same feeling—a sentiment that is lacking in the athletic writing of most Western mountain climbers. Many lovely photographs.

EQUATOR FARM, by Roderick Cameron (Roy). Another distinguished travel book. The author's family has a farm in the White Highlands of Kenya (six and a half thousand feet above sea level, with the equator running through the drawing room), and he first describes life there under present conditions—how he goes about with a revolver strapped to his side at all times, draws the window shades at night, even though his house is miles from any other, and keeps an eye on the serving boys to make sure a Mau Mau hasn't slipped in among them. In the rest of the book, he tells of journeys he has made—to the island of Zanzibar

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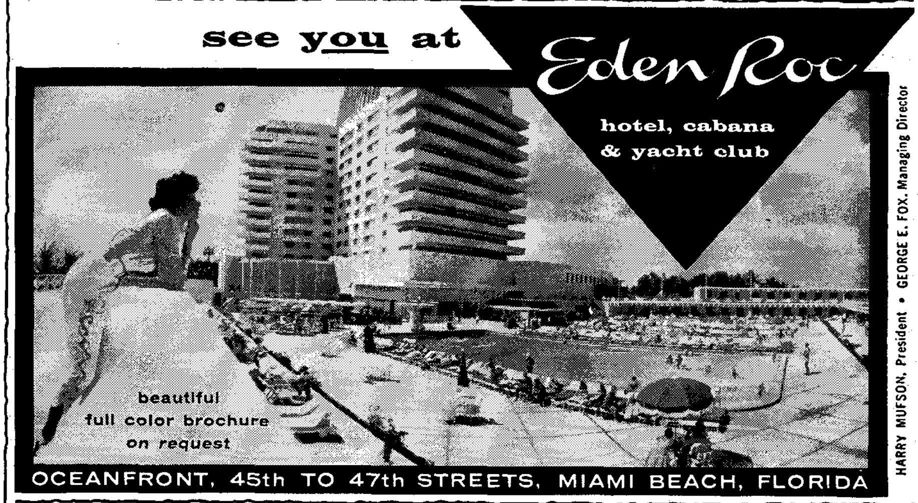

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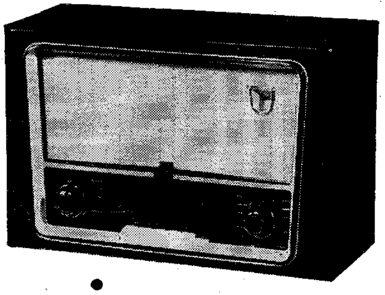

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and to Uganda, where he saw the beautiful and warriorlike Masai tribesmen, who, having been forbidden by the government to fight, are beginning to fall into apathy and indolence. Photographs, and very good ones.

ALL THE HAPPY ENDINGS, by Helen Waite Papashvily (Harper). A critical excursion into the rustling candy-box world of the "domestic novel," a type of fiction that was written in enormous quantities in this country during the last half of the nineteenth century by such women as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, Susan Warner, Caroline Lee Hentz, Marion Harland, and Martha Finley. In her foreword, Mrs. Papashvily scolds the late Vernon Parrington for his dismissal of the form as "weak 'cambric tea' " by arguing that "these books were rather a witches' broth, a lethal draught brewed by women and used by women to destroy their common enemy, man." As proof, she points out the fact that their authors invariably humbled the men in their books by portraying them as soft-headed, alcoholic, shiftless, or boorish. The best parts of her book, however, are the many quotes from the novels themselves, which make Dickens' worst lapses seem like gold.

THE STATECRAFT OF MACHIAVELLI, by Herbert Butterfield (Macmillan). The work of a Cambridge University historian, this excellent monograph anatomizes "The Prince" and the "Discourses," relates them to the main stream of Renaissance political thought, and, while recognizing the firmness of many of the ideas they present and their considerable role in the development of modern political science, demonstrates the essential impracticality—as well as the unattainability—of total Machiavellianism.

A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by R. D. Charques (Dutton). This book, which runs to only two hundred and seventy pages, is a marvel of condensation. The author, a British citizen of Russian descent, starts with the first appearance of the Slavic race in the Carpathian Mountains, in the fifth century, and ends with the death of Stalin. In all that long chronicle there is hardly one sunny page, and if the book has any thesis, it is that the revolution of 1917 was a logical consequence of five hundred years of dynastic oppression, and that the revolutionaries were heavily indebted

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for some of their methods to Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, and Nicholas I. As for the liberalization of the Soviet state, Mr. Charques offers little hope of that—at least during our lifetime. Maps.

SKID ROW, U.S.A., by Sara Harris (Doubleday). A far more serious-minded and far more rewarding book than its Sunday-supplement title suggests. Mrs. Harris, a free-lance writer, sees nothing colorful, nothing romantic, and certainly nothing entertaining in the ghettos for the self-defeated that can be found in every American city. What she does see there is a hideous social problem, cheerfully ignored by most of us, that is already of formidable size, and in this book—through a series of vignette interviews with derelicts—she brings it compellingly to our attention. John M. Murtagh, Chief Magistrate of the City of New York, contributes a properly appreciative preface.

BRANDEIS: A FREE MAN'S LIFE, by Alpheus Thomas Mason (Viking). A new edition of a biography that first appeared ten years ago. Brandeis, of course, was one of the most controversial men ever to sit on the Supreme Court, and how he got there, over the protests of many of the most powerful men in the country, who thought he was out to destroy capitalism, still seems something of a miracle. In this detailed study of Brandeis as jurist and human being, Professor Mason shows that his long career was marked by a constant pursuit of liberalism and a constant regard for the law as an instrument of social policy, although now and then, as in his defense of prohibition, he was capable of disconcerting inconsistencies. A piece of first-class scholarship and first-class writing.

SPRING ON AN ARCTIC ISLAND, by Katharine Scherman (Little, Brown). Still another warm testimonial to the chilly enchantment of the Far North. The scene this time is Bylot Island, a desolation about the size of Connecticut and nearly five hundred miles above the Arctic Circle, in extreme northeastern Canada. Miss Scherman, a New York City journalist, spent a scant six weeks (part of June and most of July) there in 1954, as an observer with a small expedition of biological scientists, most of them from Harvard. Moreover, in addition to being brief, this visit to the Arctic was her

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Nov. 14....................SUZANNE BLOCH & GROUP
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Dec. 12 ROMAN TOTENBERG AND CLAUDE FRANK
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Jan. 9.................................ROCOCO ENSEMBLE
Sonata No. 2 in G, Arne; Duo in C for Violin and Viola, Stamitz; Sonata da Camera in G minor Locatelli; 3 *Sonatas for Harpsichord, Scarlatti; Andante in A major,* von Dittersdorf; L'Apotheose de Lulli, Couperin.

Jan. 30.................................VIENNA OCTET
Septet, E flat major, opus 20, Beethoven; Octet, F major, opus 166, Schubert.

Feb. 20.............................JUILLIARD QUARTET
Quartet, B flat major, opus 76, No. 4, Haydn; Lyric Suite, Berg; Clarinet Quintet, B minor, opus 115, Brahms.

Mar. 6...............................SMETANA QUARTET
Quartet, E flat major, opus 125, Schubert; Quartet, D *major, opus 35, Novak; Quartet, F major, opus 96* ("American"), Dvorak.

Apr. 3...........................QUARTETTO ITALIANO
Capriccio (1669), G. B. Vitali; Sonata (1651), M. Neri; Quartet, D minor, K. 421, Mozart; Quartet, G minor, opus 10, Debussy.

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first. These handicaps of limited time and lack of experience, combined with the fact that Miss Scherman is at best a commonplace writer, might lead one to doubt that she could contribute much to the already enormous body of polar literature. The happy truth, however, is that she has done just that, since her greenhorn curiosity enabled her to see and instructively describe the bustling microcosm underfoot—soil, insects, vegetation—which more experienced sojourners have long since ceased to notice. Photographs and an endpaper map.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT, edited by Victor Gollancz (Harper). An anthology rather like those wonderful anthologies compiled by the late Walter de la Mare, which are meant to be read through as thematic books. It is also somewhat akin to Robert Burton's classic, except that instead of being an anatomy of melancholy, it is an anatomy of hope; Mr. Gollancz, who has gathered poetry and prose from all cultures and times on the great themes of beauty, wisdom, love of life, and respect for life, calls it "a Confession of Faith." A noble and ennobling work.

A PICTURE HISTORY OF RAILWAYS, by C. Hamilton Ellis (Macmillan). The railway, a topic that has been so often memorialized in a great many badly chosen words and a few badly chosen illustrations, is now dealt with by an eminent British historian in only fourteen pages of well-chosen words ("saga" appears but once) and four hundred well-chosen illustrations. England, the native heath of the railway, is the favorite subject of these pictures, but plenty of other—even out-of-the-way—countries come into view as well. The book will be a seventh heaven for admirers of that most human of all man's machines, the steam locomotive; it can also serve as a handbook of sorts for students of architecture, engineering, the decorative arts, heraldry, *gourmandise*, the antique, the picturesque, and the unabashedly heart-warming.

THE MEANING OF THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS, by A. Powell Davies (New American Library). Dr. Davies is a Unitarian—the pastor of All Souls' Church in Washington—so he approaches the subject of the Dead Sea Scrolls entirely without doctrinal inhibitions. The book is a good all-round presentation of the history and contents of the manuscripts, and it

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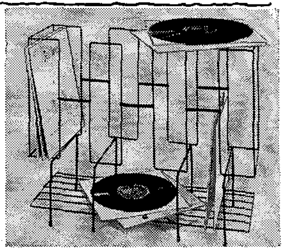
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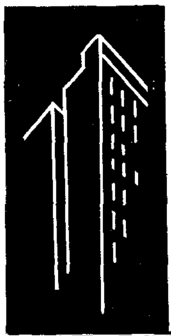
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is particularly interesting for its free speculation on the relations of John the Baptist, Jesus, and the Christians to the Dead Sea sect, which seems to have been identical with the Essene order. He suggests that the success of the youthful Jesus in disputing with the scholars in the Temple may have been due to his Essene training, and that when Jesus sent out his disciples and was dubious whether they would always be well received, this may have been because of his uncertainty whether his own faction would be well regarded by all the Essene communities. Dr. Davies points out that a good deal of the little we know about James, the first head of the Christians of Jerusalem, fits in with what we know about the Essenes.

THE QUMRĀN COMMUNITY: ITS HISTORY AND SCROLLS, by Charles T. Fritsch (Macmillan). Dr. Fritsch, a Presbyterian, is Associate Professor of Old Testament at Princeton Theological Seminary. This book is on a more scholarly level than that of Dr. Davies, and, because it is less encyclopedic, it is more manageable for the ordinary reader than that of Millar Burrows. Fritsch is also more satisfactory than Burrows on the implications of the scrolls for the history of Christianity. He discusses what seems to be the close relation between John the Baptist and the Gospel according to John, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the doctrine of the Dead Sea sect, and suggests a new reason for associating the Last Supper with the ritual of the Essene banquet. He believes that this Dead Sea sect had already associated the Messiah it was expecting with the Suffering Servant of Isaiah. "The way was now," he says, "theologically prepared for the coming of God's Son, in whom the Messianic hopes of Israel were to be fulfilled and the mission of the Servant realized. These profound Messianic teachings of the Essenes must have been known by Jesus." Dr. Fritsch, however, does not, as Dr. Davies does, try to deal with the probable effects of the scrolls on the future of Christian theology. A clear, compact book, which is easily read and yet solidly grounded in scholarship. It contains a number of points not to be found in the other popular volumes on the subject.

SCHUMANN AND THE ROMANTIC AGE, by Marcel Brion (Macmillan). This is a biography of Schumann that is also an evocation and an

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explanation of German romanticism. The author, a Frenchman writing for a French audience—whose romantic artists were rather expected to live disorderly lives at odds with God, man, the Devil, and various mistresses—has taken great pains to convey the style and mood of the east-of-the-Rhine romantics. These Germans—Schumann among them—were enthralled by the fey, the exotic, and the eccentric, but also by what they (and he) conceived to be the pure, the innocent, and the childlike. Their ideals encouraged loving marriages in tidy cottages—exactly the kind of marriage Schumann achieved with Clara Wieck. American thought and culture, like the French, are remote from and generally unsympathetic to authors who meant much to Schumann; certainly the poems that Schumann set in his song cycle "Frauenliebe und Leben" seem unsophisticated to the point of silliness. Yet Schumann himself was a sophisticated, avant-garde music critic whose judgments have stood up almost perfectly, and nobody doubts the flawless beauty of his music. M. Brion has done a marvellous job of setting a great composer against his cultural background, but he cannot make that background anything but alien to non-Germans, and thus his Schumann becomes a little puzzling.

NOTE: "Kovarsky's World," a collection of cartoons by Anatol Kovarsky, most of which originally appeared in this magazine, has been published by Knopf.

•

TUPELO, MISS., Sept. 27—(UP)—Screaming teen-agers overran 100 police and National Guardsmen last night in a frenzy touched off by a homecoming appearance of rock 'n' roll singer Elvis Presley. . . .

Presley halted his singing to beg his young fans to return to their seats and they obeyed. Soon the audience was relatively quiet and Presley finished his show unscathed.

But during a matinee a few hours earlier a teen-aged girl grabbed several buttons off his blue velvet shirt when Presley snake-hipped too close to the edge of the stage. . . .

Gov. J. P. Coleman was on hand to present the 21-year-old star with a scroll. Coleman told Presley that Mississippi is "proud" of him.

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The mute swan, which can hiss but cannot sing, has had the status of a royal bird in England since 1482.—*Muskegon (Mich.) Chronicle.*

But nobody ever snatched a button off *its* shirt.

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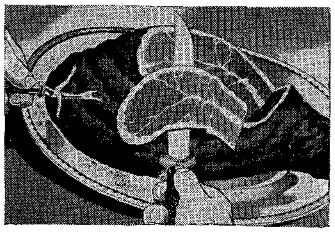

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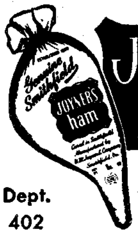

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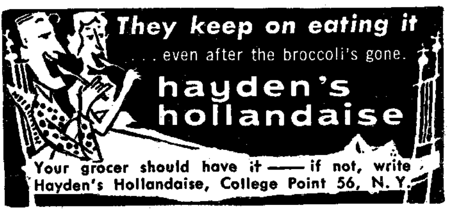

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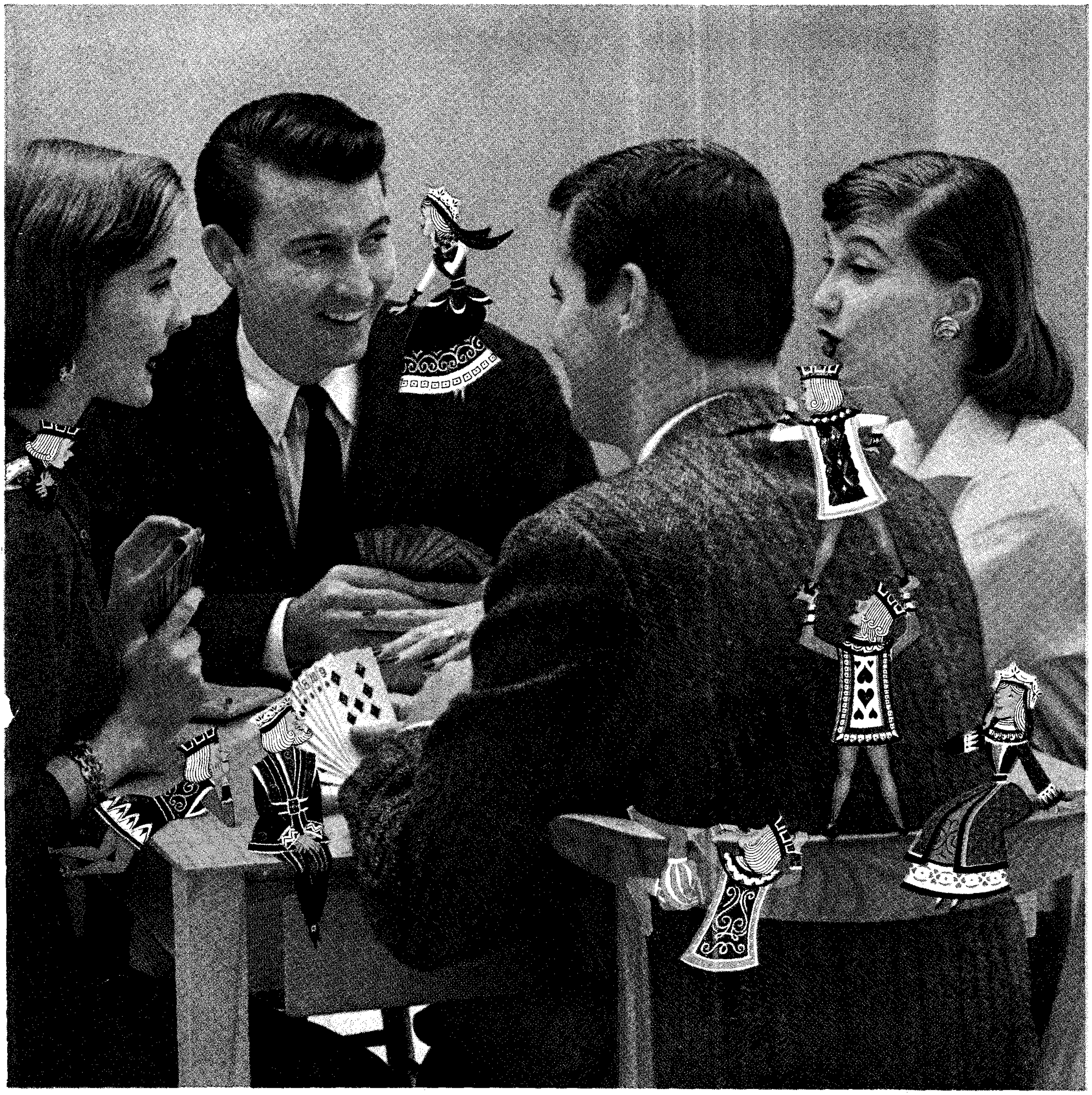

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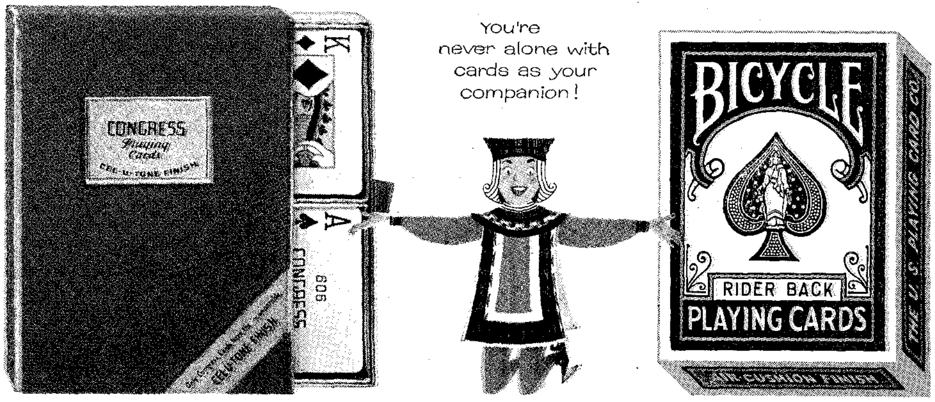
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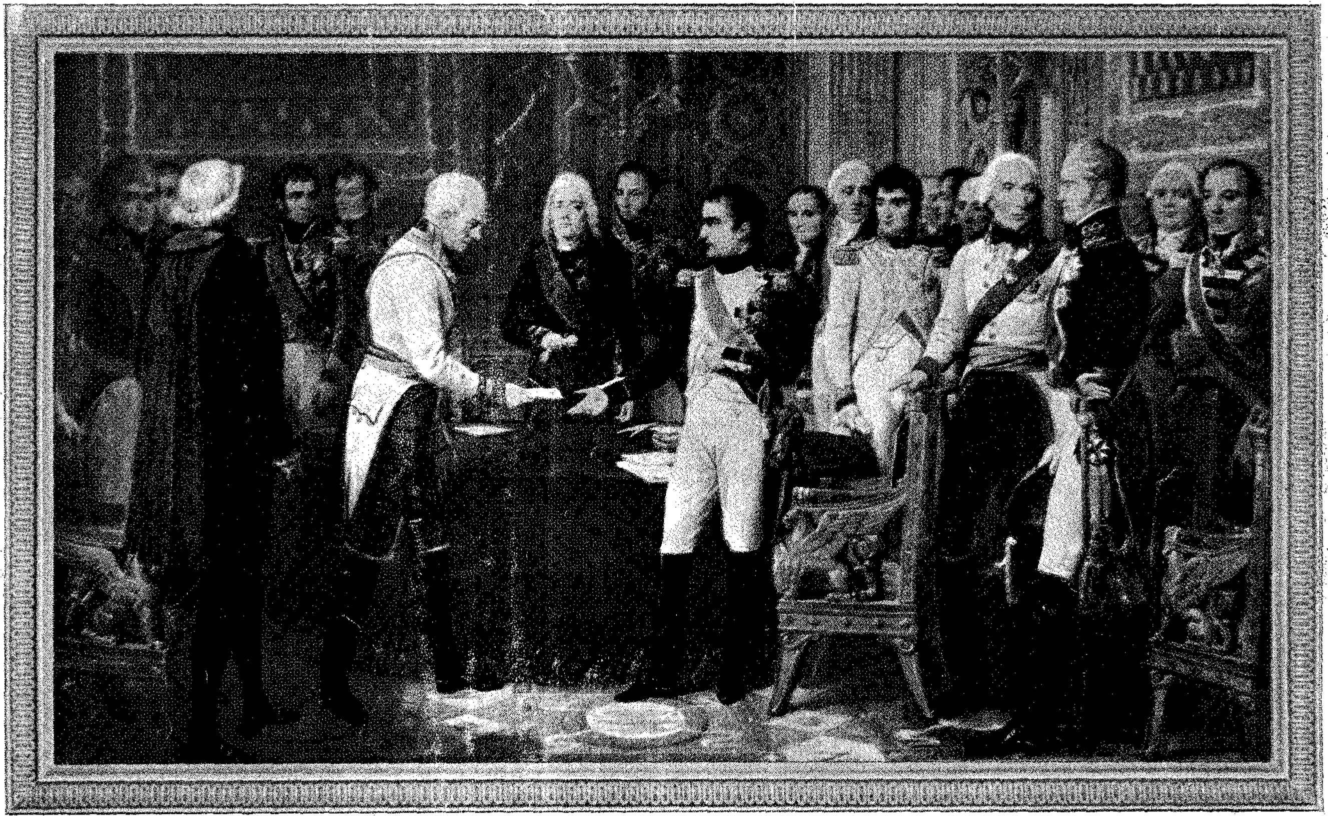

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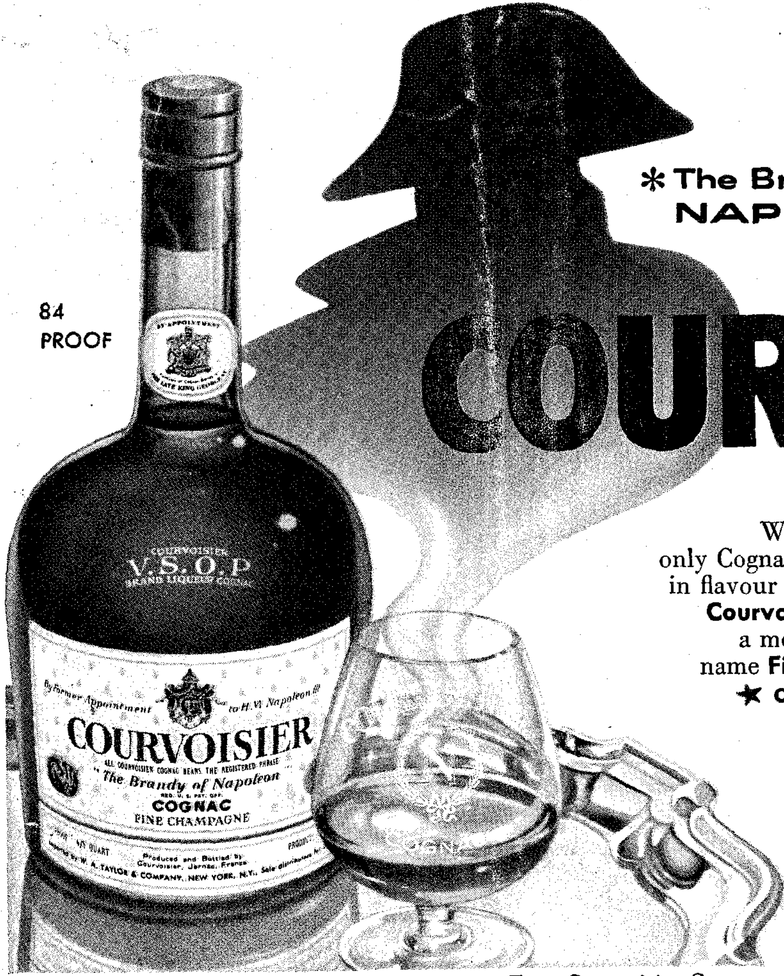
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